CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER, 1906

The Cambridge Review

VITA·SINE·LITERIS·MORS·EST

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI **No. 1**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, October, 1906

EDITORIALS.

In this, the first number of its twenty-first year, the REVIEW once again extends its greetings to the teachers and pupils of the three schools. We feel that this is to be a year of great pleasantness and of great advancement. We have returned to school, many of us for our last year, with a determination to make the word "Cambridge" stand for all that is best and most desirable in school life. We have a great name behind us, which we must live up to and improve. Each one of us has in his hands the reputation of Cambridge and of the Cambridge schools, and he must see to it that this reputation does not suffer through him. Let us remember that every act of ours, good or bad, is connected with our school and the school judged by it. Our responsibility is great.

One point in particular in which we must sustain Cambridge's reputation, is in the matter of the school paper. The REVIEW has been handed down to us as one of the greatest of its kind in the country, and from this position it must not recede. Its opportunities are greater than ever before. The number of pupils is larger than ever, and we believe that the average ability is better. But we must remember that mere numbers of possible subscribers cannot make a paper successful, any more than merely a good editor and business manager can; we need the steady, united support of all the pupils in all the schools.

The REVIEW needs contributions in the nature of class notes, stories, articles, or anything of the kind. To encourage the writing of stories, we have decided to offer a prize for the best story submitted for the December number. This prize will be a season ticket to the Harvard baseball games. Stories must contain not less than 1,500, nor more than 4,000 words. They must be written on theme paper, on one side only, must be marked at the head "for the prize," and must be handed in on or before November 28. The contest is open to all three schools. This offer will be repeated in the next REVIEW.

The REVIEW offers an opportunity for those who intend to take college examinations to practise English. A large number of the failures in English last June were due to insufficient practice in writing, a defect which can be remedied only by persistent effort. The paper offers an excellent opportunity for this. Write up any idea which you have into a story or article of any length, then revise it and show it to

your English teacher who will be glad to help you. Then give it to your class editor, or put it in the REVIEW box. In the matter of class notes, moreover, you can help greatly. Class editors cannot be everywhere, and may miss something good. Write it down and put it in the box.

If you feel that anything literary is out of your line, or if you want to do something else, try drawing. There are many excellent designers, especially at Training School and High School, and we are always glad to receive any good plans for covers. If you are not artistic, or want to make some money, go after advertisements. We give you the value of one-fifth of all the advertising which you can get. This is a branch of the work which has never become very popular, chiefly because it has never been thoroughly understood, but it is the only one which pays you any direct return for your work. If you know of anyone whom you think you could persuade to give you an advertisement, see the business manager or one of his assistants. They will tell you how to go about it, and give you prices, blanks, etc.

To every pupil, whatever his ability or opportunities, there is open one way for supporting the REVIEW. We refer to the patronizing of the advertisers. This is something which has often been mentioned before, and which we may take occasion to speak of again. Probably, half the time that you go to any particular place to get anything, you do so without any special reason. You may be in the habit of going there, or the place may be convenient. In a large majority of cases, you could be suited as well, perhaps better, in another place. If this is so, show your school spirit by patronizing a place which advertises in the REVIEW. They help us, and expect trade in return. You have no idea of the benefit which you can confer on the paper in this way, perhaps casually mentioning the fact that you have seen the advertisement. This benefit, moreover, is not only for this year, but will have a marked effect in years to come.

September was the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Bradbury's teaching in Cambridge. In celebration of this occasion Dean Briggs, of Harvard, has kindly written us the article which is printed in this number. In addition to this it does not seem either necessary or appropriate for us to say much here, except to extend to Mr. Bradbury our heartiest congratulations upon his completion of fifty years of faithful service to Cambridge.

There is another anniversary this year, for the REVIEW has brought to a close its twentieth volume. This would have been our anniversary number, but we discovered that the first issue of the paper was in March, 1887. Accordingly, our celebration has been postponed until the March number, when we shall endeavor to publish one or two special features.

We regret very much that we are unable to print any High School or Training School alumni notes in this number, as we have not succeeded in securing editors. We have made an effort to start these departments, and hope to be able to begin them next month.

Miss Alice I. Mandell, who has just begun as a teacher in the Latin School, graduated at Boston University in the class of 1899. She first taught in the Brattleboro High School for five years, then one year in the Reading High School, and last year in the Springfield High School.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Edwards to the Rindge. A teacher who takes so much interest in the play as well as in the work of his pupils, is a great advantage to any school.

William F. Bradbury.

In 1867, when I first saw Mr. Bradbury, he was doubtless a young man; in 1906 he is doubtless an old one; but I find it hard to believe that he was young then or that he is old now. He is perennial.

The fact that he is perennial makes it hard to say of him anything new. From my earliest acquaintance with him he has been heart and soul a teacher. His long service in the Handel and Haydn chorus, where his striking face could be instantly espied, was all that told us boys of any interest to give him relief from his profession. He is a man with whom one instinctively talks shop because his shop seems to be his life.

As a teacher, the Mr. Bradbury of '67-'71 was alert and pursuing. If Smith in recitation hesitated for an instant, the class almost jumped as it heard the quick, sharp "Tell him, Jones!" If Jones was woolgathering, it was "Tell him, Brown!" before Jones had recovered his wits. The first lesson taught by Mr. Bradbury was that the reciter who deliberates is lost; that it is a boy's business in the class-room to keep awake, to know his lesson and to have what he knows where he can use it. At any moment sentences in Greek or diagrams in Geometry might be turned inside out or hind side before and had to be recognized in any posture. When Mr. Bradbury got through with you, you knew what he had undertaken to teach. Every corner of his work was clean, for he never swept dust under the table. "He is," said one of his pupils, "the best questioner I ever knew."

Some of us who were easily "rattled" were at first afraid of him; but we were the very boys who owed him most. Three-quarters of what passes for dulness is inattention, and with inattention Mr. Bradbury has no sympathy. To get on with him one must keep in the game.

Besides this kindness of a disciplinary sort, Mr. Bradbury showed kindness unmistakably human. Members of the "First College" class were allowed to leave their desks, move about the room, and work together. Old college examination papers, given them for practice, they wrote in rooms not used for class work, and under no overseeing teacher. To such a degree did this unsparing trainer trust us boys.

At times I have thought that Mr. Bradbury cares almost too much for the record of his school at examinations. Of some things I am sure: he never pretended that a boy was ready for college who was not; he never palmed off on the college a poor article. He never suffered his intense interest in Harvard examinations to make him fit boys (there was no Radcliffe then) for examinations only. His mind, clear and keen whether in mathematics or in languages, paid less attention to literature than to syntax and made no pretence of aesthetic criticism. It was, indeed, incapable of pretence,—of anything like putting on airs, of anything but searching work. All through the Freshman year, all through life, this work has told on the minds of those pupils who accepted it as it was given; and after fifty years of it the old teacher is as far from stale as if he had just begun. With increasing years he seems gentler, but otherwise unchanged.

Nothing is harder than telling a teacher what you owe him except paying it. How much I owe Mr. Bradbury I can never be certain; but I know it is a great deal more than I can pay.

L. B. R. Briggs, '71.

"The Man Behind."

M. G. M., C. L. S., '07.

To begin with, Marks was unfortunate. As a matter of fact, he had been so ever since he could remember. He had *always* been behind. He had always done things at the wrong moment or had neglected to do the proper thing at the right moment. He was continually losing something: either his money, or his watch, which was inscribed "Willie, from Mamma," or his self-control or his train. And I am going to tell you how Marks lost his train.

The year previous to this little experience of his, Marks had been matriculated at the Redington University. To the many secret visitations of small bodies of arrogant Sophomores, he had submitted with a sort of grim good humor that afterwards won him many friends. Let it be here known that Marks had a keen desire to become one of a certain set of popular Freshmen to whom all the rest of the class looked up, as leaders in athletics, in class spirit and in the social life of the small college town. By dint of continually following this selected few, by being ever ready to help a fellow-mate with his studies, (in which, by the way, Marks himself never excelled), by being free with his money and watchful of his tongue, in his second year he came to be considered as a lesser light in this remarkable group of Sophomores. To be sure, not one of them ever paid the slightest attention to him, nor in any way consulted him about what they should do or what they should not do, but this state of affairs did not trouble Marks. He was content to go through his college course with the privilege of saying to his less favored mates, "Look up to me, for I am one of them."

It was one snowy day in early February, that some of these particular Sophomores decided to take a short trip to New York. The cause of this sudden fancy may possibly be laid to the fact that the calm before the storm of mid-year examinations was reigning and the restless spirits of the students were eager for some deviation from the regular routine of college work. New York, presenting the most varied attractions, was selected as the spot for relaxation. So, after successfully getting excused for two days, seven highly elated young men started off on the midnight train for New York, and—I forgot to mention —with Marks making a rather insignificant eighth. Now, how Marks happened to be taken along with them was beyond the comprehension of the majority of the student body, but he went, notwithstanding, and that was all Marks wanted.

This double quartet of rather obstreperous young men arrived in New York the following morning, put up at one of the fashionable hotels and proceeded to enjoy their lark to the fullest extent. For two days they went on tours of inspection, taking great pleasure in everything they saw, like so many children escaped from the parental eye. Harmless enjoyment it was, to be sure, but they thoroughly appreciated every moment of it. As for Marks, he was in his element. Indeed he had been wonderfully fortunate on this trip. He lost the theatre tickets only once, and had forgotten his grip when he got off the train. But Marks did not worry over such trivial matters as these. At least, not when he was in such good company as he was then.

On the third morning, they were preparing to return, for a Biology examination was scheduled for the next day and there were their notes to be looked over. As they were walking down the corridor of the ho-

tel, someone called out to them. Upon turning around they saw one of their fraternity men, Pose Smith, standing in the doorway. "What's up, boys?" he asked, looking decidedly surprised. "Been off on a lark?"

"Yes," answered Adams, mournfully, "but it's back home now. Biology exam. to-morrow."

"What are you up here for, Pose?" asked Tom Hunt, with a laugh. "Is your uncle dying again, or did you have to run up to see that physician of yours?"

"That will do for you, Tom. My uncle is well, thanks, and my health is good. I am up here for my sister's reception to Captain Hale of the Louisiana. And, say, fellows, come to think of it, you must stay over for it. No end of sport at these naval receptions. Some of the boys came up with me and a few more won't make any difference."

"Can't do it, possibly," answered Shorty Howe, taking out a well-worn note-book and looking at it sadly. "There still remains that exam. to-morrow, and I—"

"You'll get back by then all right," answered Smith.

"No use, Pose," said Adams. "I have simply got to pass that exam. this semester, or it's all over with your humble servant, here."

"My dear Jack," said Smith, "just listen to reason, will you? You fellows can stay to the reception to-night and study all the rest of the day, from now on. You can take the midnight train back, get a good sleep on the way and get there, all refreshed, for your exam. What is more simple and reasonable than that?"

"Right you are!" exclaimed Hunt, who was *always* ready for a good time. After considerable arguing on the part of Howe and Adams, they finally all agreed to Smith's proposition. Marks acquiesced feebly. He knew he ought to go back and study the subject for himself, but he could not think of leaving his friends now—and then the reception itself gave promise of a good time. And Marks was fond of a good time.

So eight serious minded Sophomores, that is, serious minded for the time being, assembled in a small reading room of the hotel on the sixth floor. They lounged about in arm-chairs, most of them smoking, while Marks held the seat of honor at the table and read page after page of Biology notes. All day long, the seven others sat and listened attentively to every word that Marks read. When finally the last page was ended, they all cheered lustily and hastened off to make themselves presentable for the reception.

As eight young men left the Colbroke residence on Fifth Avenue that evening just before midnight, Captain Hale of the Louisiana turned to his hostess' brother, Mr. Smith, and complimented him upon having such splendid college chums. "They are the sort of college men I admire," he said, "who can enjoy themselves during their recreation hours and yet be ready to go back to their work, at any time. It is really quite remarkable that they should want to start back, at this late hour, but of course they want to be ready for their recitations to-morrow morning."

Smith thought it rather remarkable, too, but neglected to inform Captain Hale of the examination awaiting "those eight splendid young men." "Yes, they are as fine a set of fellows as I ever met," said Smith, as he watched them disappear into the vestibule.

They arrived at the station just as the big train was pulling out. "Strange," said Hunt as he swung onto the step, "I thought we had plenty of time."

"Hurry up, Marks!" shouted Adams from the rear platform. "Hurry, I say." But Marks had dropped his ticket and was obliged to run back several yards to pick it up. Seven anxious pairs of eyes looked at him as he strove to catch hold of the car. Seven pairs of arms were extended to help

him on, but in vain. Marks' legs were long, and he could run fast, nevertheless the train rolled out of the station without him.

Poor Marks! He stood alone on the track, gazing sorrowfully at the fast disappearing train, and muttering some things about losing a biology examination. "And after I crammed so hard, too," said he, as he walked disconsolately back to the waiting-room.

"Lost the Montreal express?" asked a sympathetic trackman as he passed by.

"No," snapped Marks. "The train to Redington."

"Guess not!" said the man, as he lighted his lantern. "That don't go for five minutes."

"Wha—at?" asked Marks, open mouthed and staring.

"That ain't the Redin'ton train what just pulled out. That was the Montreal express. Get's in in the mornin', no stops."

"Oh," said Marks, recovering himself. "Thanks, I only thought it was." And he walked over and took a seat in the Pullman car of the Redington train.

A few seconds before nine o'clock, Marks, looking fresh and undisturbed, walked calmly down the aisle in the room where the Biology examination was to be given. A hundred pairs of eyes looked wonderingly after him and several of his mates asked where the other fellows were. But Marks vouchsafed no reply. Instead he took up his pen and began to write. He wrote steadily for an hour and a half. He was the first to pass in his paper, after which he quickly left the room.

By noon the story of Marks' adventure had spread all over the college, while the whole student body was laughing inwardly at the seven unfortunate Sophomores who silently stepped off the afternoon train, coming down from Montreal, and went directly to their rooms.

Marks became decidedly popular after that little episode, but when it was learned that he had passed his Biology examination with credit, he became a marked man. His class-mates even thought him worthy of the Junior year presidency, and they elected him to it. And all because he had lost a train, and had blundered onto the right one.

LATIN SCHOOL FOOTBALL NOTICE.

LATIN SCHOOL BOYS!

The call for football candidates from Latin School has not met with as ready a response as in previous years. The reason for this is not apparent, for there are certainly as many fellows in the school as ever, and there ought to be as many good players. For two years we have had championship teams, and we ought to keep up to the mark this year, but we cannot do it with a dozen or fourteen men. The 'Varsity is by no means settled, and we must have a second team to practise with. Come out, even if you think you have no chance of making the team; you may be the very man we need, and you ought at least to do what you can. Never mind whether or not you know anything about football, for you can always learn, and there are some new things that everyone must learn. Come out, and do it now! Make a few sacrifices yourself, if necessary, to show your school spirit and help keep up the record of last year and the year before. If for any reason it is absolutely impossible for you to try for the team, at least go to all the games, cheer for the school, and give the team moral support, if not physical.

F. S. HARRIS, *Capt.*

INDEPENDENCE HALL AT THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

The decision of the Pennsylvania State Commission to reproduce Independence Hall as its State building at the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, to be held by the shore of Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, next year has been promptly followed by active work on the construction. The contract was let a few days after the commission decided to utilize Independence Hall as a model, and in all probability Pennsylvania will be the first state to have its building finished. The hall will be reproduced in every detail exactly as it stands to-day on the north side of Independence Square in Philadelphia. The thousands who know its general outline from having seen pictures of it will have an opportunity to see the famous old building at close range. The square white-steepled clock tower at the base of which rests the Liberty Bell, the most famous relic of America's early days as a nation, will be one of the landmarks of the Exposition.

Thus, when the Liberty Bell comes here next year, it will have a home in every respect similar to the one it now occupies.

Independence Hall is considered by architects to be one of the most perfect specimens of the colonial style in public buildings. This will put it in perfect harmony with the standard adopted by the designers of the Exposition. As it is, despite its size, probably one of the most famous buildings in the world, there can be no doubt that the choice of the Pennsylvania Commission was the wisest possible choice. Thousands will be attracted to Pennsylvania's exhibit by reason of its building and the added attraction furnished by the presence of the Liberty Bell, the most venerable and cherished of all America's historical relics.

STORM AT SEA.

Translated from Aen. III, 192—208.

C. I. CLAFLIN, C. L. S., 1907.

Our barks now held the deep, nor any more
Did lands appear, but sky was all around,
And all around the main; then overhead
A cloud stood, blue, with night and tempest fraught,
And shadows crisped the wave. Straightway the winds
Roll high the sea, and mighty billows rise;
Scattered, we toss upon the eddy vast;
Mists wrap the cordial day, and dewy night
Steals heaven from our eyes; redoubled fires
Flash from the riven clouds. Hurled from our course,
We wander far amid the blinding waves.
Our very steersman, Palinurus skilled,
Owns that he cannot by the heavens discern
Or day or night, or call to mind the way,
Lost in mid-wave. Full three conjectured suns,
Blinded by fog, we wander o'er the sea,
Three nights without a star. The fourth day came,
And with it land. Upon our sight it rose,
And shewed afar the smoky mountain-tops.
The sails are furled, we seize the oars; forthwith
The seamen, bending to their task, upwhirl
The foam, and sweep aside the azure surge.

Theodore P. Adams.

Mr. Adams' name appears for the first time on the daily program of the Cambridge High School for the year 1869-'70. At the meeting of the High School Committee for the election of a teacher in the High School, one of the Committee objected to Mr. Adams' appointment because his name was Theodore Parker, for which relic of bigotry he was severely rebuked. Mr. Adams had graduated at Harvard in the class of 1867, and had taught with good success the High School of Plymouth during the year 1868-1869.

Under the rule of the High School Committee, during the year 1904-1905 he was granted leave of absence for a year for foreign study and travel. In September, 1905, he resumed his work in the school. At the end of October, as Mrs. Adams' health made it necessary for her not to remain in New England for the winter, he placed his resignation in the hands of the Head-Master and went abroad again. The Superintendent and the High School Committee, at the earnest request of the Head-Master, who hoped Mr. Adams might be ready to take up his work again, held in their hands the resignation. Returning to this country in May of this year, Mr. Adams could not be persuaded to return to the school, and with great regret his resignation has now been accepted.

So Mr. Adams has been in active service in the High School and in the Latin School for thirty-five years and two months, with but few days of absence on account of sickness. During his connection with the school he has taught Latin, History, Geology, Geometry, Physics, French, Civil Government and English. Since September, 1896, he has taught nothing but Latin, and except English, nothing but Latin since September, 1890. Though a fine German scholar and well read in German literature, he never had a class in German. As a teacher he was a clear thinker and a good disciplinarian. He was invaluable to the school.

In school he was thoroughly interested in his work and ready to do everything to secure the best results. Out of school he threw off all thought of school and had nothing to do with school conventions or teachers' meetings of any kind.

He never would have accepted the Head Mastership, had it been offered him. For years he has been financially in no need of spending his time in teaching, and only on account of the earnest wish of the Head-Master and the pleasant relations with him, has he remained in the school. Very many of his summer vacations he has spent abroad. He is now living in his beautiful residence near the water in the good old town of Plymouth, where in the future he is likely to spend his summers, but his winters will no doubt be in a more genial clime.

"The Committee on High Schools in its last annual report suggested that it was doubtful if Mr. Theodore P. Adams, an able and efficient teacher in the Latin School, would ever take up his work again in the Cambridge schools, and, at the meeting of the Board in June, his resignation was received.

"This Committee, therefore, recommends the adoption of the following: 'The School Board desires to place on record its high appreciation of Mr. Adams and of his long, efficient and faithful service as a teacher in the high schools. For thirty-six years the schools have felt the influence of his industry, conscientious devotion to duty and high ideals of scholarship, as shown in his spirit of helpful coöperation with teachers and pupils.'"

A Dry and Thirsty Land.

It is said that anyone dying of thirst becomes insane many hours before the end. This is merciful, for the torture must be unendurable indeed. No doubt we have all felt a desire for water, but few, fortunately, are forced to feel eating into the body and brain the burning, crazing thirst of hours of waterless travel. Some it sickens, and others it drives on and on in a mad search after satisfaction; which is the worse condition it is hard to say.

My friend, Arthur Leslie and I, each of us about nineteen years of age, were tramping through the mountains a few years ago. Contrary to advice, we made up our minds to try a direct line for a place which we wished to reach, although we should be compelled to climb a difficult mountain, of which the other side, down which we must go, had been burned over in a great forest fire a few years before.

It was nearing the close of the month of August, a month which had been hot and dry to an almost unprecedented degree. We reached a camping ground on the top of the mountain about five o'clock on a hot, close day, and went at once to the nearby spring, commonly considered infallible. It contained barely an inch and a half of water, and that so muddy as to be almost unfit to drink. We were glad enough to get it, however, and used nearly all there was. The next morning, when I went to fill my canteen for the day, there was no more than a cupful.

We should have taken warning at this and returned, for we depended on the canteen to a large extent, but we hated to back out. It did not look far down into the valley, where there must be water. Indeed, it was marked on our map—a brook worthy of a name. This certainly could not be dry, so on we went.

No one who has never traveled through "burned country" understands what it means; but say those words to an experienced tramper, and see what he tells you. The going may look safe enough; it may even be grown up with brushes; but that makes it all the worse. The earth has been burned away, leaving holes treacherously covered by the roots of dead trees; the tree, apparently sound, on which you step, breaks at the other end, and drops you into a hole, perhaps knee-deep, the rock which you reach as a firm foundation rolls from under you, lacking soil to make it stable, and hurls you into the bushes. A trap for breaking legs and spraining ankles, with no possibility of rescue; a place where no man goes; a colorless monotony, broken only by some great tree that defied the fire and stands, blackened and bare, like a single soldier, wounded to death, overlooking a plain of slaughter—it is the abomination of desolation.

Through this, and worse than this, Arthur and I, carrying thirty-five pounds apiece, forced our way on that hot August morning. We had left camp at seven, hoping to reach the brook by nine; but at nine we looked around us, and it seemed as if we had just left the summit, while the coveted valley seemed as far ahead as ever. Even then, after only two hours of work, we began to feel thirsty, and Arthur, always more sensitive than I, began to calculate: "If it takes us as long in proportion to reach the brook—" but I checked him rather sharply. It was bad enough to feel the real troubles which we were undergoing, without adding any imaginary ones.

That they were not imaginary, we soon discovered; the going, instead of improving, as we had hoped, grew worse; at half-past twelve, after five and a half hours of killing travel, my companion gave up. He dropped on a rock, and gasped: "I'm done. Go ahead." I did not want to do

this, so I sat down and started to have something to eat, and tried to persuade him to do so also; he refused absolutely, and I found, moreover, that I was myself unable to swallow anything. This disturbed me, for I had not been seriously troubled by thirst until now. Accordingly, I offered to go on to the brook alone, fill my canteen, and return, while he might work along as best he could. He was too weak to dissent, so I started, arranging to fire two shots when I reached water.

Never, in my most awful nightmare, did I dream of anything like that wild dash for water. My senses seemed at the time to be clear, but as I look back that part of the day seems strangely unreal. I can remember few details, and what I can remember are such as I would gladly forget. I must have been possessed by some force stronger than my will, for I can see that I did things that day which I should not have done had I been in full control of myself.

I can remember traversing burnt logs, seemingly without end. I can feel yet the sickening tremor that ran through me—as I heard the frail log upon which I was walking crack and slip at the upper end. I can recall that once, as I leaped from one rock to another, a bough caught my pack and nearly hurled me at full length. I can see the little runs where there should have been water, fearful mockeries of my burning thirst. I have a vivid recollection of terrible, black disappointment as I reached the place where the brook had been, and found nothing but bare stones, and of a fresh force overriding my desire to turn back and driving me up the other side to seek further. But clearest of all stands out in my memory the deep, heartfelt gratitude that filled my heart and poured out through my lips when I saw, in the next ravine, a narrow rivulet flowing with clear water.

Now my self-control re-asserted itself. I told myself that I was all right now, but that I must take care not to drink too fast, or I might injure myself. Accordingly, I deliberately unstrapped my pack, and placed it carefully on the ground. Then I took my tin cup from my belt, filled it, and drank, one mouthful at a time. After the first cup it occurred to me to wonder where Arthur was; so I drew my revolver and fired two shots in succession, according to agreement. After another cup of water, drunk as slowly and carefully as the first, I fired two shots more. This time I listened intently, for I was beginning to worry, and in the distance I heard, after the echoes had died away, two distinct reports.

Filling my canteen, I set up my pack in a conspicuous place to mark the water, and started back, for I feared that Arthur might have been injured, or that through weakness he might have been unable to move. As I went along, the way seemed harder. I did not remember falling into so many little holes, or stumbling so often. Yet I was not going so fast or so carelessly, and I had no pack to carry. Some Power had guarded me, and had set my feet where they should go. Now, however, when I was in full possession of all my faculties, I found it much more difficult to get along at all, and absolutely impossible to make any kind of speed.

At length, out of breath, I stopped, and fired two shots. As soon as the echoes ceased, I heard the answer. It seemed a long way off, and east of where I was heading. I pushed on slowly in that direction, keeping my course as nearly as possible for the mountain which we had left that morning. Soon I heard two shots again, this time much nearer; I answered, and within ten minutes we were together. Arthur seized the canteen which I held out to him, and drank until I had to stop him. Then he told me how he had fared.

After I left him, he said, he had been seized by the same frantic desire for motion that had possessed me. It even overcame his weakness to a large extent, and he had seized his pack and started on. As

far as memory went, he was even worse off than I, for he could not remember a step of the way until my first pistol shots had awakened him, as if from sleep. Then he had been cold with terror lest his imagination had played him a trick, and he had decided not to reply until he was sure. At length he heard the second firing, and great joy filled him, as it had filled me when I saw the water. But he noticed the same thing that I had,—that when the madness left him, all power for rapid traveling left also, and he was forced to work along slowly, with many trips and falls, until he met me.

Together we started back for the brook. He was in good spirits from the relief which the water gave him, but re-action had set in on me, and I darkly hinted that we might still be in a bad way, if we could not find the water again, and the pack which I had left there. As soon as I had said this I was sorry, for his mercurial gaiety disappeared and left him almost as despondent as before.

We went on for some time, and it began to seem certain that we had passed the water, when suddenly Arthur's quick eye caught sight of something red a hundred yards to our right. It proved to be the sweater which I had hung up over my pack as a signal. We headed for it; and found everything in good order as I had left it. Strange to say, we were unable to find any water in the brook except just where I had struck it. If I had gone ten yards to either side I should have missed it, and might have gone on for hours before finding any more.

That night we camped by the brook, and next day we reached the end of the "burnt country."

ELIZABETH.

Freely translated from *Immensee.*

LEILA NOLAND, C. L. S.

Here on the hillside
The wind stealeth slow;
Where dusk-thinned the lights glide
A child sitteth low.

She sitteth where wood scents
Make sweet the pure air;
Where ever the silence
Bears up the wood prayer.

She looks through the forest's
Cathedral-like aisles
White ceilinged with cloud crests,
And wisely she smiles.

Child born of a mist dream
She seems to me there,
While, softened, a sunbeam
Makes gold of her hair.

Then far calls the cuckoo:
Still gazing, I glean
Why poet first sung to
The forest's myth queen.

On the Way to the Ranch.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

The shrill, ear-splitting blast from the whistle of the little old-fashioned engine warned the people on the platform of the principal railroad station of Merida, Yucatan, that the train would soon start. It was scheduled to leave for *Tunkas* at one o'clock, but it was now nearing to the next hour and we were still in the same place. This was nothing uncommon, however, at the time of which I am speaking, though now they can boast of starting on time *sometimes*. Finally, after much scurrying and jostling about, the train was loaded and started on its journey.

Sitting with me in one of the cars was my friend, Peter Wilde, a young American boy who was very anxious to visit my father's ranch in the interior of Yucatan. He also wished to see the ancient ruins of Chichen-itza which stand near the ranch.

The first stop that we made was at the little station of *Kankab*. Some one told us that there was a fair in progress at this little Indian *pueblo* and that the natives were expecting two young Spaniards who were to perform some acrobatic acts that afternoon. It is not surprising, therefore, that when they discovered us in one of the cars they mistook us for the two light-complexioned acrobats and hustled us out upon the platform before we could say a word in our defense. It was not very pleasant, I assure you, especially when they urged us to perform some right then and there, but everything was righted when they told us to make a speech, for it gave me the opportunity to explain their mistake.

We soon left the noisy *pueblo* behind and were speeding, if I may use that word, towards our destination. We arrived at *Tunkas* at about twilight and immediately made arrangements for our supper and sleeping apartments. We enjoyed immensely the generous supper of *tortillas* (corn cakes) *frijoles* (black beans) and *tamales,* that was set before us at a neat little native inn.

The best that we could do for sleeping accommodations was to rent a furnished house. Perhaps you think that we were extravagant to hire a *whole furnished house* just to sleep in one night. That would be an unjust charge against us, however, for the house was nothing more than a little Indian hut, and the furnishings consisted of two old hammocks and an equally ancient box which bravely took the part of a chair. Perhaps the hut was inhabited by something else besides mice, for we certainly felt them, and Peter remarked that he could almost hear them digging into his flesh. He always referred to this "house" as the *chicken-coop* or "bed-bug menagerie," though he discovered later that more than one family, including dogs, pigs, chickens, and children, could be easily accommodated in a hut no larger than this one.

We slept quite peacefully, except that about midnight we were awakened by a strange noise and discovered a drunken man diligently examining my new revolver. We must have been careless in barring the door, for he certainly had little trouble in getting in. I am quite sure that he had no bad intentions in coming in, but, thinking the house to be empty had decided to make himself at home. He offered no resistance when we told him to leave us and he did not trouble us again that night.

Next morning, bright and early—I should say *dark* and early, for it was not yet daylight—we were up and ready to continue our journey.

The *volan,* a two-wheeled vehicle, with leather springs and a cover resembling that of a butcher's cart, drawn by three sure-footed little mules, was waiting at our door. As the train went no farther at that time we had to go the rest of the journey in this vehicle. We were soon comfortably stretched on the soft mattress inside the *volan*—instead of the ordinary seats it has a heavy mattress on which the traveller lies during the journey. Soon everything was in readiness and with a flourish of whip and a few encouraging *"hulas"* the driver started the impatient mules. Before long we had passed the last house of the quaint old *pueblo* and were flying over the bad roads at a lively gait. The high wheels of the *volan* went over the rocks and stumps as easily as though they were no larger than pebbles, though we were jostled about the interior of the vehicle in a pretty undignified manner.

Up hill and down hill we went at the same rate of speed, though, to be sure, sometimes the use of the whip was necessary, and occasionally we were compelled to get off and walk up very steep hills.

At about noon we reached a thriving sugar plantation. We stopped here several hours to refresh ourselves and the mules. The owner of the ranch made us welcome and treated us to many native delicacies and later showed us about the beautiful plantation. What interested Peter the most was the sugar mill and caldrons where the cane juice is boiled and made into sugar. The large cane fields were also of great interest.

Late that afternoon we passed the little *pueblo* of *Pisté,* which is not far from our ranch. About fifty years or so ago this little *pueblo* was much larger and more important than it is at present. A great uprising occurred about that time and the uncivilized Indians from the extreme interior of the peninsula attacked many *pueblos,* among them *Pisté,* and cruelly slaughtered a portion of the inhabitants. Some of the ruined houses have been rebuilt since, but there still remain some just as the savage Indians left them, witnesses of that terrible year.

As we passed one of these ruins the driver told us a story about the owner of the house that these crumbling walls once were a part of.

"My father told me several years before he died that here once lived a woman whose greatest fear and worry was that the Indians might attack *Pisté,* some time, and kill her. It happened that just before the terrible uprising she became ill and a little while afterwards the herb-doctor said that she was almost dead. 'Well,' someone remarked, 'she will no longer worry about the Indians.' Hardly had he spoken when an awful cry was heard, *'the Indians are coming!'* With one accord all the mourners left the house of the dying woman and fled to adjoining woods. On looking back they were amazed to see the ghastly form of the woman come out of the house and follow them. She did not go very far, however, before she fell and no one ever saw her again, though some claim they have seen her spirit running from the ruins of her house."

We arrived at the ranch just as night was crowding out the weak daylight. After supper we spent the rest of the evening on the front verandah looking at the ancient ruins which stand not very far away and appeared more distinctly as the moon rose from its hiding place behind the tall trees.

We thought that it would be good sport to spend a week or so in one of those magnificent ruins and accordingly next day we made our camp in one of the silent, weird chambers of the nearest ruin, where our only companions were the bats, owls, and snakes, and where every noise made us imagine it was a jaguar or some other wild animal prowling about for food.

Perhaps some other time I shall describe some of our experiences during our stay here.

THE
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A season ticket to the Harvard baseball games for the best story handed in before Nov. 28. See editorial page.

The names of the winners of the subscription cups will be announced in the next number, also the names of the freshman editors.

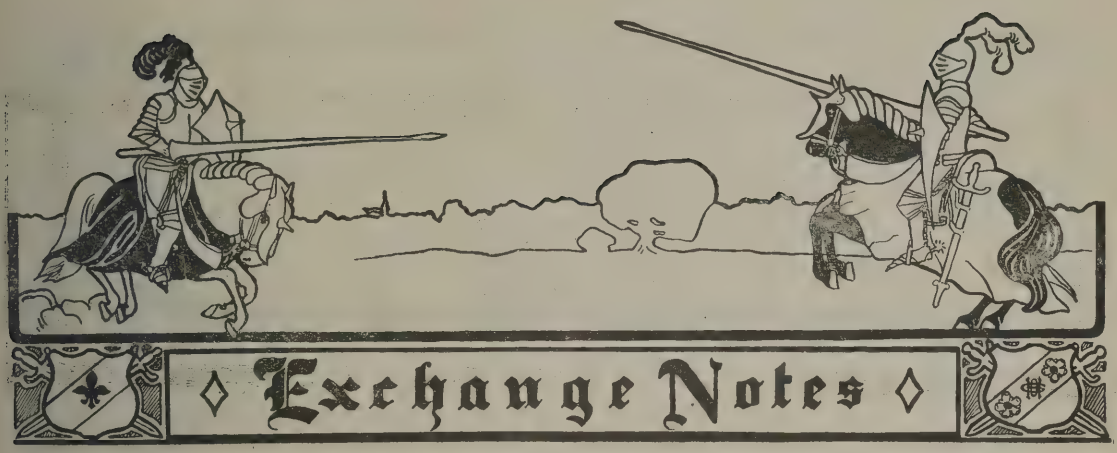
Latin School and Training School REVIEW boxes are not patronized as extensively as they should be. Brace up! High School is no brighter than you are.

The next number of the REVIEW will appear Thursday, Nov. 15. Copy must be in by Friday, Nov. 2.

All turn out to the football games! Your team needs your support.

Rindge Junior Class Meeting.

On October 5 a class meeting was held and the following were elected for this year: Carl T. Banks, President; William Hunnewell, Vice-President; Kenneth Carman, Secretary; Raymond N. Skilton, Treasurer.



All those who have a leisure moment now and then, either before or after school, at recess, or in a study period, will find it well worth their while to read the exchanges. These periodicals, which come from various schools and cities in different parts of America, can be found on a table in the school library. Some are entertaining, some are instructive, *all* are interesting.

As is usual during the first month of the school year, very few exchanges have as yet come in. The *Hermonite,* however, contains very interesting matter, and we look forward especially to the next installment of the story "Adrift in the Air," the events of which are laid in the year 2006 A.D. We may also compliment the *Hermonite* on its simple, yet effective, cover-design.

The Dial is a journal devoted to "literary criticism, discussion, and information." It has good articles on the evolution of our nationality, on the new order in finance, a short sketch of Herbert Spencer's life, and a great deal on recent books.

Some may care to peruse the *Sunday-School Times,* an exceedingly edifying weekly.

The *Exonian* from Phillips Exeter Academy has only school news.

The rest of my allotted space I shall set apart for the question, rather important to us, of the real success or failure of our own paper. This question is one which you yourselves must decide, for, as I hope to show, it lies almost wholly with you.

Among the Editorials you will find the announcement of a prize to be given for the best story written by any scholar in the three schools. This is done every year chiefly in order to gain material for our REVIEW! Now, just think of it, out of at least fifteen hundred scholars, the "school spirit" is so weak that we must offer prizes if we are to hope for success! ! The school paper ought not to consist only of editorials and class jokes. Don't you want it to be a success? Don't you want to feel proud of it? Then do your part.

Every one of us has had strange experiences at home or abroad which might form the pith of some good stories. Those who can write poetry should not be afraid to reveal the fact. Even if you think your work may not be printed—an idea that hinders many—at least you cannot hurt yourself by making the attempt. Come, then, do your very best, for it will be your fault if you are not entirely satisfied with the REVIEW. As in most things, so in this, *Co-operation* is the mother of *Success.*

LATIN SCHOOL.

H. C. DURRELL, '01.

Deaths.

1857.

Flavel Coolidge Stratton, A.B., at Cambridge, Mass., on July 23, 1906.

1872.

William Albert Brownlow, A.B., LL.B., at Boston, Mass., on October 30, 1905.

1873.

Henry Oscar Houghton, A.B., at Swampscott, Mass., on June 14, 1906.

1891.

Walter Burlingame Odiorne, A.B., M.D., at Cambridge, Mass., on July 14, 1906.

1897.

Walter Fisher Hall, A.B., A.M., at Blue Hill, Maine, on September 5, 1906.

1903.

Timothy Thomas Crowley, at Cambridge, Mass., on September 1, 1906.

1905.

Francis James Ferry, at New York City, New York, on July 28, 1906.

Marriages.

1892.

Willis Boit Holmes to Ethel B. Holmes, at Chicago, Ill., September 1, 1906.

1896.

Albin Leal Richards to Angeline Edith Andrews, at Cambridge, Mass., March 3, 1906.

Oriana Phillips Hall to Ernest Hatch Wilkins at Newton, Mass., June 11, 1906.

1898.

Samuel Lewis Barbour to Clara Maria Hammond, ex-'01, at Cambridge, Mass., June 18, 1906.

Grace Coolidge Davenport to Henry Joshua Winslow, '98, at Watertown, Mass., June 27, 1906.

1899.

Charles Edward Stratton to Charlotte Chamberlin, ex-'00, at Cambridge, Mass., March 29, 1906.

1901.

Agnes Mary Costello to Edmond L. Grimes, at Cambridge, Mass., June 27, 1906.

Ethel Louise Rideout to Loy Eyster, at Cambridge, Mass., June 27, 1906.

1903.

Clara Wilhelmina Hathaway to Frederick Louis Fischer, at Cambridge, Mass., September 17, 1906.

The following received degrees at Commencement, last June.

From Harvard:—

A.B.—'01. Arthur Garfield Chase, Harold Clarke Durrell (as of 1905).

'02. Edward Holbrook Baker, Jr.; John DeQuedville Briggs, Timothy Fran-

'03. La Forrest Harris Howe (as of 1907).

S.B.—'02. Harold Sumner Farnham, Walter Thompson Garfield, Clifford Milburn Holland, Browning Endicott Marean.

LL.B.—'00. Holland Bennett, Edward Augustine Counihan, Jr., Peter Joseph Nelligan, Clifford Hall Walker.

M.D.—'98. Carleton Ray Metcalf, Ernest Harold Sparrow.

Ph.D.—'94. Clarence King Moore.

From Radcliffe:—

A.B.—'99. Sadie May Dolan.

'02. Charlotte Hastings Adams, Rachael Orne Brooks, Ruth Dallinger, Anna Coolidge Davenport, Laura Goldthwaite Dillingham, Florence Helen French, Gertrude Alice Montague, Harriet Hart Parmenter, Winifred Howland Rogers, Fannie Stowell Russell, Helen Maude Emery.

A.M.—'00. Mary Lewis Coleman.

From Smith:—

A.B.—'02. Louise Wallis Puffer.

A PROPOSAL. (Up to Date.)

L. D. H., C. E. H. S., '07.

She, lovely maiden, had often told her charming adorer that times had certainly changed since her grandmother's days. Then, she innocently told him, if a man made a proposal, he did so on bended knee. This was "so touching, so perfectly gallant." Naturally, Charlie agreed with her. In truth, he thought that everything concerning this century was done in too much of a hurry.

A few nights later, the bell rang, and Charlie was ushered into the parlor where sat his "adorable Adeline." After his usual evening greeting, he nervously seated himself on the edge of a most uncomfortable chair. Thus he remained for hours (or so it seemed to him). To be sure he did speak of the weather several times, and mentioned how very high the price of ice was. (Poor Adeline could not imagine what the matter was.)

At last, he got up, and going to a mirror, he arranged his tie, smoothed his hair, and looked at his watch. In fact, he went through each ceremony many times. He next took a large white handkerchief from his pocket and slowly shook it out. Then, with faltering steps, he approached his loved one. With fingers that trembled, he spread the handkerchief at her feet; and then, almost painfully he dropped to his knees. ("What next," she wondered.) But she must listen. Yes, he was surely going to speak. He held out two stiff, unbending arms to her; and, in a voice shaky with fright (some call it deep emotion) he said, "W—w—w—wilt thou?"

And she wilted.

"You should not go in bathing after a hearty meal."
"Why not?"
"You won't find it there."

Will the young lady who opened an umbrella in front of the theatre the other night please look on the point of the umbrella for a man's eye?

"There are five reasons why I can't get married."
"What are they?"
"A wife and four children."

"I took a prize once at a fair."
"How did you do it?"
"The man wasn't looking."

"How could the burglar steal the clock when your dog was on guard?"
"Oh, he's a watch dog."

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.

"When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees?"
"Well, I didn't notice just where he lit."

It is foolish for a man to try to make game of a boarding-house chicken by looking at it, under the impression that a steady gaze of the human eye will make any animal quail.

A man who found a piece of bark in a sausage, visited the butcher's shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher was so affected that he could give him only a part of the tale.

The editor who was told that his last article was as clear as mud, replied: "Well, that covers the ground, anyway."

C. L. S. BASKET-BALL NOTICE.

All girls who are candidates for the 'Varsity basket-ball team will report in the gymnasium at an early date. It will be necessary for anyone who wishes to make the team to appear on this date, as it is only by regular and faithful practice that we can maintain the high standard set us by previous teams. Three positions on the team were left vacant by graduates of last year's class, besides which members of last year's team may be displaced if superior ability is shown. Come, girls! Let's all help to make this season a successful one.

A BOY'S DIARY FOR 1905.

SIMON GREENE, '10, E. H. S.

Jan. 1. Got up resolved to eat more sugar on my oatmeal—to have my share of the fried eggs—to have a second cup of coffee. Dad held himself in till after breakfast and then warmed me up.

Feb. 22. Got up and Pa asked me who broke Mr. Fitzgerald's window. Told him I didn't know. Got a lickin' for not being like George Washington. George couldn't tell a lie, but I can.

Apr. 1. Pa went down to the office and I telephoned for him to come home right away, 'cause Ma was sick. He gave me a clubbing for fooling him. Asked him why they had April Fool's Day. Said it was an excuse to lick bad boys. Guess that's so.

Mar. 31. Licked Jimmy Williams and got a scolding from Ma. Dad was going to give me one but changed his mind and gave me a quarter when Ma wasn't looking.

June 17. No peanuts—no candy—no lemonade—no whooping her up for Bunker-Hill. Got another lickin' and fireworks in the evenin'.

July 4. Had a great time. Pop gave me a dollar to celebrate with. Went to the circus, bought fireworks, tied a string with a cannon to a dog's tail, got my hand burnt with a sky-rocket.

Nov. 28. Same fodder as yesterday. Dad said I ought to be glad I got that. Blamed me for not being a Pilgrim father and tanned my jacket. Went to bed thankful that I got two of 'em.

Dec. 25. Got a fried cake in my stocking. Got a lickin' for throwin' it through the winder. He laid it on good and stout. While other boys got nothin' I got it red hot.

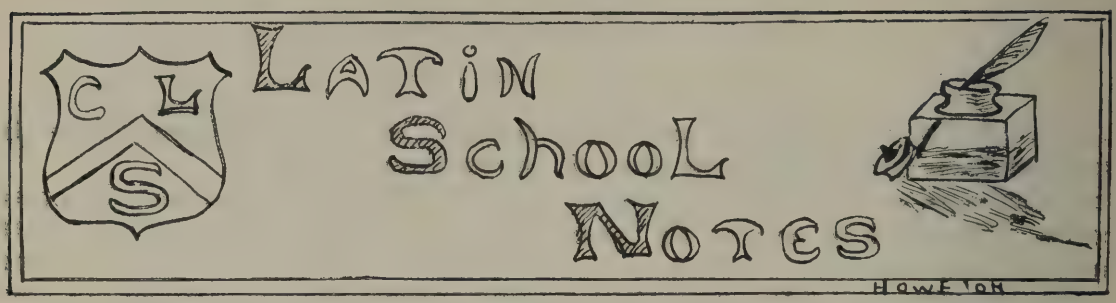
Good-bye Old Year. Nothin' doin'. Hail 1906. Between me and Dad and you things will move along and the gate hinges won't get rusty. Throw in a few circuses if you can, and remember a poor boy by making it a good year for stealin' harvest apples and watermellons.

CONCERNING A BOY WHO WAS UNABLE TO LIE.

A certain father of a family to whom there was a sufficiently large farm, moreover, a son in whom he especially rejoiced, gave this one for a gift on his birthday, a little axe.

It being necessary for that one on account of business to seek a certain walled-town, situated not far, the axe having been hastily seized, departs into the garden about to cut down each most flourishing apple-tree. That one, his home having been resought, inflamed with wrath, the servants having been called together, asks who might have been the author of this so great slaughter.

All denying, this one, running up to that one: "Truly, by Hercules," said he, "O my father, I am unable to lie; I myself cut down the tree with that little axe thou gavest me for a gift!"



1907.

We regret exceedingly to hear of the death of our former classmate, Miss Lillian Brannen, who passed away at North Conway, N. H., on September 27, 1906. She was a member of our class for nearly four years, but early last year was forced to leave Latin School on account of her health. For a short time last year she was in High School, but was compelled to leave there also.

At a meeting held on Tuesday, September 18, the following officers were elected:

President, F. Hubbard; Vice-President, Miss Howe; Secretary, Miss Huling; Treasurer, Corcoran.

Social Committee:—Riley, Chase, Miss Snow, Miss Woodworth, Miss Parker.

The drama committee was appointed as follows:

Miss Brock, Miss Stuart, Miss Blackall, Wells, R. Hubbard, Reeves. Business Manager, Gray; Assistant Business Managers, Reeves, Joyce.

R-d-t, who got stung when you hit R-v-s when Mrs. Burton was nearby?

Mr. W— translating:

Erat enim metus iniectus—

"for a fear (met us)."

Who brought the candy into the fourth hour French class in Room 32?

Eine einzige invalide Pfeife.

"One sick pipe."

Mr. W—: "Two meanings of quam-quam?"

Miss G—l: "Not yet, but soon."

Heard in Greek:

"Didn't B-r-y make a mistake in his English?"

Digamma covers a multitude of sins.

Was Apollo "rough on rats?"

Hurrah for Oughty Seven
We proclaim it with due pride,
For at last we now are seniors;
'Tis a fact we cannot hide.
In our early days we struggled
When five years ago we came,
And we still are striving upward
To add honor to our name.

1908.

Welcome back, comrades! We wish you a successful year.

We feel sorry to lose Miss Bachelder, but hope she may find Brooklyn as pleasant as Cambridge.

Some new faces among us; welcome to 1908.

Here's to the new teachers!

All fellows in this class show their school spirit by coming out for the Football Team.

Class officers: — President, Lanman; Vice-President, Miss Pennell; Treasurer, Parker; Secretary, Miss Lawrence.
Social Committee:—Blackall, Babson, Clark, Miss Foster, Miss Lawrence, Miss Pennell.

We are glad to welcome Miss Hodge to C. L. S.

When will the teachers stop giving out books?

Let us try to make this the most successful year yet in all branches of class activities.

Isn't it nearly time for a *fire-drill?*

Teacher: What is the literal meaning of *aes alienum?*
P-k-r: Foreign brass.

Miss H—(to her German division): Now that we have seated ourselves, we will proceed to be seated.

1910.

Welcome, freshmen! It is a relief to be able to look down on somebody.

Division 4 are expert French pronouncers. (?)

Esne Galba agricola, 1911?

Geometry! ! !

We're sophomores. Slow but sure.

White's electricity was switched off in the wrong direction in Latin.

Chauncey! Room 3.

Study hours in Room 3 are interesting.

1911.

This is a great school.

Teacher: How many times have you used that word?
Miss G-s-n: Steen.

Agricola est filia.
The daughter has a farmer.

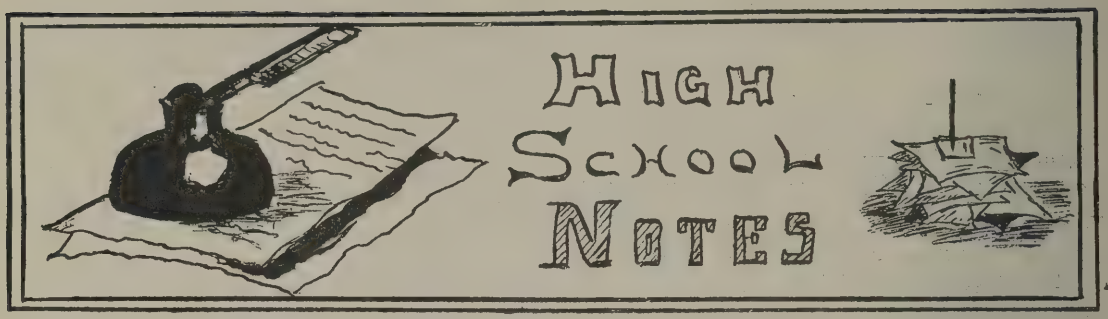
Heard in Latin:
Teacher: What word is derived from luna?
Pupil: Luny.

Billups re-telling the sentence: "He cudgled the sides of Gunpowder, and burst into a psalm tune."
"He hit the box of gun powder and sang praises that it didn't explode."

BOOK REVIEW.

"The State." By Woodrow Wilson. D. C. Heath & Co. 656 pp.

"The State" is one of the most comprehensive of all the later volumes on Historical and Practical Politics. The author is the Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics at Princeton University. It dwells upon the early government of Greece and Rome, and leads the subject through its several developments up to modern times. The chapters on the Governments of European countries are interesting reading. The volume contains a topical analysis and a minute index. The binding is strong and the print clear.



1907.

Seniors at last! Welcome, 1910.

Who were the girls who went camping out this summer?

Some of the scholars in a certain history class seem to derive a good deal of pleasure from sharing each other's Channings.

We wish that the freshmen wouldn't get in our way so at recess, for a few were almost walked on the other day.

There was a young lady named Emmy,
Who, they say, was so fond of tall Jimmy,
That ————————
Who can finish it?

Is Hyannisport a very interesting place, Miss R-l-y?

Miss G— certainly imposed on good nature when she made Miss R-l-y carry those dictionaries!

According to Miss C-l-e, John Milton wrote simply about Larks, Hens, Roosters, etc. Is it true?

Wanted:—Girls who will push the Freshmen's baby carriages around the school at recess. Apply at the senior room.

Fair Margaret, when will you learn the difference between a tomato and a pepper?

To learn to cook is very sad,
As some can testify.
To pare a little onion
Makes the tears drop from your eye.

Fifty scholars after three "Harts." No wonder our History lesson was poor! It was just too "Hartless."

1908.

Miss R-c- recommends a dish-pan as the best kind of football for the new rules.

Heard in Grecian History:

Teacher:—What was the locality of the Golden Fleece?

Pupil:—On a tree.

1909.

We extend our welcome to the class of '10.

Just think! We are to have class meetings.

We are doing well. There is one boy in Mr. Sargent's room.

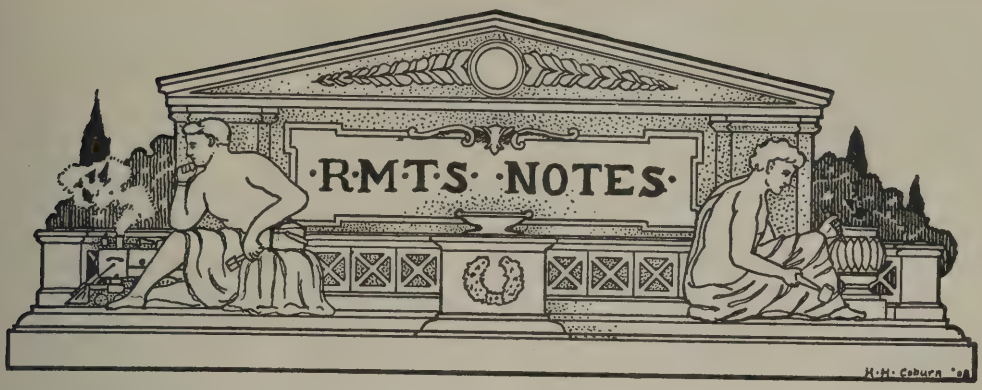
1910.

What prevented Miss B-g-n from dancing in the Latin School?

Why was Miss B-s-e late for book-keeping, Monday?

Ask Miss E-r-s about the banana.

Miss A-d-s-n is the newly elected president of the O. M. G. S.



1907.

Who is to be honored with the first speech?

For three long, weary years have we labored to become thus,—Seniors.

We have a reputation to make. May it be even better than our seniors.

"Trig" is about so deep,—over our hands.

According to Mr. Brown, we have grown during the summer from boys to students.

Mr. Brown adds to the pork investigations. "Every part of the pig is used except the squeal." Even that is used more than necessary.

"Hold, my hand," looks very much like holding hands to "Pinkie."

"Mac" does not like the looks of a No. 23 book.

Mr. Hill's pet phrase is "woefully weak" and it will soon be overworked.

Miss Ellis read a very interesting and inspiring letter from Francis Miles at West Point.

A letter in German script was also examined and proved satisfactory to her little Germans.

If one-half a fellow is dressed for a funeral and the other half for a wedding, where is he going? Into the "Frat."

1908.

Fraulein Ellis is willing that we should play any *good* joke on her. Wake up, fellows.

Miss Ellis says that the older we grow the more we enjoy ourselves.

Wanted: A grinder for II College A.

The Trouble Club. Charter members: Dunning, Edgerton, Farrington.

Positions wanted for expert grinders from II College A.

Juniors! Do we act like juniors?

Free lunch served at table in Room F, third hour. Bill of fare: German, lectures, sermons, jokes, etc.

La femme et les filles y vont pour moi.
Pupil translating: The women and the girls are for me.

We are now starting a new year. Let it be a good one, fellows. It all depends on us to make our class the best. In these two years which we now have before us, we have got to show that we are to be excelled by no class whatever. Let every fellow turn and help. When a meeting is called any time, do not fail to be present, we need everyone, you are all wanted. If you do not attend you will not have a clear understanding of what the class intends to do. Have a little spirit and come.

E. Thompson (the water dog, who won every event in the swimming meet) will gladly give instructions to any who may desire his services.

Hock—To "soak." "Hock the Kaiser."

Carman was very nervous until we allowed him to tell the following joke: "Iceman—A cool proposition who has Axe-cess to the best families, makes his weigh in every home and can take his Pick in the kitchen, if he leaves his Chips in the street." "How'd You Like to be The Iceman?"

"The edible lobster is found off the New England Coast. The two-legged species is found everywhere. All kinds are green, but when roasted turn a bright red."

We have received a number of Latin School's former pupils this year and we gladly welcome them, and, with all due respect to Latin School, we feel that the fellows have done the right thing by coming to Rindge.

Our class is remarkably well represented in athletics this year. Keep it up, fellows.

The Physics class has gradually dwindled down to *Post-Graduates,* as they called themselves. We think they are drop *students.*

Davis is very well informed on the governmental affairs, so much so, that his recitations in Civics are *correct.*

A prominent pupil of our class has just had the honor and distinction of presiding over one of Miss Ellis' classes in German.

Christman, the wandering boy, always hungry.

Mr. Stratton: "You may finish your meal after school."

It is interesting to note the changes in the seating at the hall.

Some are lonely, others are lost.

Mr. Hubbard regards the freshman class (so we hear) as the coming class. We would like to add that they had better come a little, as one would think this school was a grammar school by the size of the freshmen.

We sincerely miss last year's senior class, and wish they were with us now. We all wish them success in their undertakings, whatever they may be.

Mr. Willis, the great tennis champion, has at last met his defeat at the hands of honorable Professor Lynes. The games were intensely exciting, the score being 6—0, 6—0, 6—1, 6—0, etc.

Professor Edgerton will explain his method of serving (we wonder what) any afternoon this week. Do not lose the opportunity.

Dunning may be seen with his bottle at recess every day.

1909.

La fille=the flea! It might.

Look out for a shower-bath in the pattern shop.

The first move in harnessing a horse is to back him from the stall and give him a drink, according to a fellow in III A.

Beds should be provided in the hall for use during study hours.

We wish Carnegie would tackle French genders.

Teacher: "Why didn't you get your lesson?"

Student: "Oh, the bell rang."

How about the '09 class pins?

We expect that some of next year's freshmen will come to school in baby carriages.

Ο Δ

R. M. T. S. GAMMA CHAPTER.

The past year was one of the most successful the fraternity has ever experienced.

At the close of the year there were exactly twenty-two active members.

Many of last year's members have now attained the rank of "Special Members" by graduation.

The year was greatly enjoyed in a social way. There were eighteen regular meetings, from November 17th, 1905 to June 13th, 1906. Two socials were also held. The first was in the form of a dance, given on the evening of Feb. 16th, and proved to be a great success. The hall was beautifully decorated with fraternity seals and colors. All the other chapters were well represented, as were our own "Special Members."

On June 8th a reception was given the instructors of the school by the entire chapter. Eighteen out of twenty-three of the teachers were present.

Aside from the regular program, speeches were made by the President, Carl Dudley, Miss Ellis, Mr. Morse, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wood, and others.

The last meeting of the year was held on June 13th, and the following were elected and have already started their new duties for the ensuing year, 1906-1907:

President, Frederick B. James; Vice-President, Harold James; Secretary, Carl T. Banks; Treasurer, Raymond N. Skilton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Percival H. Keays.

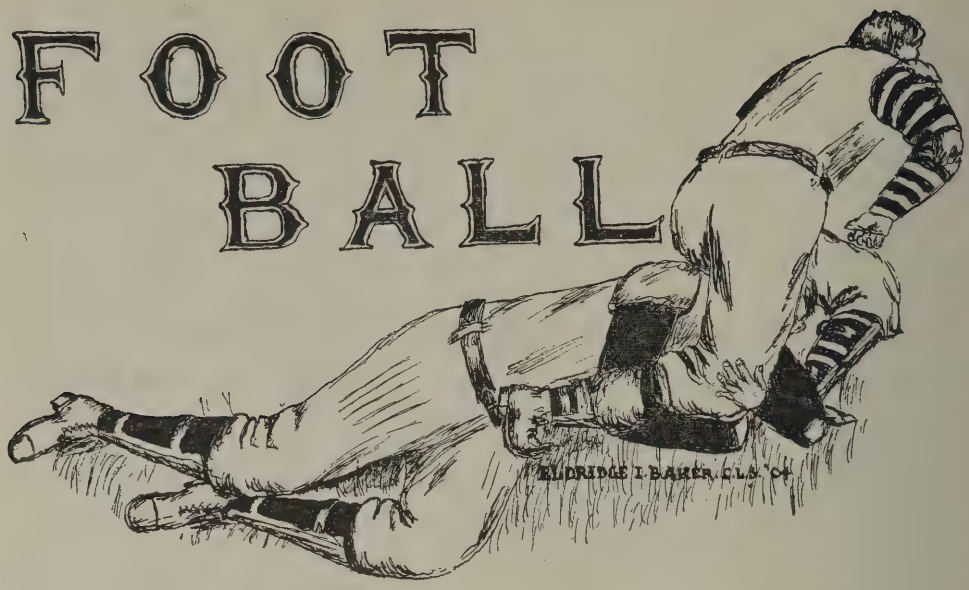
Already, the new year has begun, and three meetings have been held. Everything points toward a pleasant year. Initiations have started and are pretty well on the way.

SUNSET.

BEATRICE MARSH, C. H. S., '07.

The sunset in its gorgeous light
  Draws near to Nature's heart
And signals soft the coming night
  Before it must depart.

And silent in obedience
  The brilliant evening star
Awakens from her sweet day dream
  And throws her light afar.



LATIN SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

FOOTBALL.

On Monday, September the seventeenth, the football candidates were called out for practice by Capt. Harris and the following twenty-one men have reported: Merrill, Burnham, Hubbard, Corcoran, Daly, Wheeler, Graustein, Wells, Rideout, Ellis, McArthur, Close, Clark, Reeves, Huling, Crawford, O'Connor, Douglass, Volk, Downing, and Capt. Harris.

Although only Harris and Ellis have played for Latin School before, the prospects are very bright for a successful season. The men are rather light but are interested and full of life. Since our chances are so good, it is earnestly hoped that a good crowd will attend all the games. This will make our chances all the better. A long and hard schedule, prepared by Manager Chase, follows:

Wed., Oct. 10, B. E. H. S. at Franklin Field.
Sat., Oct. 13, Somerville at Somerville.
Tue., Oct. 16, Boston Latin at Locust Street Grounds.
Tue., Oct. 23, R. M. T. S. at Newton.
Sat., Oct. 27, Pomfret at Pomfret, Conn.
Sat., Nov. 3, Everett at Everett.
Fri., Nov. 9, Brookline at Newton.
Sat., Nov. 17, Gloucester at Gloucester.
Fri., Nov. 23, Newton at Newton.
Thur., Nov. 29, Waltham at Waltham.

St. Mark's 6. C. L. S. 0.

On Saturday, September the twenty-ninth, Latin School played its first game, with St. Mark's at Southboro. Although outweighed, almost man for man, the team played excellent football and showed that, with good coaching, it can be developed into a strong, fast team.

Harris won the toss and chose to receive the ball, while St. Mark's chose to kick with the wind. Harris received the ball on his ten yard line and advanced it twenty-seven yards, before he was downed. On our forty yard line St. Mark's held for downs and, by straight football, gained fifteen yards. Then, for the first time, they tried the forward pass and gained twelve yards more. Latin School held for downs on her *two yard line,* from which Close

punted to his thirty-five yard line. From here Cottrell made a thirty yard run. Then Reeves, picking the ball up on a fumble, made thirty-seven yards, before he was tackled. On the third down, Close punted to St. Mark's forty-seven yard line. From here St. Mark's punted to our thirty-five yard line. After losing eight yards on a quarterback run, Latin School punted to her own forty yard line. After St. Mark's had advanced the ball ten yards on a single play, Volk broke through their line and threw the runner for a loss. Again, on her twenty-three yard line, Latin School held and, after two attempts to rush the ball, punted to St. Mark's fifty yard line, where Volk downed Potter, before the latter had a chance to move. Here St. Mark's tried a quarterback kick and regained the ball. At this point Harris made the longest run of the game, forty-five yards, on a fumble by St. Mark's. Then Latin School made her distance for the first time during the half. Time was called with ball on St. Mark's thirty-four yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Harris kicked off to Kean, who was downed on his thirty yard line. Close got the ball on a quarterback kick. At this time Graustein replaced Rideout at right end. Latin School punted and held St. Mark's on their forty yard line. Close was going to punt on the third down, but the pass went over his head and St. Mark's gained the ball. McArthur replaced Close. Whitehouse replaced Cottrell and made twenty yards. The same man was pushed steadily down the field and finally over the line for the first and only touchdown. Whitehouse kicked the goal. On the kick-off St. Mark's was penalized five yards for off-side play. Latin School lost the ball on downs soon after the kick-off. St. Mark's lost five and then four yards by two splendid tackles by Reeves and Douglass. Time was called with the ball in Latin School's possession on her thirty yard line. For Latin School, Reeves, Close, and Volk played the best football, while Harris' strong defensive game was in evidence. For St. Mark's, Smith, Cottrell, Potter, and Whitehouse played the best game.

The line-up:

C. L. S.	St. Mark's.
Douglass, l e	r e, Paul
Ellis, l t	r t, Kean
Wells, l g	r g, Strong
Downing, c	c, Hayes
Crawford, r g	l g, (Thomas) Corbiere
Volk, r t	l t, Sohier
Rideout (Graustein) r e	l e, (Whitlock) Smith
Close (McArthur) q b	q b, Potter
Reeves, l h b.	r h b, (Whitehouse) Cottrell
Clark, r h b	l h b, Wood
Harris, f b	f b, Hasbrouck

The score: St. Mark's 6, C. L. S. 0. Touchdown, Whitehouse. Goal, Whitehouse. Referee, Dean. Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

R. M. T. S. ATHLETICS.

Training School opened its football season on Sept. 29, at Pomfret, Pomfret winning 13-5. The game was well played by both teams.

Pomfret scored principally through the forward pass and the on-side kick.

Training School's touchdown was the result of a long punt by Griffin, which rolled over the goal line and was recovered by Gaw.

The lineup:

R. M. T. S. 5.	Pomfret 13.
Christman (Gaw) l e	r e, Kerr
FitzGerald, l t	r t, Rande
Harding, l g	r g, Bacon
Jones, c	c, Smith
Keays, r g	l g, Seeley
Ramsey, r t	l t, Manly

Miles (Cogswell) r e.l e (Lovell) Lowry
MacKenzie, q b.....q b, Gilney
Watkins, l h b.....r h b, Garnall
James, r h b.....l h b, Winston
Griffin, f b..... f b, Callender

Touchdowns, Gaw, Kerr, Winston. Goals from touchdown, Callender. Safety touchdown, Pomfret. Time, 12 and 10 minute halves.

R. M. T. S. TRIES A MINOR SPORT.

On September 20th a call was posted for fellows who were interested in swimming, and over twenty signified their intention of coming out for any water events which might be held.

The races for the different classes were to come off on Saturday the 22nd, but only the fifty yard and the diving contests were held. Another trial is to be held, however, and the former results are not to be recorded, although it might be well to say that the class of 1908 had the best representation. In the dash, Lynes, '08, captured first place, Lovell, '09, came second, and Banks, '08, came a close third.

The high diving was very evenly contested, the same three men being very nearly equal, so much so, that it would be difficult to make any comparison.

The final trials for the relay team which consists of four men, the 200 yards, the mile, under water swimming and the plate diving will be held within two weeks at Brookline.

It is believed that the school can put forth a good team and its asks for all the help anyone can render. It will be gladly received.

HOW 2 HARNISS A HOSS.

BY ME.

Harnissin a hoss iz a danjerus operashun. It depends whether he iz nurvus with hiz feet, whether he iz large or small, and hiz karakter. U must excuze me if i forget the syentifik names for all the parts of the harniss.

Before i go enny furthur with harnissin a hoss i will try 2 explane what wun iz. A hoss iz a live annimal, sumtimes wild, sumtimes tame, and sumtimes both. Sum hosses are tame most ov the time, but others have there tame spazzums only wunce in a while. A hoss haz fore legs—one at each korner. It also haz a hed in frunt, and a tale in back. They say a hoss's hed iz az long az a barril. This may be so. Ennyway, sum hosses eat az much az a barril holds when they get a good square meel in frunt ov them.

In harnissin a hoss, don't let him walk all over u. If he steps on your fut, jently request him to remoov frum your pussonal propurty. If he takes your arm in hiz mouth, tikle him and he will let go.

If u ever saw a harniss hangin on the wall, all rite, u will no it agen, but if u never did, look around for sumthin that looks like a close-line after a siklone in Missouri. When u have found it, put the harniss on (the hoss) and fassen the bukles. Be sure not 2 get it on rong. With theze direkshuns enny wun shud be able 2 harniss a hoss.

H. H. FARWELL, R. M. T. S., '09.

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1906-1907.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.

William C. Bates.....City Hall.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Dr. Sherman R. Lancaster.....5 Pleasant St.
Rev. Robert Walker.....74 Fourth St.
William Taggard Piper.....179 Brattle St.
Mrs. Carolyn P. Chase.....19 Lancaster St.
Joseph E. Sharkey.....259 Elm St.

SECRETARY AND AGENT OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

Sanford B. Hubbard.....City Hall.

HEAD MASTER.

William F. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.

MASTERS.

*Max Benshimol.....64 Mt. Vernon St.
Cecil T. Derry.....12 Trowbridge St.
Alfred R. Wightman.....381 Harvard St.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY TEACHER.

John I. Phinney.....20 Langdon St.

TEACHERS.

Helen M. Albee.....48 Lake View Ave.
Isabel S. Burton.....371 Harvard St.
Jennie S. Spring.....400 Broadway
Ethel V. Sampson, 957 Washington St., Newtonville.
*Caroline Drew.....Abroad.
Louisa P. Parker.....19 Trowbridge St.
Mary C. Hardy.....11 Irvington St., Boston.
Alice D. Chamberlain.....20 Ellsworth Ave.
Constance G. Alexander.....7 Buckingham Pl.
Almira W. Bates.....20 Wendell St.
Alice C. Baldwin.....34 Dana St.
Margaret S. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.
Rose S. Hardwick.....400 Broadway.
Nellie E. Fawcett.....93 Hammond St.
Mabel E. Harris.....17 Gray St.
Elizabeth B. Flanders....75 Pinckney St., Boston.
Lena G. Perrigo.....40 Palmer St., Arlington.
Margaret J. Griffith.....104 Spring St.
Helen W. Munroe.....111 Chestnut St.
Margaret C. Cotter.....11 Magnolia Ave.
Alice I. Mandell.....67 Dana St.

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Bessie W. Howard.....24 Linnæan St.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford St.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

Annie S. Dodge.....15 Cottage St.

JANITOR.

Thomas F. Cahir.....1576 Cambridge St.

CLASS I—1907.

Barton, Donald C.....16 Lexington Ave.
Church, Claude H.....305 Pearl St.
Boynton, Herbert F.....130 Oxford St.
Coldwell, Archibald G.....61 Ellery St.
Byerly, Francis P.....39 Hammond St.
Corcoran, Michael.....44 Hudson St.
Chamberlin, Edwin M.....30 Linnæan St.
Crawford, H. Marion.....15½ Shepard St.
Chase, Gardner W.....9 Dana St.
Dane, William H.....12 Kent St., Brookline.

*Leave of absence for the year.

Eckert, W. Harold.....146 Magazine St.
Ellis, Edward W.....4 Chauncy St.
Gray, Arthur H.....6 Fayette St., Watertown.
Hubbard, Francis A.....11 Forest St.
Hubbard, Roger S.....11 Forest St.
Joyce, Maurice F.....9 Howard St.
Kimball, Warren F.....30 Lee St.
Kittredge, Edward H.....46 Cogswell Ave.
Lahee, Arnold W.....44 Langdon St.
McArthur, Chester W.....9 Cottage St.
Paul, Willard I.....32 Magazine St.
Ponce, Philip L.....84 Thorndike St.
Reeves, Henry E.....25 Sacramento St.
Rideout, Henry G.....290 Mass. Ave.
Riley, Percy W.....Revere St., Lexington.
Thompson, Edward J.....49 Oxford St.
Welch, John B.....413 Main St.
Wells, Herbert C.....929 Mass. Ave.
Woodman, Harold J.....18 Centre St.

Number of boys, 29.

Barrington, Althea L.....40 Cushing St.
Belcher, Marion G.....148 Allston St.
Blackall, Marian.....16 Chauncy St.
Blaisdell, Avis P.....247 Lake View Ave.
Brock, Gladys.....136 Lake View Ave.
Burrage, Helen M.....7 Trowbridge Pl.
Claflin, Charlotte I.....64 Kirkland St.
Clark, M. Louise.....115 Inman St.
Dailey, Anna E.....144½ Spring St.
Davenport, Benita C.....
67 Coolidge Hill Rd., Watertown.
Dickson, Florence G.....149 Austin St.
Doe, Stella H.....463 Putnam Ave.
Eayrs, Ellen K.....47 Wendell St.
Gaskill, Tunis F.....15½ Shepard St.
Goebel, Marie C. S.....53 Oxford St.
Howe, Mary E.....7 Exeter Park.
Hubbard, Elizabeth K.....42 Arlington St.
Huling, Corinne W.....17 Hurlbut St.
Hunt, Juliet E.....17 Wendell St.
Jameson, Gertrude.....45 Mt. Vernon St.
Kimball, Pauline.....49 Austin St.
Macullar, May G.....96 Ellery St.
Mandell, Esther B.....4 Walnut Ave.
Mason, Marion G.....432 Broadway.
McSweeney, Mary L.....13 Ellsworth Ave.
Murdock, Florence L.....130 Putnam Ave.
Odiorne, Roxie.....42 Garden St.
Parker, Gladys M.....98 Hancock St.
Riley, Mary M.....37 Sargent St.
Sander, Margaret J.....21 Holmes St.
Smith, Edna M.....78 Sixth St.
Smith, Marjorie E.....241 Norfolk St.
Snow, Rachel P.....24 Russell Ave., Watertown.
Stuart, Harriet C.....363 Washington St.
Sullivan, Anastasa L.....103 Ellery St.
Techa, Alice J.....72 Lawn St.
Thain, Lillian F.....217 Auburn St.
Ward, Mary C.....120 Cherry St.
Williamson, Ethel H.....16 Centre St.
Woodworth, Laura M.....15 Buena Vista Park.

Number of girls, 40. Number in class, 69.

CLASS II—1908.

Babson, Richard C.....8 Hurlbut St.
Blackall, Robert M.....16 Chauncy St.
Britten, Rollo H.....86 Ellery St.
Burnham, Harry G.....1524 Cambridge St.
Champagne, Joseph L.....19 Mellen St.
Clark, Wilfred L.....9 Sumner St.
Daly, John A.....51 Martin St.
Dee, Patrick J.....94 Hammond St.
Douglas, George F.....154 Brookline St.
Dow, Frank R.....326 Broadway.
Downing, Lester L.....30 Bowdoin St.
Fitzgerald, George F.....108 Holworthy St.
Fogg, Harry T.....Main St., Hingham.
Graustein, Edward.....19 Arlington St.
Harris, Francis S.....32 Rockingham St.
Hildreth, Edward C.....45 Putnam Ave.
Huling, Ray G., Jr.....17 Hurlbut St.
Kehew, Walter E, .264 Willow Ave., W. Somerville.
Lanman, Thomas H.....9 Farrar St.
Lynch, John F.....1 Cedar Sq.
Manning, Edward W.....235 Upland Road.
Marean, Endicott.....151 Brattle St.
Mason, Hugh.....9 Bailey Rd., Watertown.
Nightingale, George F.....180 Elm St.
Nutting, Horace L.....North Cambridge.
Parker, Reginald S.....14 Ash St.
Parry, J. Harold.....2301 Mass. Ave.
Parshley, Thomas B.....105 Oxford St.
Pihl, Armand C.....992 Cambridge St.
Reagan, John A.....444 Winsor St.
Rice, Clifton L.....202 Auburn St.
Robbins, Morton S....65 Adams Ave., Watertown.
Stockin, Leo A.....125 Pleasant St.
Stone, Charles L.....38 Sacramento St.
Stratton, G. Francis.....24 Linnæan St.
Tunis, Roberts.....23 Wendell St.
Wheeler, Francis W.....21 Wendell St.
Wheeler, Leon H.....11 Shepard St.

Number of boys, 38.

Baker, Harriette E.....21 Wilbur St.
Balmer, Charlotte J.....17 Willard St.
Bates, E. Dorothea.....13 Forest St.
Blake, Helen H.....9 Remington St.
Breeze, Iris.....51 Sacramento St.
Brown, Florence M.....14 Park St.

Carlson, Alice L.....357 Harvard St.
Carroll, Margaret M.....719 Cambridge St.
Copp, Jane H.....23 Inman St.
Davis, L. Anna.....116 Upland Road.
Dougherty, Constance M.....77 Lake View Ave.
Egan, Beatrice W.....353 Harvard St.
Emerson, Ruth.....395 Broadway.
Estabrook, Maud V.....45 Garfield St.
Fenwick, Margaret H.....8 Centre St.
Fisher, W. Beryl.....18 Sacramento Pl.
FitzGerald, Alice E.....89 Hammond St.
Foster, Lillian T.....565 Putnam Ave.
Gardner, Beatrice A.....13 Bigelow St.
Glidden, Mildred W.....1 Allston Court.
Glynn, Ellen F.....10 Van Norden St.
Graustein, Louise A.....19 Bowdoin St.
Hawes, Edna F.....19½ Fayette St.
Hicks, Helen N.....15 Trowbridge St.
Hill, Rose M.....42 Sacramento St.
Hodge, Beatrice P.....788 Mass. Ave.
Howlett, Marion A.....12 Whittier St.
Hubbard, Edith A.....14 Sacramento St.
Kelso, Janet H.....373 Washington St.
Keniston, Ethel D.....2322 Mass. Ave.
Lanman, Faith T.....9 Farrar St.
Lawrence, Katharine F.....65 Martin St.
Leake, Edna M.....25 Warland St.
Lockett, Alice B.....13 Appian Way.
Lovell, Evelyn W.....2 Arlington St.
Lynch, Genevieve G.....90½ Berkshire St.
Marshall, Dorothy F.....280 Harvard St.
McCarthy, Mary R.....30 Mead St.
McFarlane, Christina M.....58 Pleasant St.
Miner, Daisy E.....28 Hadley St.
Mitchell, Alice W.....221 Pearl St.
Myles, Elizabeth K.....55 Hammond St.
Noland, Leila.....139 Mt. Auburn St.
Pennell, Nellie E.....29 Blake St.
Penney, Clara L.....375 Harvard St.
Pierce, Edith A.....57 Brattle St.
Plympton, Ruth H.....10 Leonard Ave.
Regan, Teresa A.....22 Lambert St.
Robinson, Bertha L.....67 Lake View Ave.
Telford, Irene U.....25 Vincent St.
White, Helen.....18 Concord Ave.
White, Lucy T.....1590 Cambridge St.
Wood, Marguerite S.....6 Essex St.

Number of girls, 53. Number in class, 91.

CLASS III, 1909.

Amee, Howe C.....172 Hancock St.
Andrew, William G.....22 Third St.
Bartlett, C. Norman.....191 Hamilton St.
Booker, Louis H.....59 Griggs St.
Close, Frank D.....380 Broadway.
Davies, William W.....12 Remington St.
Duvey, Harry N.....7 Irving Terrace.
Goepper, Harold J.....73 Highland Ave.
Goodale, Alfred M., Jr.....16 Coolidge Ave.
Hales, Walter C.....12 Miller Ave.
Hands, George H.....1784 Mass. Ave.
Harlow, Hamilton.....20 Langdon St.
Hawkins, Robert F.....52 Concord Ave.
Herlihy, Charles M.....6 Healey St.
Hodges, Lester E.....48 Dana St.
Hursh, Walter C.....186 Upland Road.
Ireland, J. Earl.....1904 Mass. Ave.
Keegan, Thomas S.....48 Mt. Pleasant St.
Lincoln, Nathan B.....18 Fayette St.
Locke, Bradford B.....7 Francis Ave.
Meyer, Edward J.....234 Broadway.
Noonan, Everett L.....109 Otis St.
O'Connor, Martin F.....135 Rindge Ave.
Shepherd, Edward G.....39 Garfield St.
Simpson, Philip.....61 Dana St.
Taylor, John H.....1735 Mass. Ave.
White, Francis C.....24 Follen St.
Whittemore, Robert D.....36 Irving St.
Wright, Richard H.....20 Mellen St.

Number of boys, 29.

Adams, Mildred E. J.....12 Shepard St.
Arnold, Dorothy.....19 Irving St.
Bates, Helen G.....19 Harris St.
Beane, Esther C.....8 Prescott St.
Black, Frances M.....58 Kirkland St.
Browning, Natalie A.....19 Trowbridge St.
Chase, Margaret.....950 Mass. Ave.
Clay, Alice M.....80 Garfield St.
Coburn, Marguerite.....35 Granite St.
Cowlishaw, Erdine K.....324 Franklin St.
Crowley, Clara L.....21 Putnam Ave.
Dadmun, Henrietta W.....1696 Mass. Ave.
Dallinger, Mildred E.....82 Henry St.
Danehy, Gertrude.....226 Main St.
Doherty, Ellen C.....83 Hammond St.
Dooley, Madeleine N.....17 Shepard St.
Dwyer, Margaret F.....878 Mass. Ave.
Edwards, Ruth.....16 Mellen St.
Egan, Bernice M.....353 Harvard St.
Feeley, Elizabeth I.....265 Western Ave.
Ferguson, Jeannette.....26 Irving St.
Fountain, Eleanor M.....170 Chestnut St.
Geyer, Nana B.....117½ Hampshire St.
Graustein, Ida S.....19 Bowdoin St.
Hamblen, Helen H., 24 Westminster Ave., Roxbury.
Hunt, Edith B.....16 Lancaster St.
Kelsey, Alice A.....4 Buckingham Pl.
Lister, Amee C.....30 Shepard St.
McCaffrey, Inez.....318 Western Ave.
Mernin, Sallie L.....17 Allen St.

Moynahan, Bertha.....42 Dana St.
Noera, Louise J.....12 Forest St.
Pfaff, May S.....325 Franklin St.
Pierce, Edna A.....23 Lawrence St.
Raymond, Dorothy.....84 Ellery St.
Reed, Anna H.....100 Elm St., North Cambridge.
Rice, Barbara G.....375 Broadway.
Rounds, Mary G.....351 Pearl St.
Russell, Maude E.....33 Mellen St.
Shaw, Marjorie.....16 Sacramento St.
Sheldon, Mary H.....11 Francis Ave.
Smyth, Evelyn W.....91 Walker St.
Smyth, Gladys W.....91 Walker St.
Sullivan, Alice F.....50 Lexington Ave.
Swanson, Frances V.....17 Upland Road.
Tenney, Ruth G.....86 Buckingham St.
Tynes, Lillian M.....13 Clarendon Ave.
Walker, Mary C.....65 Wendell St.
Waters, Isabel A.....3½ Broadway.
Wood, Marguerite D.....334 Harvard St.

No. of girls, 50. No. in class, 79.

CLASS IV, 1910.

Baxter, Clarence P.....100 Oxford Ave.
Blackman, Floyd H.....27 Agassiz St.
Bool, Timothy D.....2 Lamson Pl.
Boynton, Alvah R.....130 Oxford St.
Cahir, Walter F.....1576 Cambridge St.
Cheyne, Hugh I.....27 Hurlbut St.
Connell, Daniel F.....133 Webster Ave.
Connor, George L.....3½ Wendell St.
Corcoran, Theobald S.....44 Hudson St.
Davis, Chester P.....116 Upland Road.
Embree, Edward E.....35 Walker St.
Fawcett, Albert J.....93 Hammond St.
Ford, Alfred S.....40 Parker St.
Goebel, Julius L., Jr.....53 Oxford St.
Gozzaldi, Alfred J.....96 Brattle St.
Grant, Harold P., Arlington Chambers, Mass. Ave.
Horgan, Arthur J.....19 Carlisle St.
Kimball, Ernest L.....30 Lee St.
Levy, Maurice.....319 Webster Ave.
Lynch, Daniel F. J.....87 Wendell St.
Lynch, Daniel M.....1 Cedar Sq.
Lynch, Frederick J.....64 Amory St.
Lynch, Joseph B.....64 Amory St.
Mabry, Alton W.....268 Broadway.
Marrett, E. Hastings.....20 Avon Hill St.
McArthur, Arthur W.....9 Cottage St.
McGuire, Alfred C.....22 Vineyard St.
Merrill, Gyles.....45 Bellevue Ave.
Murphy, William M.....33 Banks St.
Ormsby, Henry J.....97 Brookline St.
Parry, Robert E.....77 Rice St.
Petterson, Ernest W.....17 Inman St.
Power, William H.....5 Flagg St.
Rogers, C. Merrill, Jr.....73 Frost St.
Shaw, Edward L., Jr.....30 Agassiz St.
Wallace, W. Edwin.....13 Kinnaird St.
White, Joseph F.....1590 Cambridge St.
Zintz, Abraham.....309 Elm St.

Number of boys, 38.

Adams, Dorothy.....35 Arlington St.
Anderson, Marion.....2 Walker Pl.
Andrews, Gertrude B.....7 Oak Circle.
Bacon, Mildred F.....76 Dana St.
Barton, Helen M.....16 Lexington Ave.
Bestwick, Lucretia H.....367 Harvard St.
Black, Margaret M.....58 Kirkland St.
Boyer, Helen M.....162 Hancock St.
Brooks, Marguerite.....21 Lee St.
Bryant, Grace M.....12 Wendell St.
Caution, Gladys A.....59 Museum St.
Cole, Ruth D.....119 Oxford St.
Comerford, Margaret L.....5 Wright St.
Cooke, Myra L.....266 Cambridge St.
Cotter, Ellen E.....7 Norton Pl.
Crandon, Evelyn H.....36 Bowdoin St.
Currie, Ethel M.....357 Western Ave.
Curtis, Ernestine A.....64 Richdale Ave.
Danehy, Ruth I.....226 Main St.
Davis, Edith S.....117 Trowbridge St.
Delaney, Mary F.....151 Mt. Auburn St.
Donovan, Annie S.....21 Leonard Ave.
Dunn, Christina A.....19 Perry St.
Ela, Elizabeth P.....502 Green St.
Emerson, Lorena A.....5 Kinnaird St.
Eveleth, Constance.....18 Martin St.
Feeley, Florence M.....265 Western Ave.
Fitzgerald, Mary F.....89 Hammond St.
Fleischner, Caroline.....31 Crescent St.
Foxcroft, Mary G.....25 Hillside Ave.
Ganong, Flora I.....48 Orchard St.
Geyer, Gladys R.....117½ Hampshire St.
Gilbert, Dura E.....18 Leonard Ave.
Hampton, Anna M.....24 Bigelow St.
Hawes, Marian A.....19½ Fayette St.
Haworth, Irene M.....26 Sacramento St.
Holmes, Marion.....124 Walker St.
Holt, Anna C.....95 Raymond St.
Hunt, Gladys E.....17 Wendell St.
Jacobs, Vivien A.....888 Mass. Ave.
Ketchum, Minnie H.....Hawthorn Ave.
Kingman, Myra H.....
Cor. Huron Ave. and Appleton St.
Kline, Elizabeth M.....182 Prospect St.
Lanman, Edith H.....9 Farrar St.
La Pierre, Sarah E.....588 Huron Ave.
Linnell, Charlotte I.....92 Wendell St.
Love, Cornelia S.....27 Walker St.

MacDonald, Estelle P.....17 Traymore St.
MacKeen, Sarah H.....25 Holyoke St.
MacKenzie, Sarah L.....31 Cambridge Terrace.
Martin, Fannie M.....55 Magazine St.
McKusick, Edna F.....10 Remington St.
McCoy, Mildred I.....65 Mt. Vernon St.
Mills, Elsie C.....36 Ash St.
Moore, Grace E.....68 Oxford St.
Moulton, Olive L.....212 Allston St.
Nash, Madelyn.....107 Washington Ave.
Neumann, Minette D.....100 Avon Hill St.
Norris, Grace A.....57 Avon Hill St.
Palmer, Mildred T.....98 Raymond St.
Petterson, Julia C.....17 Inman St.
Poitrast, E. Frances.....64 Sacramento St.
Potter, Ina S.....891 Mass. Ave.
Rindge, Madeleine.....62 Upland Road.
Roos, Annette I.....24 Sacramento St.
Roosa, Alberta H.....16 Parker St.
Sandiford, Irene A.....98 Walden St.
Sherman, Hazel L.....22 Ellsworth Ave.
Stiles, Pauline.....50 Trowbridge St.
Stockton, Gertrude J.....271 Broadway.
Towne, Evelyn.....39 Hurlbut St.
True, Lucile.....63 Highland Ave.
Turner, Lyle W.....254 Green St.
Wadman, Ruth.....15 Magazine St.
Ward, Mabel F.....31 Willard St.
Wentworth, Dorothea.....121 Raymond St.
Whiting, Dorothy C.....62 Kirkland St.
Whyte, Marion C.....60 Kirkland St.
Williams, Gladys B.....314 Harvard St.
Williamson, Margaret L.....16 Centre St.
Willis, Ruth F.....9 Vincent St.
Wilson, Eleanor.....16 Lee St.
Wilson, Maude C. G.....15 Orchard St.

Number of girls, 83. Number in class, 121.

CLASS V, 1911.

Adams, Samuel B.....35 Arlington St.
Apsey, William J.....153 Upland Road.
Balcom, Willard J.....336 Pearl St.
Ball, J. Arthur.....12 State St.
Bennett, J. Clark.....49 Linnæan St.
Billups, Franklin T., Jr.....75 Norfolk St.
Bradley, Wayne D.....16 Leonard Ave.
Brennan, James P.....49 Cedar St.
Britten, Merle D.....86 Ellery St.
Burke, Joseph F.....134 Webster Ave.
Callahan, James H.....122 Sherman St.
Campbell, William F.....48 Amory St.
Clay, Harold J.....80 Garfield St.
Curtis, Francis J.....131 Otis St.
Davis, Franklin B.....116 Upland Road.
De Wolf, Elestus S.....212 Hamilton St.
Does, Charles H.....119 Antrim St.
Donovan, Francis E.....9 Greenough Ave.
Drew, Arno I.....46 Langdon St.
Fenn, Wallace O.....176 Upland Road.
Fine, Abraham L.....169 Bridge St.
Gilmour, W. Wesley.....16 Woodbridge St.
Glennon, William H.....167 Brookline St.
Glynn, John W.....10 Van Norden St.
Good, Francis J.....253 Putnam Ave.
Goodwin, Willard T.....79 Dana St.
Green, Ralph W.....26 Mellen St.
Guiney, John J., Jr.....817 Somerville Ave.
Hanlon, John.....1 Walker Court.
Harrington, Stephen H.....125 Antrim St.
Hart, Burgess K.....26 Sacramento St.
Hickey, Joseph M.....44 Ninth St.
Holland, G. Sidney.....118 Walker St.
Holmes, George J.....1192 Cambridge St.
Hotaling, Stuart N.....51 Ellery St.
Hovey, Leon B.....29 Lancaster St.
Humphrey, Harry L.....52 Irving St.
Isaac, James F.....13 Hews St.
Jacobson, Joseph H.....21 Summer St.
Jayes, Charles H.....66 Whittemore Ave.
Kordulasinski, S. Joseph.....2 Mullins Court.
Lane, Andrew L.....66 Fifth St.
Lang, Forrest D.....7 Gardner St.
Lanman, Jonathan T.....9 Farrar St.
MacVicar, Guy M.....56 Highland Ave.
Mahler, R. Emmet.....5 Austin St.
Margolis, Samuel.....950 Cambridge St.
Marsh, Harold H.....168 Lexington Ave.
Mason, Harry E.....432 Broadway.
McGrory, John A.....120½ Pleasant St.
McNaugher, Joseph W.....40 Dana St.
Meyer, Herman W.....234 Broadway.
Morgan, William C.....35 Eustis St.
O'Brien, John J.....249 Huron Ave.
O'Brien, Richard H.....127 Huron Ave.
Olson, Arthur.....9 Rockwell St.
Parsons, Theodore F.....22 Royal Ave.
Peterson, Clarence H.....10 Fenno St.
Powell, James P.....13 Wilbur St.
Purcell, Edward J.....15 Hews St.
Redmond, Sylvester J.....472 Winsor St.
Rousseau, Fernand.....132 Cherry St.
Scott, Paul D.....59 Museum St.
Scully, William E.....454 Winsor St.
Silverman, Max.....993 Cambridge St.
Stover, Roland M.....150 Columbia St.
Sullivan, Timothy J.....11 Cowperthwaite St.
Sullivan, William J.....56 Bolton St.
Taylor, Warren O.....1735 Mass. Ave.
Towne, Alonzo D.....41 Langdon St.

Volk, Walter J.....83 Kinnaird St.
Wall, William F.....37 Jefferson St.
Whitney, Benjamin P.....Wayland.
Wilkshire, Christopher L.....19 Bay St.
Wiseman, George F.....4 Gore St.
Wood, Clifford.....32 Gorham St.
Wright, William T.....20 Mellen St.

Number of boys, 77.

Ayer, Dorothy.....156 Hancock St.
Barker, Mary L.....119 Second St.
Barrow, Eledia C.....38½ Kinnaird St.
Barton, Audrey C.....96 Hancock St.
Bowker, Helen.....32 Bowdoin St.
Brassell, Esther M.....3 Marney St.
Burton, Helen J.....55 Garfield St.
Carley, Ruth L.....158 Elm St.
Carr, Mary M.....595 Franklin St.
Carroll, Katherine S.....719 Cambridge St.
Cashman, Mary T.....16 Woodbridge St.
Chase, Henrietta.....185 Hancock St.
Cheney, Altha L.....3 Clinton St.
Cher, Pauline.....14 Fayette St.
Close, F. Evelyn.....380 Broadway.
Cook, Ruth V.....27 Ware St.
Cove, Jennie H.....84 River St.
Crawford, Helen.....29 Essex St.
Davis, Florence J.....2328 Mass. Ave.
Detlefsen, Elsie A.....244 River St.
Dixon, Grace M.....863 Mass. Ave.
Drugan, Olive M.....253 Franklin St.
Drummond, Mary E. A.....192 Green St.
Durnan, Marcella P.....582 Franklin St.
Elliott, Blanche H.....3 Broadway.
Ellis, Olive S.....309 Pearl St.
Fenn, Dorothy.....176 Upland Road.
Fish, Charlotte L.....10 Buena Vista Park.
Ford, I. Helen.....174 Auburn St.
Garland, Ethel M.....31A Market St.
Graustein, Alma W.....19 Bowdoin St.
Graustein, Jeannette E.....19 Arlington St.
Green, Helen.....100 Henry St.
Hall, Madeline O.....39 Parker St.
Harding, Elsie W.....288 Harvard St.
Harding, Ethel M.....225 Putnam Ave.
Harkin, Katherine M.....509 Franklin St.
Hichborn, Ruth.....26 Mt. Vernon St.
Hite, Harriet J.....22 Mt. Pleasant St.
Howe, Calma W.....114 Washington Ave.
Hunter, Marion G.....1751 Mass. Ave.
Kane, Ethel M.....3 Greenough Ave.
Keegan, Ellen S.....48 Mt. Pleasant St.
Keezer, Adelaide R.....234 Upland Road.
Keniston, Mildred R.....2322 Mass. Ave.
Knapp, Winifred H.....16 Lee St.
Lawrence, Edith M.....407 Broadway.
Litchfield, Mildred B.....410 Mass. Ave.
Lloyd, Constance.....185 Hancock St.
Lockett, Elizabeth S.....15 Buckingham St.
Lombard, Rachel H.....89 Rice St.
Lynch, E. Althea.....49 Magee St.
Malcolm, Eliza C.....76 Crescent Ave.
Maloney, Mary E.....1307 Cambridge St.
Mannix, Alice E.....196 Appleton St.
Marvin, Pauline.....58 Trowbridge St.
Marx, Louise M.....2 Athens Terrace.
McArthur, Lillian M.....10 Magazine Court.
McCool, Katharine E.....8½ Hayes St.
McFarlane, Ena B.....58 Pleasant St.
M'Coy, Madeline R.....65 Mt. Vernon St.
Mernin, Mary T.....17 Allen St.
Morris, Pauline M.....90 Fayerweather St.
Nash, Ruth S.....9 Acacia St.
Patten, Frances L.....60 Thorndike St.
Pierce, Beatrice C.....15 Remington St.
Pingree, Marion D.....37 Lee St.
Ramsay, Mattie A.....53 Porter Road.
Ramsey, Florence C.....9 Oak St.
Rounds, Fanny E.....251 Pearl St.
Rowe, Margaret M.....318 Western Ave.
Saltman, Frances.....308 Western Ave.
Sands, Dorothy.....22 Avon St.
Savage, Sadie M.....143 Erie St.
Sharkey, Marion W.....30 Rindge Ave.
Shaw, Gertrude M.....16 Sacramento St.
Sherman, Frances R.....61 Brattle St.
Sinclair, Ruth E.....27 Essex St.
Smith, E. Phebe.....10 Saville St.
Smith, Marjorie S. B.....1172 Mass. Ave.
Staples, Beulah R.....11 Leonard Ave.
Stiles, Rachel.....50 Trowbridge St.
Sutton, Esther V.....11 Gore St.
Thompson, Margarita.....49 Oxford St.
Thompson, Mildred A.....1689 Cambridge St.
Tingley, H. Gertrude.....246 Norfolk St.
Verity, G. Hilda.....42 Mt. Vernon St.
Wetmore, Eileen.....55 Chestnut St.
Wight, Ruth.....147 Lexington Ave.
Wilkins, R. Olive.....5 Rindgefield St.
Wright, Nadine D.....265 Prospect St.

Number of girls, 91. Number in class, 168.

Total number of boys, 211.
Total number of girls, 317.
Total number in school, 528.

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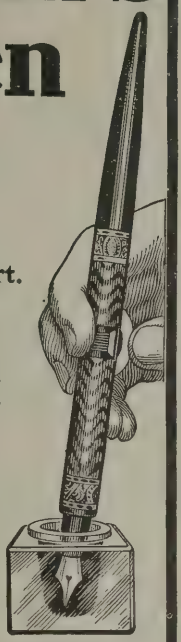

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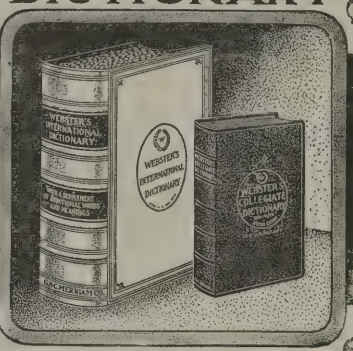

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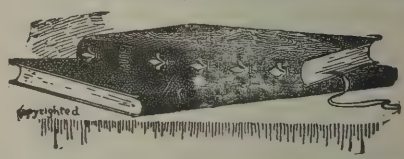

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI **No. 2**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, November, 1906

EDITORIALS.

The football situation is dark, both at the Latin School and at the Training School. The latter, however, has decidedly the better prospects, as it has an excellent coach and the men have responded with a fair amount of spirit to the call for candidates. The Latin School was forced to get along without a coach until well into the season, and the number of candidates is still pitifully small. Not yet has a full second team appeared so that a good scrimmage could be held, and even substitutes are scarce. The project of disbanding the team has been mentioned, and indeed that would seem to be the only course left, unless the boys come forward and help. It seems unfortunate that, after a year as satisfactory and successful as last year was, both Cambridge teams should fall so far below the standard.

At a recent meeting of the High School Committee Mr. Sharkey was appointed Supervisor of Athletics. He has drawn up, subject to changes, some rules in regard to the eligibility of Cambridge pupils for the various athletic teams. These rules, in their original form, are printed in this number.

On the whole, the rules seem to be fair. They were drawn up after investigation into the eligibility rules of the different leagues, and to a certain extent are modeled after the latter. In requiring players to pass only twelve hours a week, they are more lenient than the league rules; but the necessity of keeping free from failures for a year previous is more stringent. Even this, however, is found among the rules of the Interscholastic League. The main effect is to apply to practice games conditions of which almost all have been observed in league games. The rules are, perhaps, milder than might have been expected; and they should trouble no one who is really anxious to play.

It seems as if Cambridge, a city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, might be able to own an enclosed field. Considerable has been said about Rindge Field and Cambridge Field, and a little has actually been accomplished there; but, after all, they are both open. When almost every small city or town in the vicinity has its field where admission may be charged, it seems strange that two Cambridge High Schools, both large schools of their kind, should be forced to go as far out of town as Newton to find a place to play football. It is fair neither to the players nor to the would-be spectators, to ask them to take a trip of several miles to attend a game between two schools of their own home city. It is bad enough that we must always play other teams on *their* home grounds. The maintenance of an enclosed field would not be within the power of the schools themselves, nor yet of the school authorities; but we do think that our city government might, without serious injury to itself, appropriate

a little money for this purpose, if only to show that we are abreast of our neighbors.

There was one feature of the October REVIEW upon which we congratulated ourselves, namely, the distribution of the material among the schools. We were much pleased with this, as it shows that, even at this early date, the interest in the paper is not confined to one class or to one school, but is spread throughout all the schools. We hope that this will continue to be the case; and our subscribers and purchasers may rest assured that we shall endeavor, as far as possible, to give each school a fair representation in the paper.

As announced in the last number, a season ticket to the Harvard base-ball games will be given as a prize for the best story submitted before Nov. 28. This contest, which is open to any pupil in any of the schools, is subject to certain conditions. All stories must contain not less than 1,500 nor more than 4,000 words; they must be written in ink, on theme paper, on one side only, and *must be unsigned.* With each story must be handed in a sealed envelope, marked on the outside with the name of the story, and containing the name, class, and school of the author. The stories will be judged by a board of three English teachers, one from each school. When the decision has been made, then, and then only, will the envelopes be opened. Thus there can be no chance for favoritism.

The response to the prize offer for subscriptions was far from satisfactory. From the Training School, especially, with the exception of the prize-winner, few persons handed in subscriptions. We heartily congratulate Mr. James on his success, and thank him for his efforts, but we wish that he might have had rivals. In all the freshman classes, moreover, the number of subscriptions secured was very small. Our subscription list ought to equal fully two-thirds of the enrollment of the schools, but it is very far from it.

As a general thing, the class notes received were few in number and of poor quality. Two or three of the classes did good work, but most were scantily represented. True, some classes lacked editors until a late day, but the REVIEW boxes still remain, and are for use. We prefer, however, that class editors hand their notes either to the editor or to one of the chief associates, or, if they put them in the boxes, that they sign them. We want to know that all our class editors are working and are interested. We begin this month with a full board of editors, and we hope to make the class notes better than ever before.

In this number begins a new feature, which we intend to continue throughout the year. It will comprise the lives of prominent graduates from each school. The first in the series is the life of the Hon. William E. Russell, who graduated from the Classical Department of the Cambridge High School, (corresponding to the present Latin School), in the class of 1873, before the Latin and English High Schools were separated. Other lives will follow in succeeding numbers.

Through an oversight, no mention was made in the October number of Miss Bachelder's leaving for Brooklyn. She is now in that city, teaching French and German in the Eastern District High School. Miss Bachelder was for ten years a teacher in the Latin School, devoting herself mostly to French. She was greatly liked and respected by all with whom she came in contact, and was universally considered a very successful teacher. We miss her very much, but hope that she may as successful and happy there as she was here.

We are glad to learn that Miss Bates, who has been ill for several weeks, has at last recovered sufficiently to be out. She has returned to school, where we are all glad to see her.

ALUMNI REUNION OF THE C. M. T. S. ASSOCIATION.

The advantages of an Alumni Association are many and various. Perhaps one of the greatest of these is the preserving of friendship, for friends are one of the best assets in the world. The Association serves also as a bureau of information, a directory of industries. Who would not deal with a friend, all other conditions being equal?

The Alumni Association, in many cases, is the only link that unites one schoolmate with his fellows. If he fails to see its benefits and does not join, he often loses just the advantage necessary to change defeat into success, for the dividing line between these two is sharp and a very little may shift the balance.

These are a few of the reasons that are behind a greater effort this year to increase the strength of the C. M. T. S. Association.

The graduates, since 1900, have not been enthusiastic about alumni fellowship. It is being made clear to them this year that they will be cordially welcomed to the banquet at the American House on Tuesday, November 27, where they may make the acquaintance of unknown fellow-graduates and renew associations with old ones.

The guests of honor will be Mr. Charles H. Morse, who will talk on "Mechanics in the Courts," and Mr. Frederick W. Turner of the Mechanic Arts High School of Boston.

There will be home talent music as entertainment, and the meeting will be a send-off to the Thanksgiving Day game.

A cordial invitation is extended to all who have been connected with the school as scholars, teachers or officers.

The dinner will be $1.50 a plate, and those intending to be present are requested to notify the Secretary, Herbert L. Crane, 76 Prospect St.

LIVES OF PROMINENT GRADUATES.

I. William Eustis Russell, C. L. S., '73.

William E. Russell was born in Cambridge in the year 1857. In his childhood and early boyhood he displayed that agreeable good-nature which was so characteristic of him in his later years. After graduating from the old Washington School on Brattle Street, he entered the Cambridge High School and received his diploma in the Classical Department with the class of 1873. Four years later he completed his course at Harvard University, after which he attended Boston University Law School. In 1880 he was admitted to the bar and the same year was taken into the law firm of Russell and Russell of which his father and uncle were members.

The following year marked the beginning of his political life. He became a member of the Cambridge Common Council, later of the Board of Aldermen and in 1885 he was chosen mayor of his native city and was re-elected for two succeeding years. After his third nomination for Governor of Massachusetts he was elected in 1890, again in 1891 and still a third time in 1892.

At the expiration of his third term of office he retired to his law practice. Early in the year 1896 it became apparent that a movement for nominating him as President was on foot, but his decided views in favor of a gold standard rendered it impossible. Later in the year after this movement had been abandoned, he died at his camp in Nova Scotia.

Mr. Russell was a typical example of the successful man. Moreover, he was agreeable to his friends, considerate of his subordinates and possessed the courage of his convictions. Great things were expected of Mr. Russell, but he was called to rest while still young and his brilliant career ended.

An Adventure in the Caribbees.

ROLAND E. PACKARD, R. M. T. S., '09.

"Yes," said old Bill, as he filled his pipe and carefully placed himself in closer proximity to the red hot "grasshopper" stove, "Yes, they is things happenin' every day thet's 'way beyond the ken o' mortal man."

We were cosily ensconced in the watchman's shanty at the end of the P. & M. wharf; without, the wind whistled wildly, and already the snow was piling deep on the exposed side, but it was a jolly gathering of two, and as we were both old stagers, such trifles did not bother us in the least. Opposite my comfortable chair reclined William Wessons, or "Old Bill," as he was familiarly or affectionately called, and ever and anon, the glow of his pipe lit up his face,—a face massive in outline but softened at the corners of the mouth by numerous little lines, each one of which seemed to smile in itself, a pair of honest blue eyes peering out from under bushy eyebrows, and subtly combined with all the features, a look of cameracherie which was sure to win friends.

He had been a sailor since his early boyhood; had served both the government and the merchant marine; the latter part of his seafaring days had been spent under the "Stars and Stripes" and upon reaching the age limit he had been pensioned, and since then had held his present position, namely, watchman, at the P. & M. docks.

His fund of stories was inexhaustible; and to those who had the key to his "story box" he was a never-failing source of enjoyment. Feeling that there was something in this line coming, I waited and he continued:

"In a life like mine, lad, they's many a thing a man sees that can't be explained; and in all the time I've knocked about, in good ships and in bad ships, they's some things happened that puzzle me to this day. Of course you remember the time when Schley's ships showed them Spaniards down to Havany how to fight? Well, in them days I was the bos'un o' the big navy tug 'Ivy'; a crackin' fine boat she was, too; made o' steel, with twin screws, and right and tight from keel to pennon.

"She was a heavy weather boat, but fairly fast, and when she was ordered South, the gov'ment took her for a dispatcher, put two dinkey ten-pounders on her deck, re-christened her "Herald' and sent us down into them bloomin' hot climates with a mess o' important notes and such, for one o' the leading lights o' the army.

"Goin' down we met th' enemy, too, 'bout eighty mile from Havany. While we was runnin' along the coast we fellers on watch saw the long black bow o' a torpedo boat slippin' out from behind a rocky headland, an' inside o' five minutes we was a pop-poppin' and they was a bang-bangin'; an' we drove 'em off, too.

"But that was the last fightin' we had to do, and the end o' the war found our boat the same old 'Ivy', and us fellers doin' reg'lar duty. I s'pose you remember that in the battle with Cervery's fleet, all them fine Spanish boats was sunk, and laid there in the mud for 'bout a year before the gov'ment decided to try and raise 'em and use 'em if it could. Well, they sent the 'Ivy' and three more tugs and a lot o' lighters and wreckin' stuff to raise 'em with, and in March we landed our supplies at a little village about a quarter of a mile from the wreck we was goin' to tackle, —the 'Reiny Christiny', I think her name was.

"Now it seemed that the plan was to gather from the country 'round, enough Spanish laborers to put the job through; it looked like

a good scheme, too, 'cause they'd work for 'most nothin', and work hard at that. Well, after we was all fixed up on shore, Ensign Harrington, our officer, a mighty smart young feller, who was goin' to engineer the job, took me and Tripp, my bunk mate, and started to the village to make 'rangements about the help.

"We got there, and first off he starts to palaver with the head man; I was watchin' pretty close and I seen the head man turn kind o' green and start to stammer out a lot o' ornamental Spanish talk, and at the same time Harrington, he looks kind o' funny, too, and starts to chin harder than ever; but I guess it was no go, 'cause he gave up pretty quick and come back to us. We starts for the beach and Harrington says, 'See here, if you fellers can keep a secret I'll tell you something, 'cause its got to come out some time and I'd like to tell some one I can trust.' 'Fire away,' says we, and he begins to tell us how the head man says the wreck is haunted, and how his people wouldn't work there for the President's money, and how no amount o' talk could get another answer.

"Well, I don't like to fight spooks, and I says so, but Tripp says, 'Shucks, I never saw a spook an' never expect to, and I'm willin' to do my part.' Well, o' course, I had to pitch in and help if he was goin' to tackle the job, and I says so, and we all shakes hands and agrees to do the best we can. Harrington flew around and managed to get a load o' laborers from Key West, and then we started work.

"The first job was to send divers down to plug the holes in the hull. Then big wreckin' pumps was hitched on and worked, 'till finally we got her right side up on top o' the water, leakin' terrible but kept afloat by constant pumpin'. The fellers that went through her first said it was a gruesome sight, and the spook story leaked out, but that was hushed up and nobody seemed afeard o' her at all.

"Bime bye, Harrington got some papers from the gov'ment, and they gave orders to tow her up North. That meant that some fellers would have to stay on her goin' up, and when he asks for volunteers to do it not a man stirred, and finally, in des'pration, I s'pose, he come to me and Tripp and another feller named Dawson and asked us to take the job. I says 'no,' Tripp and Dawson says 'yes,' and then, o' course, I had to stick.

"They had the 'Cristiny' pretty tight by this time, and they fixed up a fine deck-house for us fellers. Well, with two tugs pullin' we starts out o' the bay; I was on lookout and hearin' a noise, I turned just in time to see three great rats jump overboard, and after 'em the rip-stavinest black cat with green eyes I ever saw. That settled it for me! I knew we was in for somethin' pretty tough, but I didn't say nothin' 'till that night, when on steppin' out on deck I see outlined plain against the sunset a officer in brass buttons on the bridge, peerin' through a night glass, out to sea. I jumped for'ard and hurls a piece o' scrap iron, and I'll be hanged if it didn't go clean through him, and while I was a gapin' he stepped down the busted ladder and vanished up against a steel turret. I jumped inside and hollered for Dawson, and he come up the stairs three at a jump with his face like chalk. 'What's the matter,' I yelled, forgettin' my own scare, and he gasped out, 'Saw an officer comin' out o' the door, and he was made o' air.'

"If I needed any convincin' that convinced me, and Tripp, too; 'cause when I told him he swallered hard and tried to look as if he didn't believe it, but I could see he did. To cap it all it began to blow and the old hulk rolled 'till you couldn't stand. From without came the howlin' o' the gale, and within the clangin' o' the loose iron work made an awful din.

"I shall never forget the wildness o' that night, as huddled 'round the stove, for it grew bitter cold, we fought off sleep for fear

o' we knew not what. It was this way for half the night, 'till a sudden jar told us we must have parted our cable. We dared not venture out for fear o' bein' washed overboard, and at last I think that all o' us must have fallen into a doze. I was waked by a crash and the voice o' Tripp crying, 'My God.' The whole gun deck was a blaze o' light, interspersed with movin' shadows. Men were toiling like demons at the guns, which were lined along the deck. Officers were rushing here and there, and everywhere sounded the roar o' the guns, all pervading and deafening. Even as we gazed, there was a roar, a blinding flash, and we saw a gun dismounted, its crew annihilated and a great gap appear in the side o' the ship.

"By this time the deck was runnin' red; we could hear the hail o' rapid fire projectiles against the armor plate, and the dull thuds as shell after shell struck somewhere below us. Everywhere men were dropping, dropping, and we saw one group o' bleeding, blackened men, rush for the companionway, only to be driven back at the point of the pistol. Suddenly there was a jar, a rending, tearing crash, and all was dark; dazedly we rushed on deck, to find on our lee an ugly reef on which we had struck, while as far as we could see the east'ard was a stretch o' heavin', tossin' billows, while incessantly the spray broke over our heads.

"Even as we looked I remember seein' the top of an enormous wave far above our heads; then, descending, it swept us like feathers from the deck. I remember seeing the white, agonized face of Tripp, in the midst o' my own heart-breaking struggle; then a sweet content seemed to steal over me, and I lapsed into unconsciousness.

"The next thing I knew was that I was lyin' in a hammock in a hut, with a tall man bendin' over me, while to my right I could see the ocean through the doorway. I had been washed ashore, lad; so had Tripp and Dawson, but not with the life in them, poor fellows, and the 'Reiny Christiny' had long ago pounded to pieces on the reefs o' Cat Island. A missionary who lived on the island had seen the ship strike and had happened to see me when the wave bore me ashore, and had nursed me through my two months' illness. The 'Ivy' was notified, and I went back, but as there was never a man to witness the horrors o' that terrible night I never told the story before.

"Yes, strange things happen, lad, some inexplicable," and as the old man sank back in a reverie, I softly stole out to leave him alone to rake over the ashes of a dead past.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Pupils of Training School:

The football season is now well advanced and there are but three games left to be played by our team. There is little interest in the football team, as is shown by the fact that there were but a few of the boys at Saturday's game, with English High.

On November 17, at Dorchester, the team is to play Dorchester High in its second league contest and let all who can do so, buy tickets for the game and go and encourage your team in its work. For the more support a team receives, the better the work it can do.

A meeting of the C. L. S. Chess Club was held October 30, at which R. S. Parker, '08, was elected President, and E. M. Chamberlin, '07, Secretary-Treasurer. Any boy who desires to join the Club should give his name to either the President or the Secretary. Members are wanted, especially from the lower classes. It is not necessary that you be able to play well.

Deaths.

1855.

Alfred Otis Delano, at Norwell, Mass., April 21, 1891.

1875.

Horace Chapin Alger, at Sheridan, Wyoming, September 28, 1906.

1882.

Walter Howard Edgerly, at Boston, Mass., October 9, 1906.

Marriages.

1897.

Helen Eliza Peters to Samuel M. Richardson, at Cambridge, Mass., October 18, 1906.

1898.

Adelaide Eloise Russell to Rev. Charles Franklin Shaw, at Cambridge, Mass., October 24, 1906.

Ex-1905.

Marion Elizabeth Kendall to Elbert Henry Dyer, at Cambridge, Mass., October 17, 1906.

1905.

The following have entered Harvard this fall: Walworth Kileski Bradbury, Guy Harold Egan, Roger Jouett Gilmore, Carl Robert Samuelson, Maurice Taylor Whiting.

Albert James Coleman has entered Dartmouth.

The degree of A.B. was conferred on the following, last June: Edward Holbrook Baker, Jr., John De Quedville Briggs, Timothy Francis Burns, Allston Dana, Harvey Robert Hanson, James Willard Hood, and Robert Lawrence Smith.

1904.

Eldridge Irving Bailey is registered as a special student in Harvard College.

1906.

The following graduates are registered in colleges:

Harvard:—Edward Leonard Beard, Jr., Sidney Clarke Boyer, Howard Farlowe Kent Cahill, Edward Redcliffe Chapin, Lowell Drew Crandon, Frank E. Deady, William Bullard Durant, James Albert Eccles, John J. Fitzgerald, Francis Leon Foster, John Pierpont Gaskill, Robert Henry Grant, William Casper Graustein, Frederick Hilborn Hall, Edwin Henry Jose, Jr., Frank William Marvin, Stephen Royce, Thomas Lambert Small, William Harrison Wheeler.

Radcliffe:—Bernice Madeleine Attner, Gertrude Marion Beard, Jennie Florence Blood, Ruth Noella Carter, Evelyn Thayer Derry, Henrietta A. Detlefsen, Alice Marie Doyle, Grace Anna Coyle, Marion Frances Gragg, Gladys Gray Hildreth, Irene Leslie Ketchum, Grace Fiske Packer, Alice Bacon Plympton, Marion C. Woodworth, Alice Mabelle Yeager.

Boston University:—Bernice R. Turner.

Smith:—Letty Lucile Davis.

Mt. Holyoke:—Gertrude Shepherd.

Wellesley:—Ruth Bradstreet Fletcher, Marion Alden Mason.

ROY'S HALLOWE'EN.

F. J. REARDON, R. M. T. S., '10.

It was a cold, dreary October evening when little Roy set out to pay a visit to a neighboring cigar store in search of a box with which to make a Jack-o'-lantern, and surprise his little sister Mary. He went whistling merrily along, looking every once in a while at the large pumpkins and other things, such as apples, grapes, and so on, that were in the windows. It was then that Roy's heart felt sad, because he had not one cent to make Hallowe'en a joyful evening. His father had been out of work and his mother sick, and it was only big-hearted Jim, Roy's big brother, who kept the family together. As he was going along in this sad frame of mind he looked again into the great store window. Just then a beautiful woman, richly dressed, came out of a confectionery store nearby and dropped a pocket book. Roy instantly sprang forward to pick it up, but before he could do so, she had entered her cab and was being rapidly driven away, unmindful of her loss. Roy, for an instant, was bewildered; "what should he do?" By this time the cab was turning a corner and Roy, getting his wits, started in chase. When near the cab he shouted, "Missus, Oh, please do stop!" The coachman turned round and seeing Roy snapped his whip at him, thinking he was trying to steal a ride. Roy fell back, all the while thinking what he should do. At last he hit the right plan; he should catch on behind and when the beautiful lady got out of the cab he would give her the pocket book. No sooner thought of than done. Roy caught up to the cab and was soon riding along in a comfortable position. Soon they began to approach the residential section and as they passed along Roy wondered if he should ever live in such a grand place. While his mind was dwelling on these thoughts the cab drew up before a beautiful house and the lady alighted. Roy, slipping down from his place, ran forward, and going up to the lady, said, "Please, Madam, you dropped your pocket book." She felt and then said, "Oh, yes! and grandpa's valuable present was in it, too. I am so glad you found it." But Roy, by this time, was longing to skip away. "You must come in," she said, and all the while smiling sweetly on him. He yielded to her persuasion and went in. Everything seemed so bright and cheery, so different from his home among the poor. She drew from him the whole of his little past life, and as she heard him tell of the hardship at his home, her heart filled with pity, and excusing herself, left the room and shortly after he heard her sweet, silvery voice calling over the telephone. Roy heard her ask for the number of a prominent grocer, and order, oh! such nice things, apples, raisins, grapes, etc., and a large pumpkin to be cut into a Jack-o'-lantern. He wondered what she should want with a Jack-o'-lantern, but his question was not answered. Great was his surprise, though, when he heard her give directions that it should be sent to Roy's house. She then came back into the room again and drawing from her bag an envelope, again left the room. She immediately reappeared, however, with it in her hand and gave it to him. She told him to call again, and then let him out by the front door. When he reached the street his brain was in a whirl, such unsuspected blessings were being showered upon him, and it was some minutes before he could collect his scattered thoughts. When he did, he started homeward, and when he arrived he found the presents had arrived and Mary was before them, clapping her hands. He explained as well as he could, the events of the evening, and great was their joy when, upon opening the note, found the following:

"To honest little Roy, who, on my grandpa's birthday, found the present I had lost." Inside this note was tucked a crisp $100 bill and a note to Roy's father giving him a position in her home. And thus, by Roy's honesty, sunshine once more shone in the little home.

EXCHANGES.

I am very glad to see that so many now visit the library to read the exchanges. I hope and expect, however, that this number will rapidly increase. Those who were rather disappointed to find so few exchanges last month will be satisfied by this time, for our pile is constantly growing larger. Soon, indeed, we shall be receiving nearly a hundred every month.

Of the exchanges which have come in hitherto, the *Radiator,* the *Senior,* and the *Southern Workman* are by far the best. The first is well managed, well printed, and every article and story is first rate. The *Senior,* although not prepossessing in appearance, contains excellent reading matter throughout. The *Southern Workman* is a magazine published by the Negroes and Indians of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. It is devoted to useful information concerning the history and folk-lore of the Negro and Indian races and to the discussion of important questions of the day.

The graduates of the Pinkerton Academy ought to feel proud that full a quarter of the *Critic* is given up to their affairs. In fact there is little that is of interest to an outsider in the whole paper.

The *Hermonite,* it appears, has adopted the new spelling. This question of revised spelling has been, and probably will continue to be, the subject of many a warm discussion. In this, as in all such controversies, there is right on both sides. On the one hand, it is undeniable that there are still many words of the English language that might be simplified to advantage, just as the words "publick," "fysche," "summe," etc., have come to be spelled "public," "fish," and "sum." Thus, President Roosevelt suggests "abridgment," "catalog," "hypotenuse," "sulfur," for "abridgement," "catalogue," "hypothenuse," "sulphur." So far, so good, but he goes on: "fantom," "though," "dieresis," "quester," all of which immediately lose their significance by the change. Take the word "though" as an example. If you cut off "ugh," where is its connection with A. S. theah; Frs. thach; Ger. doch; Dan. dog; Sw. dock, etc.? Although the word "rhyme" (connected with A. S. rim; Ger. reim, etc.) might be spelled rime, *"rhythm"* (from ῥυθμος) cannot and *must* not be altered. Thus it may be seen that too much care cannot be taken in even slight alterations of words. *And herein lies the trouble.* There are some worthy zealots, imbued with the American love for change and possessed of boundless powers of exaggeration, who have undertaken to do away with all silent letters. If these workers of evil were allowed to have their way, encouragement would be given to careless spelling and bad pronunciation. We should no longer have a language, but a useless conglomeration of the mutilated remains of once sensible words. This must not happen! Let us prevent such a disaster while yet we may.

The September number of the *Mirror* consists chiefly of editorials, no doubt on account of that dearth of material which is apt to mark the first issue. In the October number there is a short but very good article, entitled "The Man of One Idea." The members of the Central High School have a class in Esperanto. We should have one here, also.

The *Register* publishes an exceedingly amusing account of the Anabasis. The Greek grinds of '08 ought to appreciate this.

Other exchanges containing good stories or articles are the *Advance, Old Hughes,* the *Panorama,* and the *Tripod.*

We also acknowledge, with thanks, the *Pierce School Alumni Journal,* the *Anvil* the *Apokeepsian,* the *Center,* the *College Signal,* the *Comet,* the *Enterprise,* the *Exonian,* the *W. H. S. Mirror,* the *C. H. S. Monthly,* the *Horace Mann Record,* the *Briar Cliff Spectator,* the *Tattler,* the *Tome,* the *Vigornia,* and the *Colby Academy Voice.*

BILLY'S THANKSGIVING.

MARIAN BLACKALL, 1907.

Billy was fond of turkeys; he was also fond of plum puddings, nuts, pumpkin pies, raisins, and all good things pertaining to Thanksgiving dinners. This year he would have an unusually fine dinner, for his mother had invited all his relatives. He confided to his brother John that he could eat more than any one else at the table; of course, John did not believe it and "stumped" Billy to beat him.

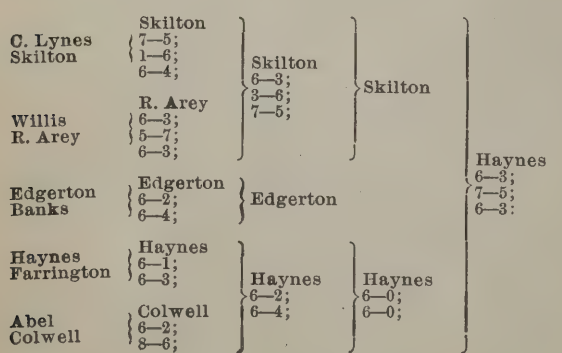
When Billy came to supper two days before Thanksgiving, he was helped but once to meat and refused the whipped cream pie, which was his favorite. His mother became concerned and asked if he were feeling well. Yes, he was all right. For breakfast the following morning, Billy had only a glass of milk. He did not want any more. His mother said that he surely could not be well. Yes, he said, he was well but did not feel the need of more food. John giggled and gave his mother a wink which made Billy resolve that he would tell his brother very emphatically, when alone, not to do that again. Noon came and Billy gazed with longing eyes upon the steaming potatoes and juicy steak, but resolutely passed them by. At night so little did he eat that he practically went without his supper.

Thanksgiving morning was bright and clear, and John was up with the dawn to wake up Billy with a few gentle blows of the pillow. This roused Billy's fighting blood and he rose in wrath, but reeled and fell back on the bed, pressing his hand to his head. "Ow! my head aches!" he wailed.

John went flying to his mother's room with the news that Billy was sick. Yes, Billy was sick, and on Thanksgiving Day, too! He lay in bed and wondered how long it would be before he could get up. Then the doorbell rang and he knew that his cousins had come. Next, his door was pushed open and Bridget entered with a tray in her hands. "Shur, Misther Billy, it's a shame thot yer won't have no turkey and all the good stuff what the ithers air gittin'." It was true; then Billy realized that John had the better of him that time.

TENNIS AT R. M. T. S.

On Saturday, October 20, 1906, a Tennis Tournament and Tryout were held at Jarvis Field. The result was as follows:



The members of the Tennis Team are the following:—

1st man—Haynes.

2d man—Skilton.

3d man—(The winner between R. Arey and Edgerton.)

The team will play no matches until next spring, when a schedule will be given out.

The match between Arey and Edgerton resulted as follows:

Arey won 1st set, 6—0.

Edgerton won 2d set, 6—4.

Arey won 3d set, 9—7.

Arey won 4th set, 6—2.

Arey won match, 3—1.

Eligibility Rules.

1. No player who has passed his twenty-first birthday shall be allowed to take part in any athletic contest.

2. No student shall play on any school team unless he is taking a course consisting of at least twelve prepared recitation periods per week throughout the year, and is performing the work in at least twelve recitation periods per week in a manner to satisfy the demands of promotion in that school.

3. No student shall be allowed to take part in any game played by a school team unless he is at the time of the contest in good and regular standing in the school he represents, and is maintaining honorable conduct.

4. No student shall play on a school team unless he attained an average of sixty per cent. in the equivalent of twelve prepared recitation periods per week during the previous academic year.

5. No student shall be allowed to represent any school in any athletic contest without first being certified by the Head Master of his school as eligible to play under these rules.

6. No student shall be allowed to represent any school in any athletic contest unless he shall have been a member of that school for three months immediately preceding that contest or shall have been promoted from a grammar school the preceding academic year. A pupil may also be eligible if coming from another city or town if in good standing in the school from which he comes.

7. No team shall enter an athletic contest outside of Cambridge unless a teacher is present from the school which the team represents.

8. The captains and managers of the various teams organized in the schools shall be chosen subject to the approval of the Head Master of the school.

9. A school team may play not exceeding two regular games in one week; the schedule of games shall be approved by the Head Master; and shall be arranged in such a manner that there shall be no encroachment upon the regular school hours.

10. A teacher in each of the schools shall have charge of all money received and expended for each of the athletic teams. He shall keep a record of such receipts and expenditures, a report of which may be made to the Head Master at such times as he may deem advisable.

Technical Notes.

H. HUDSON SMITH, R. M. T. S., '07.

"The fireless stoves" now being sold in Germany with good success, are merely wooden boxes lined with straw, felt, etc. When the food has been cooked a very few minutes by means of fire in a coal or gas stove it is placed in this box, the hay packed snugly around the pot containing the food and the cover tightly closed. The food will continue to cook slowly for a number of hours.

It has been found that two or three minutes of actual boiling before placing the food in the fireless stove will be sufficient for vegetables and from twenty to thirty minutes for roast meats.

Of course foods which must be cooked quickly in order for them to be good, cannot be cooked by this method.

Some of the many advantages of this manner of cooking are: (1) the saving of time, fuel, etc., and (2) the fact that food may be kept warm for hours—of which fact every housekeeper knows the value.

It is thought that the most successful type of torpedo boat is the gasoline motor torpedo boat. This boat is sixty feet in length by nine feet beam. It covered 26.15 knots in an hour on its trial trip and was able to sustain the rate of 24 knots for many hours.

In comparison with a steam torpedo boat of like dimensions it can be made to travel three hundred miles with one ton of oil, whereas, one ton of coal is required to drive the steam torpedo boat sixty miles.

These boats are so light that if at any time a number of them were needed at some point on the coast, they could be easily loaded onto platform cars and shipped to the required place.

Santos Dumont has recently succeeded in driving his "Bird of Prey" several yards into the air, only to come back to earth in a hurry.

The Government has at last decided to have the Panama Canal constructed by contract.

The labor problem in Panama appears greater than ever, for the Canal Commission seems unable to solve it, owing to the many diseases contracted by the laborers.

It has been argued that, as there would be so few concerns able to compete for the contract, the Government would be wholly under the power of the contractor. This, however, is not the case, for Uncle Sam will have control over everything except the actual construction.

The contract is to be made with a single individual or concern, which will be made up of several reliable minor concerns, each of which is expert in some one branch of the work.

The companies which offer bids must have a net capital of $5,000,000, and the successful bidder must give a bond for $3,000,000.

Not long since a means for making non-inflammable celluloid has been discovered. When the celluloid is at its highest degree of fluidity a certain amount of a salt, magnesium, phosphate or some other, is poured into it.

If an article made of this kind of celluloid comes in contact with heat, the salt throws off a large amount of gas, which prevents combustion.

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher.

"No, my son," replied the wise man, "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

Teacher:—"Hans, name three beasts of prey."

Hans:—"Two lions and a tiger."

When Nature made him ugly, brainless, small,
She pitied one she had so hardly treated.
She said, "He shall not miss my gifts at all;"
And made the horrid little thing conceited.

Lady Gushington:—"So your son is a real author? How distractingly interesting! And does he write for money?"

Practical Dad:—"Yes; I get his applications about once a week."—*Exchange.*

Tourist:—"Wasn't there a great battle fought about here?"

Village Dame:—"Well, I do mind it when I were a gall, I do. They was—"

Tourist:—"But, my good woman, that was nearly six hundred years ago!"

Village Dame (unabashed):—"Dear, dear! How time do fly!"—*Exchange.*

"Oh, papa," exclaimed little Fritz, running up with a chestnut burr in his hand, "look! I've found a porcupine's egg!"

Dr. Pills:—"Well, 'Rastus, we find you have taken the chicken-pox."

'Rastus (excitedly):—"Chicken box! 'Deed, massa, I might have took de chickens, but I sw'ars I left de coop!"

A spread-eagle orator in New York wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land; but he wilted when a naughty boy in the crowd sang out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you'd flew a mile!"

Bragg (pompously):—"Sir, I am a self-made man."

Flagg:—"I dare say. You look like the kind of a man you'd be apt to make."

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.
"And whom will you sneeze at, my pretty maid?"
"At 'choo, at 'choo! kind sir," she said.

Perhaps these jokes are old,
And should be on the shelf.
If you can do it better,
Send in a few yourself.

THE
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The next number of the REVIEW will appear December 13. All copy must be in by November 27.

The subscription cups were won by Henry Reeves, Fred James, and Miss Furfey, at Latin School, Training School, and High School, respectively.

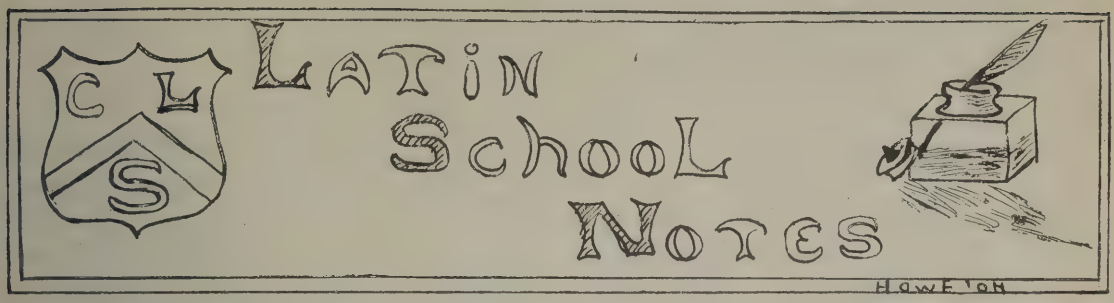
Don't forget the prize contest. See the editorial page.

Thanksgiving Day, November 29, R. M. T. S. *vs.* Somerville, at Somerville; C. L. S. *vs.* Waltham, at Waltham. All be sure to attend.

The R. M. T. S. Alumni Association is taking steps to appoint an editor for their alumni notes.

The freshman editors were appointed as follows: Latin School, Burgess K. Hart; High School, Marjorie Wetherell; Training School, Fred J. Reardon.

The Training School Alumni Dinner will be held Tuesday, November 27. See notice on another page.



1907.

We regret to state that our class-mate, Warren Kimball, is sick with diphtheria.

Heard in the Geometry Class:—
"Two things equal to the same thing are equal to something else."

Aren't Thursday mornings fun?

Teacher:—Your name begins with K. What is it?

Meine zunge zu ergötzen—to enlarge my tongue.

We are told that we are to "go down the broad path" in case of a fire-drill.

Did any one get "laughed out" in Greek, while Mr. D. was waiting?

Who went into Greek clad in "mental négligé" and with "don't care" slippers on his feet?

Byerly, who made his will?

Hector, the man-eating shark.

"For never have I saw such men as those."

λῦσανἀγορήν—They dissembled the assembly.
ἐμποδοῦμεν=We stand pat.

"That hurdy-gurdy is not playing Greek music."

"Thus he spoke and dismissed them, and —the bell rang."

"The maiden, son of Briseus."

Heard in Greek:—"Where am I, anyway?"

We are grateful to Homer for repetitions.

The fourth-hour Greek division is to be divided, the sheep from the goats.

Teacher:—Is *δήν* (Dane) an adverb?

1908.

A very pleasant masquerade social was held at the home of Miss Dorothea Bates, on October 26. Miss Spring, Miss Mandell, and Mr. Bradbury were the only teachers present.

Who are "the very sober?" Not 1908, surely.

Did the soldiers tear down the bridge or kill the sea?

Manicatis et talaribus tunicis—In tunics with long sleeves falling to the heels.

Heard in French:—"We are going to eat each other immediately." Has it come to this?

When is "cinquante heures?"

Miss H—s will soon have to form a primary school class in arithmetic from her Algebra divisions.

W-l-r says the demes were formed just as you cut pie.

Beware of "stretching," Miss F-c-.

Scene:—An after-school Greek division.
Teacher:—Meaning of ἕως?
L—ch:—So long.
Very appropriate!

1909.

In the class election, Harlow was chosen president, Miss Wood, vice-president; Shepherd, treasurer; Miss Bates, secretary. On the Social Committee are: Miss Dallinger, Miss Chase, Miss Bates, Shepherd, White, Davies.

Miss Chase fills the place of Miss Hamblen, who has left school.

Come, 1909, show some class spirit and don't let another month go by without any notes for our class.

What splendid (?) spirit we showed at the class games! Out of twenty-nine boys in the class, only four came out for the team, and consequently we could not play. A few others came round in their best clothes to look on. They seemed to think that somebody was going to make a team out of no material. This is pretty bad, considering that in the past two years we have had winning teams.

In Ancient History:—"Are you a Hamite, a Shemite, or an Aryan?"

French translation by N-o-an:—L'oreille dressée comme un chien de chasse. "Er—er—dressed like a dog!"

Miss M. wishes Division II to worship Mercury as the patron of a loud voice.

Theme topic:—"Take care of him, he bites."

Latin translation by K-e-g-n:—Brina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro—"Brandishing two spears in his broad iron hand!"

The scarcity of Latin compositions and English reference books causes almost a cane rush in Room 12 to secure them.

Being up stairs this year adds a great deal to our dignity.

1910.

On Friday, October 5, 1906, the annual class elections were held, and the following officers elected: President, Rogers; vice-president, Miss Adams; secretary, Miss Fitzgerald; treasurer, Parry. Social Committee: Misses Sherman, McKusick, Brooks; Messrs. Kimball, Mason, Shaw.

Teacher in German:—What is the rule for the placing of pronouns?
M-r-l:—Place the pronoun before the adverb if it is a pronoun.

Deafness is one of Wh-t-'s "virtues."

Miss Da-is is the most studious scholar in Room VI. She studies with her book upside-down.

C-h-r says that Cæsar built a wall nineteen miles high.

P-r-y thinks that March has an extra day every leap-year.

"Collarary."

Hooray for the Ancient Mariner!

Teacher:—Can you give a word that comes from the Latin word *iter?*
Pupil:—Itinerant.
Teacher:—What does it mean?
Pupil:—A cross person.

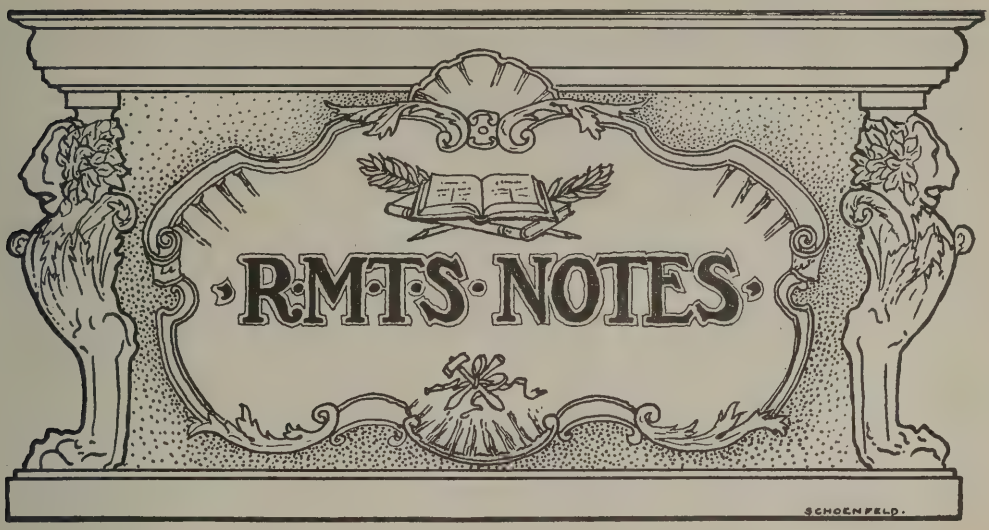
1911.

Division 4 are wearing out the erasers in Algebra. We wonder why.

Pupil, declining pulcher:—Pul—pul—pul—.
Teacher:—Well, pull it out!

Hygiene's no joke.

(Continued on page 37.)



1907.

Our class president is Charles Harrington, vice-president, Fred James; secretary and Treasurer, Harold Allison.

The following have been appointed to serve on the Drama Committee: Harrington, Davis, James, Ross and Allison. On the Program Committee: Harrington, Allen, Henderson, Scranton and Hitchborn.

Teacher:—"What are you dreaming about?"

H—lihan:—"Nothing."

Teacher:—"I think you are thinking of High School, yet."

The D. & A. Club is growing to be a flourishing organization.

Attentive Scholar:—Temperature consists of hot and cold air.

Teacher:—"That was a pretty good story, was it not?"

R—sey:—"Yes, sir."

Teacher:—"At two o'clock be prepared to relate the second chapter."

Why is "Pinkie" so much later than everyone else? Because he is Miles late.

Without support our staff would be nothing more that a "corpse."

In the future, as we hang hooks at the end of sentences, we shall have sweet remembrances.

"How about that Π?"

"As Julius Cæsar, he comes to the banks of the Tiber and proposes to Bridget. Such was his wish." (With apologies to Mr. Brown.)

Mr. Brown's Irishman would rather be a coward a half hour than a dead man all his life.

Allen found a long hair on Wilson's coat one morning. No wonder he prepared no lesson.

Neither football nor lessons should go kiting, Vocabulary Miles.

Beware, the new grade.

1908.

The following fellows will constitute the Dance Committee: Carl T. Banks, William Hunnewell, Raymond N. Skilton, Hazard H. Dunning, Kenneth V. Carman, Arthur Francis.

We would suggest that Skilton ask "Laura" for her position behind the counter.

Shaw and Skilton have been unanimously elected to the "Trouble Club."

Watch yourself, "Brick," catch it—?

Hunnewell—Our refined gentleman, Ah! there is that young knight, that noble youth.

Just run over my German for me, will you, please, ever so much obliged?
Yes, that's just what I'm looking for.

We have begun to make allowances for Carman. He has started in again, but this time it is even worse, as he tells us this in Room L the first hour. Radium is a radiant radiator, redolent of ranging radial rays of radio-activity, raised to radical rates and regarded as a ruthless rake-off in the reign of riches within the arrayed radius of a raging, raving and raided race.

The "Rest Club" is formed of hobos, who hold Union Cards for life.

Question:—Who belongs to the "Rest Club?"

Beggars of German sentences should never be choosers—though the beggars often have to chew what they beg.

Rust—Physical dullness.
Rustic—Mental dullness.
It certainly is not the first, is it John Alfred Mac?

A miss is as good as her smile—sometimes.

Charles:—You should carry Minnie's violin for her, we all heartily approve, old boy.

The subway has received assault again. Let us hope it is the last.

The School Dining Room:—A place, where one may enjoy continuous disturbance of the peace, disorderly conduct, assault and battery, riot and rebellion. The entry-fee, after twelve-fifteen, is two blows.

Zero—Originally, nothing; but now meaning a good deal on an exam. paper, or on a thermometer, also with a figure above six before it.

"Bacchus—A brewer, who supplied the gods with nectar, the beer that made Olympus famous."
"Those desiring a drink, please ask Dickens if 'Bacchus is willin'.'"
"Ixion—A king of Thessaly, who, for his sins, was broken on a wheel."
"And men have been going broke on 'the wheel' ever since."

"Ketchy" acknowledges that he is a very bright boy. Unusually so.

1909.

A number of voices answer in History.
Teacher:—"One at a time, please."
Voice from rear:—"That's all I am!"

According to one fellow, "less young" means "younger."

Teacher:—"What is the object for which we arrange the material of a composition?"
Student:—"The end."

From a theme read in Div. A.
"The flames were then licking at the man's feet, but he kept cool."

Teacher:—"Where does a story commence?"
Student:—"At the beginning!"

Heard in History:—
"Then he discovered Lake Champagne."

Teacher:—"Please answer to your names; those who are absent need not answer."

B-l-u-h-e must have thought that his hair would stay parted better if he used shellac!

H-r-i-y says that his name is spelled, "Haich wy."

F-ll-r can steer his pencil with a compass!

Heard in French (?) conversation.
Teacher:—"Avez-vous une plume, monsieur B.?"
Long silence.
B.:—"No, I haven't got any."

Come on, fellows, let's go up to the Common and see the Latin School girls in football togs. (Refer to C. L. S., '11.)

Mr. R's room was the scene of a desperate duel. The contestants substituted sticks in the place of swords, so there were no fatalities.

Teacher, after student has read his composition:—"Well B-r-y, you aren't much of a (D)dickens."

Teacher:—"A Pilgrim is a wanderer."
J-m-s:—"Would a tramp be called a Pilgrim?"

"You certainly have a sound, Bell."

Mr. B's room is composed mostly of windows, ventilators, and doors, according to a modern Dickens.

We are getting quite used to good shapes in the pattern shop now.

3 tables+4 chairs=kindling wood.

Heard in Div. I:—"Both propellors are broken, but I am not hurt."

1910.

What did you flunk in?

Mr. Stratton's home lessons are short. Oh! Yes!

1910 is developing some fine debaters.

Visitors to the carpenter shop recognize Stearns as an industrious worker.

IV G seems very quiet the fifth hour. Don't their jaws ache?

There is a fair magnet which draws Wilkins' attention, about 11.30 A. M., from his drawing.

The husky twins are out for the 'Varsity.

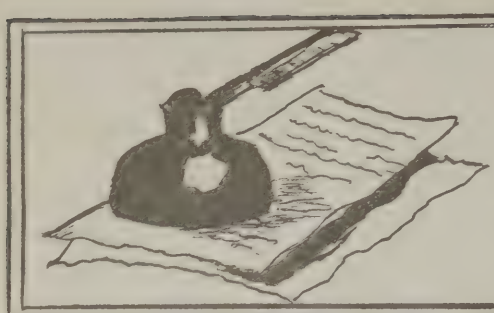
T. J. Mahoney is the class mascot.

How do you like being lost, Baker?

What fine marks we got on the last Algebra exam.

Which do you like to eat the best during locker period, corn sandwiches or milk chocolate?

Jones, Training School's husky center, developed his massive strength in the waters of Hawaii, pulling in twenty foot sharks. He told us of one he caught that had numerous articles in its stomach, such as tin cans, small fishes, and a love letter. We wonder how he knew it was a love letter, but suppose some one told him. Do not wonder if an article should appear in the paper about love letters being sent to a lady by sharks.



High School Notes

1907.

The class officers are as follows: Mr. Hornsby, President; Miss Purcell, Vice-President; Mr. Skilton, Treasurer; Miss Grebenstein, Secretary.

The Drama and Dance Committee consists of: Miss Galvin, Miss Sharkey, Mr. Skilton, Mr. Crawford.

Wake up! and show your class spirit!

Congratulations to officers of 1907. May it be a prosperous year.

The "Queen Elizabeth Club" will meet December 17.

Onions!

Mention onions to Ruth, (and then 23).

No, M—y, brown eyes aren't the least bit interesting!

"Il me tend la main."
He held my hand.

Who is Lizzie, anyway?

What is the attraction over at Latin School? (Dancing?)

Miss Cutter has some attraction at Latin School every recess. Is it dancing?

Did anyone say *History?*

"Frenchie!" What can it mean?

Friday evening we learned that our E in the hall consisted of "animal" matter. I this true?

Miss Sull-a-n informed us that sulph acid was found in that fertile section of State of Washington.

Heard in Cooking:—"Look at the mou

Did some of the girls in cooking ever of watering washer-cress?

Who put the pie in H-gg-ns' desk at cess? Awfully thoughtful, wasn't it?

The cooking lessons afford much inte for the young spectators outside. We der why.

Who had hot feet in the cooking clas

Pupil, in cooking division, to teache "Shall I use this egg?"

Who said they smelt Chili sauce on second floor?

Frequently heard in fifth-hour U. S. tory division:—"Miss —, please take a at the side of the room."

Don't forget again that there must alw be "women in the case" of colonization. T is why the early colonies were unsuccess

The seniors advise the freshmen not to be "*extremely* disorderly" when coming in m gymnasium.

1908.

Although rather late, we extend a hearty come to the class of 1910.

We are glad to see so many back at school, t us make this our best year so far.

At the first class meeting, held October 12, following officers were chosen for the ar: President, Mr. Carroll; Vice-Presi-nt, Miss O'Connell; Treasurer, Mr. Beck-; Secretary, Miss Furfey.

The Social Committee consists of: Miss yd, Miss Deehan, Miss Guydam.

On the Dance Committee are: Miss O'-nnell, Miss Harries, Miss Furfey.

Let the Social Committee stay awake this ar.

We trust a large number of girls will n the gymnasium this year. We need all can get for the meets and the basket-ball am.

"Can't you see I'm lonely?" Stenography, rd hour.

Miss Bla-r is going to get several foot easures for a few expert short-hand writers, that they may measure I's and D's.

Miss Rob-rts, be sure to measure the char-ters in stenography. Give no one the bene- of the doubt.

Constantly heard in Room 15:—"Miss rf-y, take your own seat and remain after hool."

Teacher:—What does carbon come from?
Bright Pupil:—Charcoal.

Heard in Ancient History:—
Teacher:—What is our present form of government, monarchy or oligarchy?
Pupil:—Monarchy.

Teacher:—What name do we give to the first day of April?
Wide-awake (?) Miss E—t:—Christmas.

Heard in English:—
"Nothing moved or spoke except the owls and bats."

Miss Cr—g translates "ein Schweine" as "a swan."

If Miss E-l-t went to market, she would bring back "grocers" instead of groceries.

We have so many boys that we really didn't know which one to elect president.

Carr has really written *one* theme in his theme-book.

'08 class meetings, basement, fifth hour.
Miss R-ss-ll, president.
Miss K-ll-h-r, secretary.

We wonder what Miss Sh-w and Miss Sh-a find so amusing the fourth hour.

The initials R. M. T. S. are in great demand in our geometry class.

Whom were those postals from, Miss Ru—ll?

The ostriches in Room 15 seem to think they cannot be seen over their desk covers. Who are they?

Miss F-rf-y firmly believes, "Handsome is that handsome does."

Miss Von der Luft prefers to study at recess rather than go out.

Who is the "wiggler" in Room 15?

Miss McGrory is very studious during the fifth hour. Did you ever notice all the waste paper that collects in her desk?

Change of seats is the fad in Room 15.

Miss Gerry's favorite song is "Waiting at the Church." We wonder why.

Rawley seems very lonely the last hour, since the girls began "gym."

Miss H-rr-s waited until two o'clock and still the car didn't come. But! something else did come, and she decided to walk home.

We are all very sorry to lose Miss Brannan and Miss Collins from our class. We miss them extremely.

1909.

The Class Council consists of: Miss Hatch, Miss Moriarty, Miss Frank, Miss Hennessy, Miss Hogan, and Mr. Hunt. The President is Mr. Patten, Vice-President, Miss Cronin; Treasurer, Miss Ramhofer; Secretary, Miss Moran.

The Pin Committee consists of: Miss Hatch, Miss Diez, Miss Frank, Miss Schlesinger, and Miss Scorgie.

Ask Miss Fleischner what "le corsage" means.

Girls from Mr. Sargent's play tag, fifth hour.

Anything goes to amuse baby.

How does Miss D-n-n like sitting in the hot sun?

Miss M—y, do you know what "isochronous" means?

Ask Miss F. Smith what some of her favorite hobbies are.

Miss Ek-a-k feels slighted because she cannot have the transom closed when she feels cold.

Miss B-nke, how long since have there been thirty-one days in September?

Notice:—All freshman should bring their bottle with milk for lunch.

1910.

Teacher:—Which came first, Roman invasion or period?

Pupil:—Roman Period?

I wonder if one of the girls that take drawing the fourth hour Wednesday has found out the difference between a morning-glory and a petunia.

Room 7, first period:—Discussion over "Keep on the sunny side," Miss F. W. Smith.

Heard in History:—

Teacher:—Who conquered England in the eleventh century?

Pupil:—Swine.

Why does Miss Keene spell her name with "w" at the end?

A senior in the high school was heard to remark that he had knelt at the feet of at least twelve young ladies on Saturday night! He works in a shoe store on Massachusetts Ave.

LATIN SCHOOL.

B. E. H. S. 12. C. L. S. 0.

On Wednesday, Oct. 10, we played Boston English High School on Franklin Field. The first half was very closely contested. Penalties were numerous, for offside play, in this half. Neither team could gain any ground by rushing, and punts were got off every few seconds. In the second half English High kicked off to Latin School. Harris fumbled the kick-off, and Palmer, picking up the ball, scored a touchdown. In less than five minutes Brophy carried the ball, by very clever dodging, through the whole Latin School team over the line for the second touchdown:

The line-up:

C. L. S.	B. E. H. S.
Douglas, l e	r e (O'Brien), Falkner
Volk, l t	r t, Picostanzi
Wells, l g	r g (Hagerty), Caldwell
Downing, c	c, Palmer
Crawford, r g	l g, Corcoran
Ellis, r t	l t, Silva
Rideout, r e	l e, Kiley
Close, q b	q b (Busby, Gibbs, Boylan), Brophy
Clark, l h b,	r h b (Lally, O'Reilly) Kelliher
Reeves, r h b	l h b, Parle
Harris, f b	f b, Edmunds

The score, B. E. H. S. 12, C. L. S. 0. Touchdowns, Palmer, Brophy. Goals, Kiley 2. Referee, Kennedy. Umpire, Duffy. Linesmen, Parker and Merrill. Time, two fifteen minute periods.

Somerville 32. C. L. S. 0.

Little need be said on this game, which was played in Somerville, October the thirteenth. Latin School was outweighed and outplayed in every position. McNeil and Jarvis played the best game for Somerville. In the second half, against substitutes, we nearly held our own.

The line-up:

Somerville.	C. L. S.
Forg (Elliot, Allen) r e,	l e (Huling) Douglas
Merrill (Pauly) r t	l t, Ellis
Hoyt (Kitchen) r g	l g, Wells
Ireland (Guston) c	c, Downing
Fitzherbert (Pease) l g	r g, Crawford
Cummings (VerWiebe) l t	r t, Harris
Jarvis (Garland) l e,	r e, (Rideout) Graustein
Mixer, q b	q b, Reeves
McNeil (Noble) r h b	l h b, Burns
McLaughlin, l h b	r h b, Close
Donovan, f b	f b (Volk) Clark

The score, S. H. S. 32; C. L. S. 0. Touchdowns, McNeil 5. Goals, Jarvis 4, Garland. Safety, Somerville. Time, two fifteen minute periods.

B. L. S. 24. C. L. S. 0.

On October the sixteenth, we were beaten again, and this time Boston Latin had the pleasure. For the fourth time this season we were lined up against a team much heavi-

er than we were. The surprise was that the score was not larger, for this team outweighed us over twenty pounds to the man.

The line-up:

B. L. S.	C. L. S.
Maloney (Fitzpatrick)	l e
Ryder,	l t
Seavy (Barnes)	l g
Thompson,	c
Quinn (O'Hare)	r g
Jowett,	r t
Murray (Hale, Rosenstein)	r e
Duffy (Daly)	q b
Keenan,	l h b
Sweetzer (McKenna)	r h b
Simmons,	f b

The score, B. L. S. 24; C. L. S. 0. Touchdowns, Sweetzer, Simmons, Jowett, Fitzpatrick. Goals, Duffy 2, Jowett 2. Referee, Campbell. Umpire, Crowley. Linesmen, Amadon and Corcoran. Time, two fifteen minute periods.

E. H. S. 16. C. L. S. 0.

On November the third we went to Everett and were beaten. The team played better football than it has played since the St. Mark's game, but an error in judgment, on the part of the umpire, undoubtedly made the score such as it was.

The line-up:

E. H. S.	C. L. S.
Tuells,	r e
A. B. Jackson,	r t
Steele,	r g
Morton,	c
Poole,	l g
Ambrose,	l t
Barnes,	l e
Hope,	q b
Bratt,	r h b
Brickley,	l h b
A. J. Jackson,	f b

TRAINING SCHOOL.

R. M. T. S. 0. St. Mark's 16.

On Saturday, October 6, Training School played St. Mark's at Southborough, and were defeated 16 to 0.

Training School was considered outweighed, but nevertheless played a fairly good game for so early in the season.

St. Mark's made most of its gains by end runs and forward pass play. For Training School, Gaw, James, MacKenzie and Griffin played well, while Paul, Cottrell and Corbiere excelled for St. Mark's.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	St. Mark's.
Gaw,	l e
Ramsey (Harding, Lindsay)	l t
Cremens,	l g
Jones,	c
Keays,	r g
Fitzgerald,	r t
Cogswell (Miles)	r e
MacKenzie,	q b
Watkins,	l h b
James,	r h b
Griffin,	f b

The score, St. Marks 16; R. M. T. S. 0. Touchdowns, Cottrell 2, Dilworth. Goal from touchdown, Dilworth. Referee, Mr. King of St. Mark's. Umpire, Mr. Edwards of R. M. T. S. Linesmen, Packard, R. M. T. S.; Bosson, St. Mark's. Time, 15 and 10 minute halves.

Everett High 15. R. M. T. S. 0.

On Wednesday, October 10, Training School played Everett High at Everett, and lost by the score of 15 to 0. Neither team could score in the first half, although Training School rushed the ball to the twenty yard line, where they were held.

In the second half, however, Training School's line went to pieces and Everett scored two touchdowns, and A. J. Jackson scored a goal from the field.

In order to strengthen the line Griffin started in at left tackle, James moving to full-back and Miles taking his place at right-half. The move was a successful one, as Griffin greatly helped his side of the line.

For Training School, the good work was done by Griffin, James and MacKenzie, while for Everett, A. Jackson and Brickley played well.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	Everett High.
Schuyler (Lovell)	l e
Griffin (Schuyler)	l t
Cremens,	l g
Jones,	c
Keays,	r g
Fitzgerald,	r t
Christman,	r e
MacKenzie,	q b
Watkins,	l h b
Miles (James)	r h b
James (Griffin)	f b

Score, E. H. S. 15; R. M. T. S. 0. Touchdowns, Brickley, A. J. Jackson. Goal from touchdown, A. J. Jackson. Goal from field, A. J. Jackson. Referee, Lawson. Umpire, Harris. Linesmen, Stickney and Ross. Time, 15 minute halves.

R. M. T. S. 0. Worcester High 6.

On Saturday, October 13, Training School played Worcester High at Worcester Oval. The Training School team played its best game of the year. Much more life was shown than had been previously.

Worcester scored late in the first half. After being able to hold Worcester on the ten yard line, Griffin punted to mid-field. After two failures to gain through our line, Worcester worked the forward pass, after which Donnelly made a fifty yard run for a touchdown.

Training School was within striking distance of Worcester goal a number of times, but just failed to score.

For Training School, Gaw, Griffin, Keays and James played well, while Donnelly and Quakenboss excelled for Worcester.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	Worcester High.
Gaw, l e	r e, Donnelly
Griffin, l t	r t, Butler
Cremens, l g	r g, Sullivan
Jones, c	c, Hall
Keays, r g	l g, Warren
Harding, r t	l t, Nylen
Christman (Schuyler) r e	l e, Melican
MacKenzie, q b	q b, Quakenboss
Miles, l h b	r h b, Dennis
Ross (Watkins) r h b	l h b, Dean
James, f b	f b, Ward

Score, Worcester High 6; Training School 0. Touchdown, Donnelly. Goal, Dennis. Referee, Donnelly of Worcester. Umpire, Carrick of Training School. Timers, P. Stewart, R. M. T. S., '03; Dean of Worcester. Linesmen, F. B. James and Flaherty. Times, 15 and 10 minute halves.

R. M. T. S. 0. Brookline 16.

On Wednesday, October 17, Training School played Brookline High at Brookline, and was defeated by the score of 16 to 0, in a game which was not very interesting.

The best work for Training School was done by Griffin, Keays, Watkins and Gaw. Griffin's punting was excellent. For Brookline, Daniels and Morse played well.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	Brookline High.
Gaw, l e	r e, Morse
Griffin, l t	r t, Clime
Cremens, l g	r g, Andrews

Jones, c.....c, Emerson
Keays, r g.....l g, White
Harding (Schuyler) r t.....l t, Willots
Clavell (Christman) r e.....l e, Howe
Cogswell (MacKenzie) q b.....q b, Collins
Hogan (Watkins) l h b.....r h b, Daniels
Miles, r h b.....l h b, Elliot
James, f b.....f b, Robart

Score, Brookline High 16; R. M. T. S. 0. Touchdowns, Daniels 2, Howe. Goal, Emerson. Referee, C. Hamm of Brookline. Umpire, Harris of C. L. S. Timers, James and Lyons. Time, 10 and 15 minute halves.

Lowell Textile 28. Rindge 0.

Lowell Textile defeated Training School at Lowell, October 20—28 to 0. Rindge was outweighed and outplayed by a much stronger team. The game was played in a drizzling rain and on a wet, slippery field. This latter fact handicapped Rindge's lighter men. Griffin and Hogan played the best game for Rindge. The summary:

Rindge.	Textile.
Gaw, l e	r e, Prescott
Cogswell, l e	r e, Newell
Griffin, l t	r t, Abbot
Harding, l g	r g, Reade
Jones, c	c, Perkins
Keays, r g	l g, Riley
Fitzgerald, r t	l t, Murray
Clavell, r e / Christman, r e	l e, Fairbanks
McKenzie, q b / Green, q b	q b, Morton
Watkins, l h b / Miles, l h b	r h b, Dwight
James, r h b	l h b, Strauss
Hogan, f b	f b, Stersburg

Score, Rindge 0; Lowell Textile, 28. Touchdowns, Stersburg 2, Fairbanks, Strauss, Dwight. Goals from touchdowns, Morton, 3. Umpire, Proctor. Referee, Varnum. Linesmen, Thorpe, Brown, Henderson. Time, 20 and 15 minute periods.

R. M. T. S. 6. C. L. S. 0.

At Newton, on October 23, Training School and Latin School had their annual game. It was won by Training School, by the score of 6 to 0. The game was a clean one in almost every way. In the first half, after a series of punts and line plays, Training School recovered the ball on its own 35 yard line and rushed it toward its opponent's goal until Hogan was sent over for a touchdown. Griffin kicked the goal.

In the second half the play was rather even, although Latin School was near enough to the goal for Close to try a number of attempts at drop kicks which, however, were not successful.

For Training School, Griffin, Hogan, Gaw, James and Jones played well, while Close, Volk, Wells and Douglas played well for Latin School.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	C. L. S.
Gaw, l e	r e, Huling
Griffin, l t	r t, Goodale
Cremens, l g	r g, Wells
Jones, c	c, Downing
Keays, r g	l g, Welch
Schuyler, r t	l t, Ellis
Christman, r e	l e, Douglas
MacKenzie, q b	q b, Reeves
Greene (Miles) l h b	r h b, Close (Clarke)
James, r h b	l h, Graustein
Hogan, f b	f b, Volk

Score, R. M. T. S. 6; C. L. S. 0. Touchdown, Hogan. Goal, Griffin. Referee, Woodlock. Umpire, Newton. Linesman, Leavitt. Timers, Gaw and Small. Time, 15-minute halves.

R. M. T. S. 6. Gloucester High 5.

On Saturday, October 27, Training School defeated Gloucester High at Gloucester, in a fast, clean game. Gloucester scored in the first half, after a long run by Goodwin, who carried the ball to the five yard line, after which Philbrick went over for a touchdown. The try at goal was a failure, the ball striking the cross bar.

Training School scored its touchdown late in the second half. Griffin kicked a difficult goal.

The best work for Training School was done by MacKenzie, Keays, Griffin and Hogan, Griffin's punts being excellent and also his kicking off. For Gloucester, McInnis, Cole and Philbrick played well.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	Gloucester.
Gaw, l e	r e, Merchant
Griffin, l t	r t, Parmenter
Cremens, l g	r g, Hooper
Jones, c	c, Fisher
Keays, r g	l g, Boyle
Schuyler, r t	l t, Smith
Christman, r e	l e, Cole
MacKenzie, q b	q b, McInnis
Green, l h b	r h b, Bryant
James, r h b	l h b, Goodwin
Hogan, f b	f b, Philbrick

Score, Rindge 6; Gloucester 5. Touchdowns, Griffin, Philbrick. Goal, Griffin. Umpire, James of Rindge. Referee, Goodwin of Gloucester. Linesmen, Irving of Gloucester; Harding of Rindge. Time, 10 minute halves.

Training School 0. E. H. S. 23.

On Saturday, November 3, at South End Grounds, Training School played its first League game, with English High, and lost by the score of 23 to 0. The game was too one-sided to be interesting. The English High team played together well, which accounts for their substantial gains.

There were a number of long runs, two by Faulkner, one for 50 yards and one for 30.

English High considerably outweighed Training School, and were stronger on the defence. We were forced to kick many times and Griffin excelled in this department as well as in the others. The onside kick was worked a number of times with Gaw and Hogan recovering the ball.

The best work for Training School was done by Griffin, Hogan, Gaw, Jones and Schuyler. For English High, Brophy, Faulkner and Parker played well.

The line-up:

R. M. T. S.	B. E. H. S.
Gaw (Miles) l e	r e, Faulkner
Harding (Ramsey) l t	r t, Parker
Cremens, l g	r g, Watt
Jones, c	c, Palmer
Keays, r g	l g, Costanza
Schuyler, r t	l t, Corcoran
Hogan (Christman) r e	l e, Kiley
MacKenzie, q b	q b, Brophy (Boylan)
Watkins (Green) l h b	r h b, Lally
James, r h b	l h b, O'Brien
Griffin, f b	f b, Silva (Edmunds)

Score, English High 23; Training School 0. Touchdowns, Lally, Silva, Boylan, Edmunds. Goals, Parker 3. Referee, Dr. Paige. Umpires, Gutterson and Keady. Linesmen, Lynes of Training School, Homer of English High. Time, 20 minute halves.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CATALOGUE, 1906-1907.

HEAD MASTER.

RAY GREENE HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.

MASTER.

EDWIN L. SARGENT, 18 Agassiz St.

HEAD ASSISTANT.

GRACE L. DEERING, 56 Kirkland St.

INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY.

DELIA M. STICKNEY, 14 Wendell St.

ASSISTANT TEACHERS.

CAROLINE A. SAWYER, 48 Mt. Vernon Street.
MARTHA R. SMITH, 782 Massachusetts Avenue.
CAROLINE CLOSE, 380 Broadway.
MARY MOULTON, 375 Harvard Street.
HENRIETTA E. MCINTIRE, 1600 Massachusetts Ave.
JOSEPH A. COOLIDGE, 20 Martin Street.
MAUD A. LAWSON, 466 Putnam Avenue.
LILLIAN C. ROGERS, 23 Walden Street.
BERTHA L. COGSWELL, 257 Prospect Street.
GERTRUDE H. CROOK, 21 Ellery Street.
FLORENCE W. SMITH, 8 Pleasant Place.
ESTHER S. DODGE, 15 Cottage Street.
ANNIE F. STRATTON, 26 Linnæan Street.
JEANNIE B. KENRICK, Monument Street, Newton.
MARY L. CUNNINGHAM, 24 Harlem St., Dorchester.
KATHERINE H. JAMES, 1640 Cambridge Street.
FRANCIS L. BAIN, 80 Magazine Street.
CHESTER M. GROVER, 323 Huron Avenue.
ELLEN PAINE HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.
ELIZABETH L. HULING, 17 Hurlbut Street.
MABEL D. WATSON, 371 Broadway.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

MARTHA L. BABBITT, 48 Highland Avenue.

DIRECTOR OF DRAWING.

PETER ROOS, 24 Sacramento Street.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

FREDERICK E. CHAPMAN, 126 Oxford Street.

ASSISTANT TEACHER OF DRAWING.

LUCIA N. JENNISON, 401 Broadway.

INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICAL TRAINING.

BESSIE W. HOWARD, 24 Linnæan Street.

POST-GRADUATES.

Claflin, Laura I.....131 Upland Road
Miller, Gertrude G.....48 Brookline St.
Roberts, Hazel C.....89B Hampshire St.
Schnebeler, Adelaide.....Oxford St.

SPECIALS.

Brock, Gladys.....136 Lake View Ave.
Burke, Sadie C.....138 Rindge Ave.
Crandon, Evelyn H.....36 Bowdoin St.
Daily, Anna E.....144½ Spring St.
Dwelley, Annie I.....8 Andrew St.
Fuller, Margaret C.....38 Concord Ave.
Huling, Corrine.....17 Hurlbut St.
Mellen, Lucile C.....1590 Mass. Ave.
Scanlan, Mary E.....7 Appleton Terrace
Smith, Edna M.....78 Sixth St.
Winlock, Ethel L.....18 Clinton St.

CLASS I.

Barrett, James N.....9 Fenno St.
Beeching, Roy W.....95 Thorndike St.
Cameron, Stanley L.....75 Whittemore Ave.
Carton, Hugh.....33 Hunting St.
Crawford, James S.....20 Woodbridge St.
Higgins, George K.....40 Inman St.
Hornsby, Oswald.....96 Mt. Auburn St.
Keenan, Daniel J. H.....55 Pearl St.

McDonald, John.....16 Squires Ct.
Murray, Robert F.....51 Crescent St.
Olson, George H.....9 Rockwell St.
Ruggles, William W.....65 Wendell St.
Shea, John F.....27 Grant St.
Skilton, Irving W.....15 Linnæan St.
Susser, Samuel.....523 Cambridge St.
Walsh, Joseph.....1 Madison Ave.
16 boys.

Bates, Ethel M.....12 Rindge Ave.
Beaman, Grace I.....88 Pemberton St.
Bergman, Anna U.....60 Cherry St.
Britton, Anna M.....527 Franklin St.
Brooks, Jennie E.....367 Western Ave.
Brooks, Sallie.....367 Western Ave.
Broughton, Helen J.....18 Rockingham St.
Brown, Charlotte.....85 Holworthy St.
Bunton, Lillian G.....63 Washington St.
Burke, Annie A.....185 Spring St.
Cahill, Anna F.....17 Bank St.
Carroll, Catherine Gertrude.....54 Putnam Ave.
Churchill, Mabelle G.....Ellery St.
Clarke, Abi E.....264 Green St.
Connell, Honora A.....133 Webster Ave.
Connolly, Mary E.....47 Seventh St.
Cooper, Annie W.....178 Washington St.
Coyne, Kathryn.....42 Reed St.
Crabiel, Bessie L.....194 Norfolk St.
Craig, Ruth M.....445 Huron Ave.
Crudup, Mattie L. D.....57 Fairmont St.
Culhane, Mary C.....28 Mellen St.
Cummings, Margaret E.....13 Glenwood Ave.
Cutler, Marion L.....56 Boylston St.
Davis, Grace I.....3 Healey St.
Davison, Annie M.....15 Murdock St.
Decker, Dora M.....16 Bowdoin St.
Dogherty, Helen F.....345 Harvard St.
Donnelly, Agnes C.....102 Banks St.
Downing, Nettie C.....39 Ash St.
Eagan, Mary H.....149 Putnam Ave.
Eames, Mary T.....51 Belmont St.
Fanjoy, Ellen.....366 Winsor St.
Ferry, Ethel G.....408 Columbia St.
Fessenden, Mabel E.....20 Greenough Ave.
FitzGerald, Gertrude T.....89 Hammond St.
Fitzpatrick, Louise R.....124 Holworthy St.
Forrest, Louise A.....636 Green St.
Fowler, Letitia M.....130 Washington St.
Freedman, Blanche.....11 Buena Vista Park
Galvin, Teresa B.....77 Spring St.
Gauley, Eliza J.....43 Parker St.
Glynn, Susie L.....10 Van Norden St.
Good, Ellen E.....253 Putnam Ave.
Gray, Bessie M.....176 Elm St.
Grebenstein, Mabel G.....226 Erie St.
Greene, Elizabeth H.....10 Sibley Ct.
Hackett, Ethel M.....17 Summer St.
Hager, Katharine.....25 Clarendon Ave.
Hall, Louise D.....42 Orchard St.
Halliday, Mina B.....19 Creighton St.
Hamilton, Anna G.....120 Henry St.
Harrington, Mary.....53 Norris St.
Heartz, Estelle H.....250 Norfolk St.
Higgins, Adala C.....33 Creighton St.
Husband, Mary C.....15 Mellen St.
Johnson, Esther M.....237 Norfolk St.
Johnson, Lena.....57 Bristol St.
Keefe, Alice V.....68 Cushing St.
King, Beatrice L.....19 Line St.
Knowlton, Emma F.....89 Trowbridge St.
Lavender, Alice M.....107 Otis St.
Lennon, Alice E.....147 Harvard St.
Linn, Agnes L.....11A Harvard St.
Liston, Margaret M.....514 Franklin St.
Lloyd, Sarah J.....8 Brewer St.
Loud, Grace M.....23 Bellevue Ave.
Lutz, Darinda J.....9½ Beaver St.
McBride, Mary.....11 Donnell St.
McCollum, Ruth D.....15 Clinton St.
McNamara, Elizabeth H.....220 Chestnut St.
McNamara, Marietta.....257 Upland Road
Mahoney, Mary J.....22 Haskell St.
Marsh, Addie B.....34 Mellen St.
Martin, Gertrude M.....15 Sherman St.
Mooney, Marie.....29 Jefferson St.
Morton, Callie M.....2 Corliss Pl.
Mullen, Martha.....13 Remington St.
Myers, Pauline C.....28 Tremont St.
Nelligan, Josie T.....143 Rindge Ave.
Nordstrom, Hilda.....2 Emmons Pl.
O'Connor, Eleanor.....99 Concord Ave.
O'Hara, Gertrude R.....140 Huron Ave.
Partridge, Annie C.....90 Norfolk St.
Perry, Mildred.....32 Tufts St.
Pollock, Anna M.....60 Second St.
Porter, Ethel M.....46 Jay St.
Powell, Jennie L.....13 Wilbur St.
Priest, Ruth.....6 Ash St. Pl.
Pulsford, Edith F.....6 Camelia Ave.
Purcell, Margaret.....15 Hews St.
Quinn, Edith H.....11 Leonard Ave.
Quinn, Ellen T. L.....134 Pine St.
Riley, Mary E. A.....24 Tuttle St.
Roberts, Helena.....35 Creighton St.
Robertson, Roberta S.....70 Cushing St.
Royce, Sophia.....55 Broadway
Sandler, Rose.....909 Cambridge St.
Schill, Agneta P.....26 Hews St.
Schlesinger, Edna C.....88 Avon Hill St.
Scorgie, Lillian.....3 Gibson St.
Sharkey, Gertrude.....111 Trowbridge St.
Smith, Inez E.....4 Antrim St.

Sullivan, Clare M.....10 Miller Ave.
Sullivan, Mary C.....57 Ellery St.
Sweeney, Mary A.....7 Warren St.
Taylor, Alice C.....Rear 112 Magazine St.
Thomas, Louise M.....1911 Mass. Ave.
Thomas, Martha I.....266 Rindge Ave.
Thornton, Arlena.....26 Worcester St.
Watkins, Jane E.....29 Market St.
Webber, Amanda R.....154 Auburn St.
Whitten, A. Mae.....30 River St.
Willis, Euretta M.....265 Prospect St.
Wilson, Ruth.....14 Ellery St.
Wolfe, Winifred F.....6 Cottage St.
Wood, Ellen.....49 Mt. Auburn St.
Wood, Marion.....49 Mt. Auburn St.
119 girls.

CLASS II.

Becker, Karl F.....1716 Cambridge St.
Carr, Charles H.....166 Webster Ave.
Carroll, Walter F.....44 Porter St.
Connors, John F.....4 Parnell St.
Hugleman, William G.....1164 Cambridge St.
Olson, Eric A.....9 Rockwell St.
Reagan, Francis J.....444 Winsor St.
Simonian, Sarkis.....181 Otis St.
Whaley, Lawrence L.....37 Hubbard Ave.
11 boys.

Andelman, Jennie.....214 Webster Ave.
Beardsley, Helene M.....337 Washington St.
Biggane, Mary E.....80 Kinnaird St.
Blair, Bernice L.....210 Columbia St.
Bosfield, Rosa E.....5 Gordon Ct.
Bourne, Margaret R.....64 Dana St.
Bowie, Loretta M.....60 Mt. Auburn St.
Brown, Hazel E.....8 Orchard St.
Burns, Mona.....356 Prospect St.
Campbell, Gladys M.....70 Wendell St.
Collins, Mary C.....318 Vine St.
Comey, Grace E.....120 Magazine St.
Conquest, Suzie P.....891 Mass. Ave.
Cook, Marion.....80 Magazine St.
Cook, Marion E.....34 Pleasant St.
Cooper, Mary A.....178 Washington St.
Croke, Helen F.....14 Mellen St.
Crowell, Evelyn S.....55 Ellery St.
Crowley, Gertrude.....27 Shepard St.
Cummings, Altamonte.....17 Regent St.
Curry, Margaret M.....60 Sixth St.
Deehan, Alice E.....72A Dana St.
Dodge, Annie L. E.....254 Franklin St.
Donovan, Mary C.....34 Bigelow St.
Dowd, Helen R.....356 Putnam Ave.
Doyle, Catharine J.....43 Baldwin St.
Elliott, Eureka E.....305 Broadway
Elliott, Grace I.....41 Jackson St.
Fairbrother, Martha M.....1663 Cambridge St.
Fitzmaurice, Margaret T.....608 Green St.
Flynn, Rose A.....93 Gore St.
Freeman, Mabel G.....6 Livermore Pl.
Furfey, Josephine E.....59 Prince St.
Gately, Mary C.....27 Myrtle Ave.
Gauthier, Edith E.....240 Norfolk St.
Gerry, Elizabeth.....16 Blanche St.
Goebel, Louise K.....53 Oxford St.
Harrell, Mary S.....20 Upton St.
Harries, Louise P.....59 Pearl St.
Harris, Cretie M.....55 Columbia St.
Hatch, Grace M.....208 Auburn St.
Hogan, Clara A.....48 Russell St.
Hughes, Mary C.....51 Holyoke St.
Isaac, Ella M.....34 Portsmouth St.
Kegler, Sophie H.....8 Day St.
Kelleher, Margaret M.....25 Sixth St.
Kelley, Ethel F.....10 Clinton St.
Landrigan, Mary E.....93 Belmont St.
Lane, Sarah T.....144 Thorndike St.
Lindblom, Edith H. E.....126 Norfolk St.
Linn, Clara E.....11A Howard St.
Loud, Hilda G.....23 Bellevue Ave.
von der Luft, Adelaide R.....21 Harrison St.
McCall, Marion C.....237 Walden St.
McCarthy, Katharine M.....61 Otis St.
McGrory, Anne B.....120½ Pleasant St.
McIlwraith, Sarah.....3 Winslow St.
Maloney, Louise K.....1307 Cambridge St.
Martin, Lulu F.....75 Brookline St.
Mulrey, Beatrice E.....93 Belmont St.
Murphy, Gertrude A.....85 Antrim St.
Murphy, Mary L.....99 Fayerweather St.
Murphy, Susan M.....12 Story St.
Nagle, Eileen A.....16 Valentine St.
Nelson, Beatrice C.....59 Hubbard Ave.
Newcomb, Bernice.....20 St. Paul St.
Noble, Serena A.....1 Front St.
O'Connell, Mary C.....27 Norris St.
O'Connor, Elizabeth S.....99 Concord Ave.
O'Loughlin, Agnes.....23 Fourth St.
O'Reilly, Mary E.....221 Putnam Ave.
Perkins, Susan S.....430 Broadway
Porter, Marguerite G.....18 Norumbega St.
Potter, Barbara R.....20 Fairmont Ave.
Redmond, Elizabeth M.....472 Winsor St.
Roberts, Cora S.....32 Prince St.
Robinson, Elizabeth G.....163 Allston St.
Rourke, Gertrude L.....197 Harvard St.
Russell, Ethel P.....2 Sacramento Pl.
Sanderson, Edith E.....24 Valentine St.

Sandsbury, Lillian B.....205 Lake View Ave.
Shaw, Pauline E. M.....83 Third St.
Shea, Mary F.....75 Fifth St.
Staples, Mildred B.....11 Leonard Ave.
Stead, Lurena I.....84 Hastings St.
Sullivan, M. Gertrude.....50A Boylston St.
Suydam, Leah C.....44 Columbia St.
Trow, Edna A.....40 Putnam Ave.
Ward, Harriet J.....17 Tremont St.
Webber, Florence A.....30 Plymouth St.
Weber, Katharine V.....90 Concord Ave.
Webster, Marion G.....65 Austin St.
Williams, Madeline.....7 Roseland St.
Winslow, J. Madeline.....50 Cushing St.
Wright, Florence E.....261 Brookline St.
97 girls.

CLASS III.

Henderson, James F.....134 Reed St.
Hunt, James A.....3 Madison Ave.
Igo, Peter W.....22 Tannery St.
Kane, Cornelius P.....23 Cedar St.
Nover, William F.....13 Gardner St.
O'Connor, Lawrence F.....11½ Plymouth St.
Patten, Warren S.....48 Brattle St.
Ryan, George S.....13 Ninth St.
Thomas, John C.....226 Rindge Ave.
9 boys.

Andrews, Minnie R.....7 Oak Circle
Arbuckle, Irene R.....216 Green St.
Bain, Marion.....12 William St.
Behnke, Emma.....203 Harvard St.
Bissell, Marion L.....25 Cushing St.
Boyd, Esther L.....5 West Bellevue Ave.
Boyle, Eleanor A.....6 Brewer St.
Bray, Annie J.....218 Charles St.
Bronski, Flora B.....132 Hampshire St.
Brown, Mary C.....291 Columbia St.
Brunt, Edna E.....168 Lake View Ave.
Bullock, Mary E.....61 Market St.
Byrnes, Florence E.....255 Putnam Ave.
Campbell, Natalie G.....9 Bigelow St.
Carroll, Mary A.....158½ Otis St.
Carty, Henrietta.....401 Winsor St.
Charak, Henrietta.....167 Columbia St.
Clement, Marie A.....26 Fourth St.
Clukas, Gertrude L.....39 Irving St.
Cobb, Dorothy.....8 Appian Way
Cobb, Frieda.....8 Appian Way
Cobb, Ruth.....8 Appian Way
Collins, Mary C.....28 East St.
Connell, Ellen C.....133 Webster Ave.
Connell, Esther H.....29 Dudley St.
Corcoran, Elizabeth V.....44 Hudson St.
Cronin, Sybil L. M.....3 Baldwin St.
Daley, Nan C.....6 Squire Ct.
Daly, Clare E.....29 Ellsworth Ave.
Daniels, Ethelind W.....15 Park St.
Dempsey, Mary S.....54 Hudson St.
Derby, Mary T.....18 Willard St.
Diez, Clara M.....154 Sherman St.
Doles, Alma J.....55 Magee St.
Dowd, Grace C.....356 Putnam Ave.
Drisko, Maude C.....51 Brattle St.
Durnan, Mary G.....582 Franklin St.
Eagan, Mabel A.....117 Thorndike St.
Ekman, Mabel S.....35 Brookline St.
Ekmark, Ethel E.....31 Park St.
Ellis, Myrtle V.....201 Franklin St.
Erickson, Mary H.....72 Hampshire St.
Ferguson, Bertha L.....9 Locke St.
Fitzgerald, Frances.....108 Holworthy St.
FitzGerald, Geraldine C.....5 Revere St.
Fitzgerald, Jennie C.....3 Magoun St.
Fleischner, Amelia H.....31 Crescent St.
Foster, Dorothy.....96 Avon Hill St.
Frank, Mary L.....14 Tremont St.
Goggin, Agnes P.....2 George St.
Gordon, Hortensia.....28 Upton St.
Greene, Agnes G.....10 Sibley St.
Gresham, Juaneta J.....442 Cambridge St.
Haley, Viola V.....85 Upland Road
Harlin, Gertrude A.....222 Norfolk St.
Harriman, Mary L.....102 Inman St.
Harrington, Helen E.....28 Hurlbut St.
Hatch, Agnes V.....1010 Mass. Ave.
Haverty, Margaret F.....91½ Inman St.
Henderson, Evelyn M.....23 Regent St.
Hennan, Lucy M.....137 Mt. Auburn St.
Hensey, Beatrice L.....80 Wendell St.
Herlihy, Catherine M.....31 Frank St.
Herron, Helen G.....31A Sacramento St.
Hill, Cecile V.....2058 Mass. Ave.
Hogan, Florence.....48 Russell St.
Hurd, Evelyn B.....2 Henderson Pl.
Hurley, Florence M.....106 Inman St.
Hyland, Mary F.....54 Banks St.
Johnson, Ethel L.....34 Lopez St.
Killam, Amy F.....204 Auburn St.
Kiner, Roberta S.....1114 Mass. Ave.
Larkin, Julia M.....36 Banks St.
Lindblom, Ruth E.....126 Norfolk St.
Long, Edith G.....37 Gore St.
Longmire, Mabel J.....95 Pemberton St.
Loud, Marion.....108 Austin St.
McCarthy, Kathryn T.....14 Rice St.
McGurn, Ellen B.....142 Garden St.

MacHugh, Gertrude L.....98 Ellery St.
McLaughlin, Helen E.....37 Jackson St.
McLean, Maude A.....202 Hampshire St.
Mahady, Elizabeth M.....30 Crescent St.
Massey, Mabel.....99 Mt. Auburn St.
Miller, Mabel E. M.....36 Lopez St.
Miner, Evelyn B.....31 Wendell St.
Moran, Rose H.....232 Vine St.
Moriarty, Genevieve C.....1291 Cambridge St.
Morse, Olive I.....446 Green St.
Myers, Louise M.....28 Tremont St.
Nagle, Frances R.....8 Howard St.
Nichols, Minnie.....259 Winsor St.
Norton, Lucile C.....49 Orchard St.
O'Connor, Mary E.....66 Foster St.
O'Connor, Mary F.....52 Sixth St.
Parmenter, Marion A.....23 Boardman St.
Parry, Susie.....11 Woodbridge St.
Pinkham, Rosamond B.....105 School St.
Potter, Charlotte A.....3 Fayette St.
Pratt, Florence L.....5 Carver St.
Prince, Coy L.....10 Essex St.
Quinn, Beatrice M.....193 Brookline St.
Quinn, Lillian T.....62 Thorndike St.
Ramhofer, Lena L.....14 Coperthwaite St.
Rawson, Ida M.....128 Magazine St.
Reinhardt, Muriel E.....59 Norfolk St.
Rice, Gertrude C.....1883 Mass. Ave.
Rogan, Rose A.....139 Cushing St.
Rogers, Marion E.....371 Broadway
Roper, Ruth A.....90 Dudley St.
Russell, Annie T.....7 Madison Ave.
Saltman, Sarah G.....308 Western Ave.
Saunders, Laura M.....39 Holworthy St.
Schlesinger, Mabel H.....98 Avon Hill St.
Scorgie, Edna G.....1 Gibson St.
Seaver, Ruth M.....3 Leonard Ave.
Shea, Ellen F.....9 Revere St.
Shepherd, Ethel M.....130 Putnam St.
Sinnott, Josephine A.....181 Clark St.
Stinson, Eluisa A.....27 Wendell St.
Sullivan, Anna M.....88 Plympton St.
Sullivan, Rose M.....155 Bridge St.
Surrey, Charlotte L.....63 Pine St.
Telfer, Marguerite M.....67 Winthrop St.
Tobey, Maybell P.....108 Pleasant St.
Vaughan Adeline B. E.....22 Upton St.
Wessman, Eva M. W.....374 Cambridge St.
Wiggin, Grace L.....2 Douglass St.

127 girls.

CLASS IV.

Boland, Charles A.....101 Thorndike St.
Charm, Louis.....50 Webster Ave.
Dee, Michael J.....17 Jefferson St.
Deuxans, John F.....34 Fifth St.
Fitzgerald, John F.....137 Fifth St.
Greene, Simon.....41 Union St.
Levy, Louis.....49 Bristol St.
McCabe, James.....4 Harvard Pl.
McElroy, Joseph M.....163 Charles St.
Millin, John A.....32 Gore St.
Mottla, Pasquale.....12 Cameron St.
Mulligan, Wilbert.....124 Otis St.
O'Brien, Martin J.....16 Winter St.
Shannon, Andrew J.....42 Gore St.
Spencer, Robert P.....339 Vine St.
Tripp, Chester A.....217 Allston St.
Wiseman, Edmund L.....4 Gore St.

15 boys.

Adams, Vera M.....33 Tremont St.
Alexander, Rosalie.....196 Auburn St.
Allison, Mary A.....14 Blanche St.
Alphen, Josephine P.....5 Plymouth St.
Angell, Beatrice A.....456 Putnam Ave.
Atherton, Marion E.....409 Putnam Ave.
Backer, Grace.....266 Western Ave.
Backer, Ida.....266 Western Ave.
Bailey, Mary E.....66 Waverley St.
Barrington, Marion E.....40 Cushing St.
Beardsley, Helena M.....337 Washington St.
Bierweiler, Elizabeth C.....185 Elm St.
Blennerhassett, Elizabeth T.....14 Winslow St.
Bool, Eliza D.....2 Lamson Pl.
Borges, Mary E.....148 Third St.
Boyd, Jennie L.....186 Washington St.
Boyle, Agnes V.....122 Charles St.
Bradley, Lena M.....74 Hampshire St.
Brady, Mary E.....49 Sherman St.
Brassil, Christina E.....249 Western Ave.
Breeze, Constance S.....51 Sacramento St.
Brosnahan, Frances M.....32 Locke St.
Brown, Hazel G.....20A Eliot St.
Bunker, Bertha L.....230 Prospect St.
Burgess, Mary J.....151 Brookline St.
Bushee, Alice M.....619 Mt. Auburn St.
Callahan, Florence G.....52 Creighton St.
Cairns, Bella A.....73 Dana St.
Cairns, Grace M.....18 Vernon St.
Carlson, Florence D.....172 Hampshire St.
Carr, Sarah E.....595 Franklin St.
Carrier, Jeannette E.....16 Laurel St.
Carroll, Bernardine.....290 Prospect St.
Carver, Alice B.....17 Hubbard Ave.
Charak, Dora R.....167 Columbia St.
Chessman, Ruth G.....1034 Massachusetts Ave.
Clary, Olive E.....19 Fayette St.
Coburn, Maude M.....72 Norfolk St.

Cohen, Bessie E.....14 Salem St.
Colby, Alice E.....78 Kirkland St.
Cole, Lillian T.....12 Brewer St.
Cole, Marion R.....126 Chestnut St.
Collins, Pauline F.....49 Lincoln St.
Comerford, Florence F.....5 Wright St.
Connell, Agnes G.....1033 Massachusetts Ave.
Connell, Margaret T.....15 Vandyne St.
Conners, Marguerite A.....27 Gibson St.
Cooledge, Marion L.....30 Whitney Ave.
Copeland, Mae F.....22 Elm St.
Coward, Mary C.....3 Mt. Auburn Pl.
Crawford, Edith M.....87 River St.
Cronin, Eileen C.....63 Jay St.
Crook, Lizzie P.....44 Prince St.
Crudup, Bessie M.....57 Fairmont St.
Dailey, Josephine M.....144½ Spring St.
Dalton, Mary H.....105 Dudley St.
Danehy, Alice M.....15 Sargent St.
Danehy, Helen M.....205 Sherman St.
Danehy, Margaret M.....15 Sargent St.
Davis, Helen S.....22½ Fairmont Ave.
Dee, Sarah E.....18 Sparks St.
Delorey, Mabel.....106 Reed St.
Dieselman, Mary G.....344 Rindge Ave.
Dinan, Ellen C.....30 Winter St.
Dobbs, Susan M.....161 Putnam Ave.
Doherty, Agnes C.....168 River St.
Dolan, Rosalie C.....16 Watson St.
Donovan, Frances M.....90 Sixth St.
Drea, Alice V.....46 Ninth St.
Duffy, Emily A.....2 Otler St.
Duffy, Josephine E.....1 Union St.
Dupee, Carrie E.....283 Columbia St.
Edgerly, Winifred.....161 Hampshire St.
Farwell, Ethel L.....17 Elm St.
Felker, Louise A.....14 Glenwood Ave.
Finn, Helen C.....117 Spring St.
Fitzgerald, Helen E.....121 Fourth St.
Follansbee, Maydelle.....18 Eustis St.
Ford, Grace M.....180 Columbia St.
Forsyth, Bertha M.....389 Western Ave.
Galvin, Margaret A.....77 Spring St.
Galvin, Mary A.....234 Elm St.
Gillespie, Laura B.....6 Watson St.
Gleason, Helen C.....37 Clark St.
Glynn, Mary E.....27 Cogswell Ave.
Godfrey, Edith M.....173 Appleton St.
Gordon, Helen G.....19 Oak St.
Grainger, Julia F.....51 Fifth St.
Grimshaw, Helen W.....20 Traymore St.
Hallisey, Elizabeth A.....26 Porter St.
Hanlon, Frances C.....174 Third St.
Harrell, Jessie A.....56 Harris St.
Harrell, Leah A.....20 Upton St.
Harrington, Katharine F.....47 Gore St.
Hayden, Laura P.....57 Wendell St.
Hayden, Marion F.....2052 Massachusetts Ave.
Hayes, Elizabeth R.....27 Hardwick St.
Henderson, Ethel W.....11 Yerxa Rd.
Horne, Carrie L.....25 Athens St.
Horne, Ethel B.....25 Athens St.
Hunnewell, Anna M.....70 Austin St.
Hunt, Teresa I.....3 Madison Ave.
Hurley, Christina F.....32 Frank St.
Hutchinson, Amy F.....80 Brookline St.
Jackson, Helen E.....24 Woodbridge St.
Jessop, Lauretta B.....177½ Harvard St.
Jessop, Madeline F.....177½ Harvard St.
Jewell, Ina B.....18 Watson St.
Johnsen, Adele I.....245 River St.
Johnson, Ethel M.....193 Webster Ave.
Johnson, Myrtle H.....18 Clarendon Ave.
Johnston, Ethel G.....95 Pine St.
Joll, Alice R.....4 Gorham St.
Jonas, Mabel A.....Chester St.
Jones, Bertha L.....518 Putnam Ave.
Jones, Gwladys E.....7 Marion Pl.
Kearin, Mary G.....236 Vine St.
Keefe, Margaret L.....68 Cushing St.
Keene, Leone M.....31½ Antrim St.
Kelleher, Mary G.....33 Hayes St.
Kelley, Emma F.....11 Homer Ave.
Kelley, Gertrude M.....585 Putnam Ave.
Kelley, Rose S.....6 Pleasant Pl.
Kennedy, Mary E.....411 Winsor St.
Killian, Eliza N.....41 Fairmont Ave.
King, Jeannette K.....19 Line St.
Kirby, Elizabeth T.....602 Franklin St.
Laffey, Dora E.....26 Holmes St.
Lambert, Margaret A.....94 Spring St.
Law, Jane.....66 Allston St.
Lawson, Hilda V.....176 Pleasant St.
Leonard, Mary I.....34 Rice St.
Linenthal, Julia.....34 Gorham St.
Liston, Marion A.....49 Lopez St.
Loges, Edith M.....89 Walden St.
Looney, Kathryn T.....40 York St.
Loud, Susan MacI.....392 Winsor St.
Luck, Emily M.....333 Winsor St.
Lynch, Anna M.....167 Putnam Ave.
McBride, Mary G.....74 Holworthy St.
McBride, Rose E.....11 Donnell St.
McCarthy, Anna F.....282 Massachusetts Ave.
McCaughin, Helen L.....Rear 5 Russell St.
McDermott, Mary L.....44 Broadway
MacDonald, Annie M.....100½ Gore St.
MacDonald, Charlotte E.....62 Spring St.
MacGregor, Jessie W.....27 Warland St.
Mackin, Gertrude E.....340 Broadway
McKeown, Grace A.....420 Columbia St.
McMahon, Mary F.....27 Willard St.

McMurtrie, Adaline L.....14 Allen St.
McNamara, Helen.....31 Allston St.
Madden, Rose L.....25 Sixth St.
Maguire, Mary A.....41 Fourth St.
Mahoney, Catherine H.....17 Eighth St.
Mahoney, Elizabeth M.....2 Chestnut Pk.
Mahoney, Katharine A.....48 Norris St.
Mains, Ray F.....120 Chestnut St.
Majewska, Veronica L. R.....7 Mullins Ct.
Manning, Mary H.....235 Upland Rd.
Markham, Mary B.....91 Thorndike St.
Marshall, Elsie J.....79 Wendell St.
Martin, Alice C.....118 Garden St.
Mathieson, Susan M.....39 School St.
Mayon, Grace L.....72 Norfolk St.
Mears, Josie E.....41 Fourth St.
Medeiros, Annie G.....187 Portland St.
Messervey, Cassie M.....23 Suffolk St.
Miller, Christine.....137 Harvard St.
Moran, Mary G.....114 Prospect St.
Morris, Anna M.....2 Squires Ct.
Morrison, Reina M.....35 Cherry St.
Murphy, Irene G.....73 Harvard St.
Murphy, Margaret G.....61 Plympton St.
Myerson, Rose G.....270 Green St.
Nelson, Anna E.....119 Pacific St.
Nelson, Anna L.....111 Austin St.
Nelson, Mildred L.....59 Hubbard St.
Nolan, Helen G.....24 Market St.
Nolan, Julia M.....141 Rindge Ave.
O'Brien, Eleanor.....52 Norris St.
O'Brien, Theresa G.....250 Webster Ave.
O'Connor, Alice C.....66 Cushing St.
O'Hara, Sarah C.....153 Mt. Auburn St.
O'Leary, Elizabeth E.....4A Mt. Auburn St.
O'Loughlin, Martha C.....23 Fourth St.
Patten, Mary C.....48 Brattle St.
Patterson, Esther M.....113 Antrim St.
Pease, Alice M.....13 Sparks St. Pl.
Perkins, Lillian J.....33 Pleasant St.
Phelan, Alice M.....20 Saville St.
Phillips, Adelaide.....528 Massachusetts Ave.
Quinn, Agnes M.....408 Putnam Ave.
Ramsdell, Mildred L.....57 Magazine St.
Rausch, Louise F.....49 Eighth St.
Relahan, Edith I.....21 Mellen St.
Ridley, Rosa G.....94 Antrim St.
Roberts, Hazel D.....35 Creighton St.
Rodley, Anna F.....53 Gore St.
Ross, Vera H.....23 Creighton St.
Rush, Carolyn G.....38 Creighton St.
Ryan, Annie F.....44 Bigelow St.
Sampson, Marian A.....16 Lake St.
Savage, Mildred M.....54 Jay St.
Scott, Irene A.....3 Lamson Pl.
Selfridge, Mary A.....20 Willow St.
Shaw, K. E. Mae.....12 Oak St.
Sheahan, Teresa G.....16 Sargent St.
Smith, Frances E.....54 Columbia St.
Smith, Frances I.....90 Putnam Ave.
Smith, Katherine E.....188 Franklin St.
Smith, Lena W.....126 Inman St.
Smith, Margaret I.....19 Hayes St.
Smith, Tranceita.....20 Highland Ave.
Souza, Annie.....57 Vine St.
Spaulding, Florence M.....72A Inman St.
Spaulding, Helen M.....72A Inman St.
Stacey, Mabel L.....6 Jackson St.
Stanford, Carolyne B.....117 Dudley St.
Stearns, Gladys E.....3 Walker St. Pl.
Stevens, Elizabeth C.....135 Antrim St.
Stokes, Annie E.....12 Charles River Rd.
Sullivan, Mary M.....10 Sparks St.
Sweeney, Lillian M.....74 Otis St.
Taylor Eleanor G., Belmont Hall, 119 Mt. Auburn St.
Terozowski, Gertrude M.....725 Cambridge St.
Terry, Susan.....20 Mill St.
Thomas, Winnifred A.....134 Oxford St.
Tilnan, Irene M.....144½ Thorndike St.
Towne, Lydia E.....14½ Cottage St.
Waldren, Sarah A.....87 Howard St.
Walker, Annie M.....11 Rockingham St.
Walsh, Agnes V.....1 Madison Ave.
Ward, Ella P.....68 Richdale Ave.
Wardick, Mary.....129 Putnam Ave.
Webb, Lucy E.....30 Park St.
Wentworth, Edith M.....26A Shepard St.
Wetherell, Marjorie.....9 Hilliard St.
White, Louise D.....61 Crescent St.
White, Mary J.....20 Eliot St.
White, Mildred A.....79 School St.
White, Minerva.....47 Magee St.
Whitney, Rosalba.....64 Sparks St.
Wild, Harriet I.....5 Gibson St.
Williams, Rose E.....141 Banks St.
Wilson, Marieta.....164 Allston St.
Wyse, Alethea A.....36 State St.

Latin School Notes.

(Continued from page 18.)

Heard in Algebra:—

Pupil:—Powers of the same quantity are found.

Teacher:—We haven't lost them yet.

Wake up, Is—c!

A few in Division 4 have acquired the habit of eating their pencils.

How about those literary factors, Miss C—k?

Are you lonesome in your new seat, H-mph-y?

We have a few "Sunny Jims" in 1911.

Seen on the board:—"All freshmen be on the Common in football togs. Girls turn out."

Somebody start a collection to get B-rke a rattle.

H-vey, in Latin:—"Verb at the last."

An English class had taken the word "monotonous," to use it as many times as possible, and were putting it in sentences, when one boy said,

"This business is getting monotonous."

Estne Corneliæ vinum parvo in poculo?

Was Cornelia in the little cup with the wine?

FUN.

Landlady:—"I think very highly of those eggs."

Boarder:—"Ah; heirlooms in your family?"—*Exchange.*

Preacher:—"How are you getting on with your arithmetic, 'Rastus?"

'Rastus:—"I done learned to add up de oughts, but de figgers bodder me."

Heard on board:—

First Traveler:—"Have you dined?"

Second Traveler (faintly:—"On the contrary."—*Exchange.*

When it was proposed to build the new Cambridge bridge without a draw, a serious objection was raised by the War Department at Washington. "In that case," said they,

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"how can battle-ships go up to the Watertown Arsenal?"

A committee was sent here to investigate. One of the advocates of the bridge took them out in his gasolene launch one morning, and went up to Watertown with them. He anchored the launch in deep water, as the tide was full, and took the members of the committee to dinner in Watertown. When they returned, late in the afternoon, the boat was stuck fast in the mud. No further objection was heard on the score of battleships.

Old Lady:—"Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?"

Elevator Boy:—"Yes'm."

"Is it the motion of going down?"

"No'm."

"Is it the motion of going up?"

"No'm."

"Is it the stopping?"

"No'm."

"What is it, then?"

"The questions."

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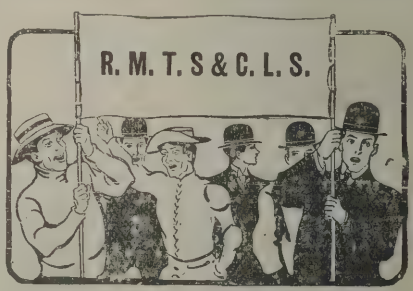

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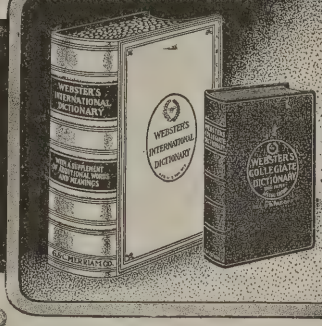

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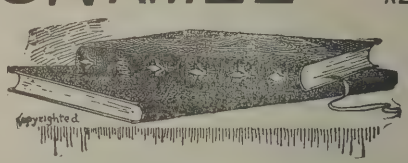

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI No. 3

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, December, 1906

EDITORIALS.

The response to the prize offer for the best long story submitted was extremely gratifying. Thirteen stories were received, of which six came from the Latin School, six from the Training School, and one from the English High School. The judges, Miss Alexander of the Latin School, Miss Crook of the High School, and Mr. Brown of the Training School, decided that the best story was that entitled "Proving his Worth: A Tale of the Sea." The author was Roland E. Packard, R. M. T. S., 1909. He will receive the Harvard season ticket offered as a prize, as soon as it can be obtained. We congratulate Mr. Packard on his success, and thank him for his efforts. We also desire to thank all those who competed for the prize. In this number we print Mr. Packard's story, and also another, written by Mr. Gilkie, C. L. S., 1908, which ranked close to the prize-winner's story.

The football season is over at last. It has not been what might be called successful, since one team is at the foot of its league and the other next to the foot of the other league; yet we are glad to feel that at the end Cambridge showed that it could still keep up its fighting spirit. When the Latin School team had been defeated in its two league games by most unusual scores, it required pluck and courage to face bravely a team with such a reputation as Waltham's and hold them to one undeserved touchdown. The Training School, also, after an almost unbroken series of defeats, took its annual brace-up in the Dorchester game, and after such playing as we expect from a championship team, defeated that strong combination by a score of 6 to 5. Again, on Thanksgiving Day, when even the strongest supporters of the Cambridge team expected nothing less than two touchdowns against them, by strong playing Somerville was held to one safety. Therefore, though the teams' records may be poor in games won, yet they deserve great praise for their fight against difficulties and their grand effort at the last.

During the season there were some who suggested that the two schools ought to unite in athletics. We cannot agree with this view. Simply because our schools fail for one year to produce championship teams, does it necessarily follow that we must form a combination in order to do so? For the past two years both have had teams of rare quality, and it seems hardly probable that the ability to produce good teams has suddenly come to an end for all time. Every school has its off-year; every school must be defeated sometimes. When Boston English High was de-

feated last year, did it immediately announce that it could have no more good teams until it united with Boston Latin?

It was to be expected that this year's teams would not be up to those of last year. For two years winning teams have been turned out, made up largely of upper-classmen, who were trained at the expense of the freshmen and sophomores. Now, when those upper classes have graduated, the others are naturally not as good as those whose places they must fill. Besides, there were circumstances which removed many of the best lower-class players. We see no reason for believing that next year's teams should turn out as poorly.

Moreover, there are strong objections to this course. Certainly, one school would have to leave its league, and it is not probable that either the Interscholastic or the Preparatory would permit such a powerful combination to rank among them as one school. Unpleasant consequences would follow expulsion from the leagues. Teams would hesitate to play with an "outlaw." The receipts would be seriously diminished. Besides, everyone likes to feel that his school has some particular rivals, with whom it is striving for some definite end.

In addition to these reasons, there would be sure to be quarrels between the schools in some things. Charges of favoritism would be frequent. If one school did not get as many men as the other on the team, there would be complaints of partiality. There would be trouble over the election of captains and over the management of teams. Well as Latin and Training Schools can work together in some matters, they are too naturally rivals in athletics for any such scheme to work. Those who back this plan miss the true athletic spirit, and feel only the desire to "win at any cost," which has proved the bane of athletics in general.

At the recent meeting in the interest of athletics it was suggested that a man should be appointed by the school committee to exercise a general supervision over athletics in the high schools. This idea met with general approval. It seems to us an excellent plan; for athletics have evidently come to stay, and they need supervision. There is need of a man who understands his work, who is thoroughly in sympathy with it, and whom the boys can trust. He should oversee the practice, attend the games, and see to the physical condition of the players. He should be able to serve as head coach, one to whom players and captain could look as their chief. The plan is still in the rough, and its success depends almost entirely upon the personality of the man selected for the work. We feel sure, however, that its successful carrying out would be a great blessing, not only to the athletic teams, but to the schools as a whole.

We should like very much to receive designs for covers. "New things are better than old, even if they are only just as good." This applies very well to covers. We have some excellent cuts for covers, left us by preceding editors, but some of them are beginning to pall on our faithful readers. Therefore, we desire something new, and we know well that there are many connected with the schools who can do excellent drawing and designing. Let us see what can be done.

We regret very much that we were unable to print the Training School catalogue last month. Owing to pressure of athletic notes and class notes, the insertion of another catalogue would have crowded out all the stories. Our motto is (translated) "Life without literature is death," and we felt that our paper would be dead without literature. The High School catalogue was received first, and was therefore printed first. The Training School catalogue appears in this number.

Proving His Worth.

A Tale of the Sea.

(PRIZE STORY.)

ROLAND E. PACKARD, R. M. T. S. 1909.

The fog was rapidly closing in over Ragged Head as Bob Norman dropped his last lobster pot and squared his broad young shoulders for the pull away towards home.

Tall and sinewy, bronzed by the alternate sun and storms of his fisherman's life, he looked the very ideal of strong, independent youth. Over at his left, above the boom of the breakers on the outside shore, he could hear the bell of the life-saving station, as it announced the departure of the beach patrol, while to his right the whistling buoy at Plum Island moaned out its everlasting tale of woe.

As the stout little dory began its steady glide into the oily swell, his face took on a more thoughtful look. Summer had come and gone, favoring him well, it was true, but fall was now here, and grim winter already threatened to enfold the coast in its chilly mantle.

Then there was his mother and little Tommy and Sue, three mouths to be fed and three frail bodies to warm. Yes, he must get the mail contract from Captain Joshua; the sea was uncertain in its gifts and he must have some steady support. In the little village of Fairhaven, where he dwelt, with some hundred or so of neighbors, Joshua Whitcomb was the Napoleon of finance, the leading man of the town. Owner of the village store, he exerted a marked influence over the simple population.

It was he who was awarded the contract for the transportation of the mail between Kilburn, the next town and Fairhaven, which was situated on an island. Every year he sub-let it to some one of the hardy sons of the village, who week after week, rain or shine, sailed the forty miles of rough sea with the mail. The pay was small but hard cash, and Bob Norman looked forward to the time when he should be proudly drawing it. As he meditated, the green and slimy piles of the town landing rose up ahead, and quickly springing out he made fast the dory, and strode up the lane, entering a small cottage near the wharf. A quiet, sweet-faced woman greeted him affectionately, and little Tom and Sue were quickly dancing up and down on his knees as he talked with his mother.

"Mother," he said, "times 'll be hard this winter, an' I'm not sure o' the sea. I be strong an' 'earty, an' why can't I carry the mail?"

"Ah, my boy," said his mother, "God preserve you from the sea that made your father's grave, but 'tis these that you're fighting for, little brother and sister, and may you safely get it." Hastily eating his supper he passed out of the room and bent his steps towards the store. Finding on entering that the Captain was inside, he quickly stepped forward, stated his errand, and stood shifting from one foot to the other as the great man appeared to meditate.

"Well, Bob," he said, "I hain't so specially stuck on givin' it to ye; your father was a brave man an' I liked him fine, but as yet I hain't seen no signs from his son, an' I don't want to take no chances. No, Bob, I reckon you hain't got the grit to carry the mail."

With his ears burning at the rebuff, Bob dashed for the door. Oh, for the maturity of a man, to make the other rue his words. With a groan he set his teeth and started for home, fearful to tell of the great disappointment. But his mother knew as soon as he crossed the threshold and did her best to comfort him, but she, too, felt the pang, and knew that without the appointment it might be a pinching winter for them. Even in the morning as he

started out of the harbor, bitterness was in his heart, together with a nameless fear that during the hard winter his strength might be found wanting.

As he passed the spar buoy off Atlantic Ledge, he ceased rowing long enough to see the "Spray," Captain Whitcomb's fine white schooner, pass swiftly by. He could plainly discern the tall figure of the captain, upon her deck, and at his side, Joe Lincoln, the man who would probably carry the mail. The brave man who would carry the mail, he told himself, scornfully.

He moodily watched the schooner out of sight, and then continued his rowing. Of all the fishermen in the village, none had known the harbor as well as his father, and before his death by drowning he had told his son all that he knew. Of the treacherous current off the outside bar, he knew well, and one day he had told the captain, only to be met by a scornful laugh, and a reminder that he had "lots to learn." Day by day he had studied the tides and half-hidden signs in the bay, and to-day his knowledge told him that a storm was brewing, and no small storm either, if his father's wisdom still held true.

A storm in the narrow confines of Fairhaven Bay was a serious menace to the dory fishermen, and Bob lost no time in hauling in and emptying his lobster-pots, flinging the green prisoners into a box at the stern of the boat. Hastily stepping his small jury-mast, he bent on the "leg o' mutton" sail, and just as the wind began to sigh and whisper, got under way and bore towards home. Before he had gone half the distance, from the coppery sky, the squall broke in a howl of wind and smother of spray; the little boat keeled over until her gunwale touched the water, and then sped away before the storm. Squall succeeded squall in rapid succession, and only Bob's seamanship kept the dory above water, and when finally the town appeared in sight he was glad to be alive to tell the tale.

As the day went by the storm increased in violence, until when night had fallen it had become a veritable hurricane, which howled and whistled around the cottage as if it would tear it from its foundations. In his cot in the loft Bob lay and listened to the hail upon the roof, unable to sleep from thinking of those who might be upon the raging sea. It was on just such a night as this that they had brought his father home, too. He shivered and was about to rise when there came a pounding on the door, and the sound of a man's voice crying loudly, "Bob, Bob Norman, get on your clothes an' come t' the beach, a ship's struck on the bar," and then he was gone, shouting his warning.

Bob leaped down the ladder into the kitchen. His mother was already there, getting out his oilskins and boots, and he lost no time in getting into them and dashing into the blackness without. The wind was blowing fiercely as he pulled his sou'wester over his eyes and rushed along; and the hail beat a steady tattoo upon his broad back, but this was no time to think of trifles; men's lives were at stake and perhaps he could help. A half mile down the road he overtook a neighbor, and together they breasted the path over the hill to the beach beyond.

As they reached the crest they could read the whole situation at a glance. Huge fires lit up the sands, while here and there men were rushing around. At the water's edge was the life-saving crew, striving to launch their heavy life-boat against the great breakers, while far out on the bar, pounding up and down with the enormous waves which continually engulfed her, was the ship which had struck. Her two masts were gone by the board, and on her deck human forms could be discerned, but it was evident that she could not last much longer. Making their way to the shore they gazed again out to sea. "Good Lord," said an awestruck voice at his elbow, "it's the Spray." Bob strained his eyes and hoped against hope, but yes, it was the "Spray." Turning, he saw the life-boat hurled back upon the beach, its crew exhausted, and the bow hopelessly stove in. The dull boom

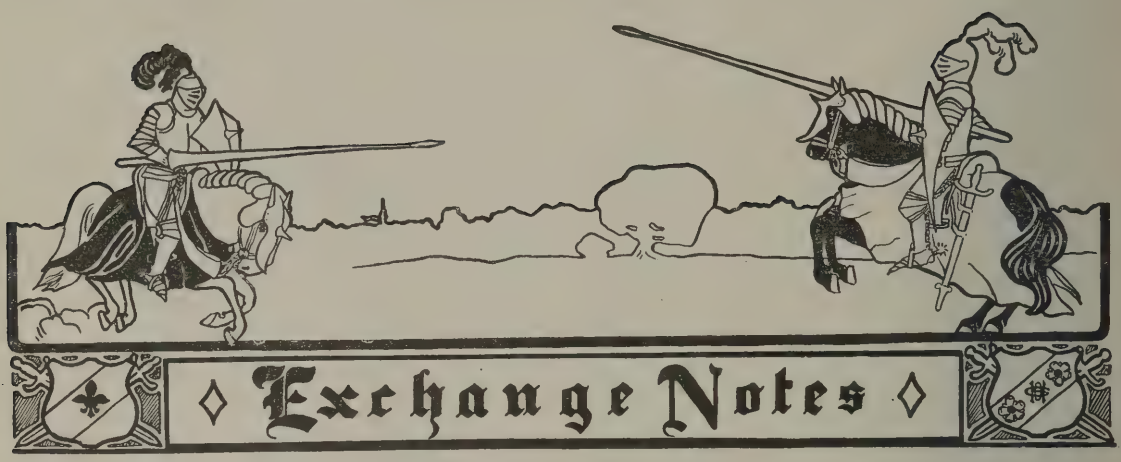
of the small cannon sounded;—they were trying to shoot a line over the wreck. Once, twice, thrice the line fell many feet too short. "Oh," he groaned," can nothing be done?" as a fourth attempt was alike unsuccessful. Every effort had failed, there remained little to do but wait until the "Spray" broke up and perhaps some poor soul might be washed ashore alive.

Then he woke to action! What had his father told him? "In a north-east storm, a cross current reaches out from the base of Ragged Cliff to the western end of Mariner's Shoal." If he could carry a line! Leaping into the circle of downcast men, in a few incoherent sentences he stated his plan. They looked hopeful—then dull again—no man could do it and live, they said. Then Bob's dearest friend, old Daddy Luff, the oldest man in the village, spoke up and said he remembered the current, the boy was a strong swimmer and might do it.

Stripping off his oilskins and attaching a coil of rope to his waist, Bob and the lifesavers ran to the base of the cliff, and handing them the rope he dove overboard. As he struck out he could feel the current sucking at his legs and hurrying him along. Spray dashed over him; time and again a vortex would suck him down, only to have him strike for the surface and choking, continue his mighty struggle. If he stopped swimming to rest, he would be swept by the wreck and carried out to sea. Oh, if he could only get one breath of air; a great heaviness oppressed his limbs, and as each roller struck him he would sink a little lower. If—only—hurled by a wave his hand struck something solid and he clung to it desperately. It was the bulwarks of the schooner. He had succeeded in reaching her. As strengthened by his moment's rest under the quarter, he raised his head, a tremendous wave struck him and hurled him back. Fighting for very life he struggled with all his strength, and managed to reach the deck again. Heaven grant that he could hold on long enough to accomplish his mission. Huddled behind the deck house he saw the men just as another wave broke over his head. He held on, however, and in an instant was by their side. The captain gave an inarticulate cry of joy, but even as he reached for the line, Joe Lincoln had seized the line, pulled it, and jumped overboard, to be pulled in. Hot rage filled Bob's breast, but as he leaped to intercept him, the wreck gave a shiver and the deck collapsed beneath his feet. He was hurled back into the turmoil behind him, and sank only to rise again and seize a loose plank, which was floating near. As he did so a head and arm shot up ahead of him. He seized the out-stretched hand, and hauled the unconscious body of the captain upon the plank with himself.

Then began the struggle to regain the shore; for while it was comparatively easy to get to the wreck, the current was against him now and he was carrying a dead weight besides. Using all his strength, he managed for a time in spite of the great waves to forge ahead, but finally, locking his arms around the captain and the plank, strength and consciousness left him together. Perhaps he had a dim recollection of rushing waves that bore him swiftly forward, but his next conscious moment found him in a very clean cot in a room which he recognized as the dormitory of the life-saving station. A quiet "Ahem" from the cot next to him, drew his eyes in that direction and revealed the ruddy countenance of Captain Joshua Whitcomb.

"Feel all right, lad?" said he, affably. "Fine," said Bob, reservedly. "Pretty hard pull, wan't it?" continued the captain. "Pretty hard," acquiesced Bob. "Say," said the captain, with a twinkle in his eye, "Jus' at present I need a gritty feller fer the mail, an' I shouldn't wonder but what you'd do; an say, I need a feller to help 'round the store, too. Do you think you could do it?" "Yes, sir," said Bob. "Sort o' Crismas present," said the captain, sheepishly. "Yes, sir, thank you, sir," said Bob, but his heart was beating wildly.



Every boy, I am sure, is fond of football. I suppose that is why so many football stories are to be found in this month's exchanges. As I picked up paper after paper, indeed, it seemed to me as if there was nothing else. There would be no objection to this, however, if only they were not all so much alike. The young hero plays in the most important game of the year, and, by his almost herculean efforts, saves his team from inevitable defeat—that's the plot. It is just like reading so many Henty books. To be sure the majority are good, exciting, thrilling, but, mehercule! if we cannot have variety it is better to have nothing. In this, I go a step farther than the editor of the *Triangle;* great variety, originality.

Detective stories are somewhat numerous. They, too, have their plot which is strictly adhered to throughout. Don't let us go out of our way to devise some wonderful episode when the simple truth is so much more interesting. "The greatest poets, the greatest writers that the world has produced," says the prize-winner at the Lawrence High School, "have been determined by their truth," that is, their fidelity to life. As none of us, however, are as yet great writers, without doubt it is our best policy to tell, if we can, incidents that have occurred in our own experience.

Jokes in the exchange column may make that department entertaining, but certainly not instructive. Our school papers are not yet so perfect that criticisms are superfluous, still, as is said again and again, the chief duty of the exchange editor is that of critic, that we may "see oursels as ithers see us," and thus correct our faults.

Your paper, *Advance*, would be better without those cuts. They might give an erroneous idea of the appearance of the Salem boy.

Your Art Club is a fine idea, *Bulletin*. Every school ought to have one.

The Rostrum Philosopher in the *Panorama* is very good, and we heartily agree with him.

Those lucky Brookline boys and girls are going to have a new gymnasium. It will be erected close to the bath-house, and connected with it by a covered passage.

The *Triangle* for this month is excellent. Were a few more cuts inserted, the paper might be even more attractive.

For facility in finding the good stories, I have made note of them on the covers or in the tables of contents of their respective magazines.

Apology must be made to most of our exchanges, because, owing to some mistake, there were not enough copies of the Review for November to send out.

A Nutting Experience.

WALTER ROSE, R. M. T. S., 1910.

In Newcastle, Maine, last year, about the middle of October, my friend, Jim Wright and I, decided to store away some nuts for the winter. Nuts of all kinds could be found in the woods, from the small hazel-nuts to the big butter-nuts.

Our two faithful hounds, Ted and Jack, had been taught, about a month before, to draw a cart. We first had to bribe them to go in it by giving them meat, and once in a while we had to use a stick, but after a few days of hard labor we succeeded in breaking them in. We were going to use this team to bring our nuts home, and the night before our excursion we fixed the dogs' harness and cleaned our rifles; and after a few minutes' chat, we went to bed.

The next morning we got up at six o'clock, and went down stairs. After eating our breakfast we harnessed the dogs, and, taking a lunch, we started for the place where the hickory nuts were to be found, which was about five miles distant.

We proceeded to the north until we came to what is called Wright's Fork. We separated here, each provided (for emergency) with a whistle, carved out of willow, with a small pea in the center. Jim took the dogs and cart and started for the nutting grounds, taking the main road, and I took the trail which led through the woods.

I had gone about three-quarters of the way, when I suddenly came upon some bears' tracks leading towards a clump of bushes. I quickly blew my whistle twice, which was a signal of distress, and in less than a minute I saw Jim coming down the hill, riding on the cart, with the dogs pulling him and coming at full speed. When he came up I explained what I had seen, but he didn't seem to be alarmed, for he said that his two hounds had killed many animals in their day.

We arrived at the grounds without seeing anything of the bear. After a half hour's quick work we filled the big cart and having eaten our lunch, we started for home, taking the shortest way possible.

We were three-quarters of the way home, when we turned a sharp bend in the road, and there confronting us was the bear with her two cubs. We immediately unhitched the dogs, which, when they found themselves freed immediately sprang upon her; but they were kept at a distance by the savage thrusts made by the bear. Seeing a young birch tree near, I ran for that, and telling Jim to call off the dogs, which he quickly did, I fired, giving the bear an ugly neck wound.

The shot made her very fierce and she ran towards me. I quickly climbed the birch with her close after me. At last she had climbed up to within three yards of me and was still climbing. At first I could not unsling my rifle, because the branches were so thick, but after a while I got it down, the bear being within a foot of me. I took quick aim and fired.

As I did so I thought I heard another shot, but I knew nothing more. Mr. Wright, as I was told afterward, had heard my first shot and had come to our assistance, for he knew something must be wrong. He fired as soon as he saw the bear, which had fallen dead. When the tree had been relieved of her four hundred and fifty pounds' weight, it sprang up so quickly that I was shaken to the ground and knocked unconscious.

When I came to the next morning I was all bandaged up, for I had been badly shaken by my fall. In two days, however, I could get around by the use of a cane.

The two cubs which Jim had rescued from the dogs after the mother bear was killed, little, fat, clumsy fellows, were taken home for pets. They were fed mostly on milk, and honey, for they were too small to eat hearty food. One day while feeding the horses, I heard a great commotion on the milk-house

which is near the bees' hives. On running out I saw what the trouble was; the cubs had attempted to steal some honey, and in their greediness they had tipped over two of the hives. They were trying to get into the tubs in which water is kept to keep the milk cool. The tubs each contained ten eight-quart cans of milk, and there was but little space left. The little bears were covered with a cloud of bees, and it was a sight to see those little fellows trying to shake them off.

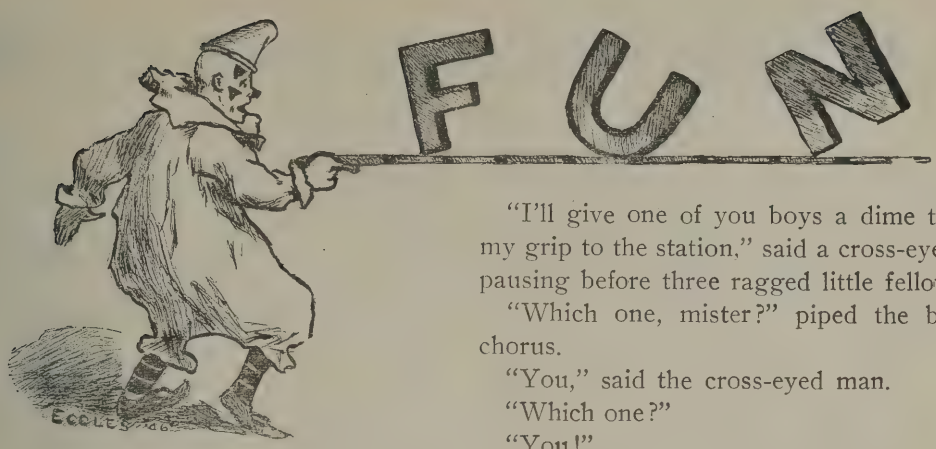
A circus manager came to town that week and he offered a large sum of money for our two little pets, but we would not part with them. The skin of the mother, which had been tanned and cured, I brought home, and it now lies in my room as a souvenir of my adventure.

LIVES OF FAMOUS GRADUATES.

NO. II.

WILLIAM WINTER, C. H. S., '52.

William Winter, son of Charles and Louisa (Wharf) Winter, was born in Gloucester, Mass., July 15, 1836. He entered the Cambridge High School in the autumn of 1849. He was a bright boy and soon became a favorite with his teachers. He chose the English course and graduated at the close of the prescribed term of three years. At that period there was no separate Latin School, but the High School had two courses, the English and the Classical. His scholarship was good, and he showed great intelligence in all his studies and was always genial in his bearing. He early showed his literary bent, for during the recreation hour he was continually quoting bits of poetry and prose and reciting them in dramatic style. In the same class, but choosing the Classical Course, were Alexander Agassiz, William Everett, and others who have since distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. He entered Harvard Law School, from which he graduated in 1857. He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Brown University. About the year 1852 he commenced writing articles for newspapers and magazines. In 1865 he became dramatic reviewer for the *New York Tribune*. In 1860 he married Elizabeth Campbell, a native of Scotland, and of considerable fame as a novelist. Among her works of fiction are "The Spanish Treasure," "The Curse of Dangerfield," "Hawthorn Lodge," "The Mistress of the Grange," and other novels and stories. In 1877 he first visited England. In 1891 he became president of the Staten Island Academy, prior to which time he had already founded in 1886 the Arthur Winter Memorial Library in that academy. He is the author of many books, chiefly relating to the drama and its exponents. Among his many works are "Shakespeare's England," "Shadows of the Stage," "The Life and Art of Edwin Booth," "Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson," "Stage Life of Mary Anderson," beside many others. He has also written a book of poems entitled "Wanderers." He is honorary member of the Lotos Club, the Bohemian Club, Society of the Potomac, and Actors' Fund Society. His home is on Staten Island, N. Y.



Blanche: "Isabel, what has put you in such a bad humor?"

Isabel: "Why, I've just had a letter from Jack, and I haven't been able to make out whether it's a proposal, an ode to summer, or that cure for chilblains he promised to send me."

Little Ethel (with an eye to business): "Suppose, Tommy, you were to give me the choice of those two apples of yours, you would tell me to take the bigger, wouldn't you?"

Tommy: "No."

Little Ethel: "Why not?"

Tommy: "'Cos 'twouldn't be necessary."

"I aim to tell the truth."

"Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "but you are a very poor shot."

We are told that a carload of brick came in recently for a walk through the park.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted: A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

For Sale: A large dog; will eat anything; very fond of children.

Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated, come in here.

"I'll give one of you boys a dime to carry my grip to the station," said a cross-eyed man, pausing before three ragged little fellows.

"Which one, mister?" piped the boys, in chorus.

"You," said the cross-eyed man.

"Which one?"

"You!"

There was a pause. Finally, one little fellow said: "Say, mister, close one eye and look at the kid you want, won't you?"

A HEM!

The seamstress leads a life of simple duty,
And from her honest toil comes honest cheer;
While others thread the paths of wealth and beauty,
Life seams just sew-sew in her hemmy-sphere.

"John, is it true that money talks?"

"That's what they say, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I'm getting mighty lonesome for some of that conversation."

Two countrymen were watching a naturalist in a field collecting insects.

"What's he doing?" asked one.

"Oh, he's a naturalist," said the other.

"What's that?"

"Why, a man who catches gnats, to be sure."

"I can't go to jail," said a tramp. "I haven't time."

"The court provides that," said the judge. "I give you ten days."

A Football Game on the Elysium Field.

SECOND IN PRIZE CONTEST.

J. GORDON GILKIE, C. L. S.

It was a very muggy day in Hades, and all the ghosts were resting. Even Alexander, who was always doing something, had ceased to plan for the capture of Lilliput, and was sitting under a tree arguing with Napoleon as to whether it was easier to capture Tyre or Moscow, stoutly maintaining that his was the more tiresome task.

In other parts of the Elysium Fields the different ghosts were idling away the time, each with his favorite pastime. Demosthenes, with his mouth filled with pebbles, was learning to speak Russian, while nearby, Cæsar was planning how to get elected king of Hades in place of Pluto. Bacon and Shakespeare were talking of the authorship of "Hamlet," and a lively discussion was going on between Dickens and Victor Hugo, who had come to borrow a gallon of ink with which to finish a chapter in his latest book, on the relative merits of "David Copperfield" and "Les Miserables." Poor Oliver Goldsmith had incurred the wrath of both men by enquiring if Mr. Micawber did not resemble Jean Valjean. In despair at such a blunder, Goldsmith hurried away, and sought to forget his sorrow by raising money with which to buy Charon a new motor-boat. Shylock was busy selling stock in the Styx Transportation Company, a corporation recently organized by himself with the object of bankrupting Charon and then raising the price of passage across the Styx. In short, everyone was taking life easy, and the old cronies were discussing the same questions that had formed topics for conversation for many years.

Suddenly, however, this languor was dispelled by the entrance of a new ghost at the great gate to the Elysium Fields. The newcomer was certainly a strange person; he walked with a decided limp, one arm was in a sling, and in smiling he displayed the lack of several front teeth. His hair was long, too, and in decided confusion, and his hands and face were very grimy. But held tightly in his free arm he carried the reward of all his sacrifice; his admission ticket to the Hall of Fame, his laurel-wreath,—a football.

In a very short time the ghosts had gathered around him to hear his story, and to find out the reason for such an appearance as his. It was a motley crowd. On the outskirts stood Socrates, who of late had been trying many complexion powders, hair tonics and the like, in a vain attempt to give himself a better appearance. Beside him Dido was standing, and casting hateful glances toward Aeneas. The latter stood leaning on Henry VIII, who had been unanimously elected pastor of the Mormon church of Hades. Napoleon stood on tip-toes trying to peek over Demosthenes' shoulders, and Plutarch, the editor of the Hades Herald, was pressing his way through the crowd to get his always reliable information. Even Homer, who had been writing a new tragedy in the Attic Greek, which was, consequently, a high-grade story, seemed to be interested in the stranger's tale.

"I am a football player," said the new-comer. "Yesterday was our big game, and I played full-back; during the first half, my arm and two ribs were broken, but I didn't mind a little thing like that. In the second half we rushed the ball to the six-inch line, and I was given the chance of making the touch-down. I made it, incidentally breaking my neck, and so I missed the celebration. But we won, so what difference does it make to me? Rah,—rah—"

"How do you play?" cried Hector, stripping off his outer garments. "That sounds as if it would be almost as good as the Siege of Troy."

"Didn't you ever hear of football?" cried

the astonished youth, "why, that's all the old men think about, and the young men go to college for, now. But come on, I'll teach you to play. Now bend down, and on the third signal rush into me as hard as you can. All ready; 200—14—23!" And before the bewildered Hector realized what was being done, he was knocked down with a thump. A moment later he arose, somewhat dazed, but after feeling of himself for a moment, said, "Come on, boys! It's great! Where's that knave, Achilles?"

At these words all the heroes set out to learn the game. All over the Elysium field they matched off against each other, gladly renewing their old feuds. After being rudely pushed down, Cicero jumped up, rubbing his head, and cried, "Je superabo, a Jove!" and the latter was soon begging for mercy.

But the ardor for this sort of sport soon languished, and the ghosts returned to the stranger to inquire further about the game.

"Well," said he, "let's choose up two teams, and I'll coach both, and then we'll have a game."

Finally, after much discussion, Cæsar and Pompey were chosen captains, and picked their men as follows:

Cæsar, f b.....f b, Pompey
Aeneas, r h b.....r h b, Pyrrhus
Hector, l h b.....l h b, Achilles
Cicero, q b.....q b, Catiline
Napoleon, c.....c, Duke of Wellington
Ajax, r t.....r t, Ulysses
Marius, l t.....l t, Sulla
Mark Antony, r g.....r g, Octavian
Xerxes, l g.....l g, Miltiades
Alcibiades, r e.....r e, Pericles
Aristeides, l e.....l e, Themistocles

Then the two teams began practice in earnest. In fact, all caught the spirit of the game so easily, owing to their earlier training, that they were soon adepts in football. After a final word of advice to their men, the two captains declared that they were ready to play.

A great deal of doubt was then expressed as to whether a good referee could be found, the new ghost being unanimously chosen umpire. Finally, the latter said, "I remember reading somewhere, I think, that Homer was blind. If so, he ought to be the referee."

After a great deal of urging, Homer consented to take the position. Xenophon was chosen scorer, and Plutarch wrote up the game for his paper, although Baron Munchausen was heard to remark in his usual way that Shakespeare was the man to write up the plays.

Just at this point, a new obstacle was encountered. Queen Elizabeth, president of the W. C. T. U. of Hades, (she had been a strong temperance advocate after her experience with tobacco), stepped on the field, and in a curt speech, tried to stop the game. "It is brutal," she said, "and in the name of the women of Hades, I request—" "that you go home," cried Dido, finishing the sentence, amid great laughter. "It's lucky it didn't rain to-day," said the queen to herself, as she hurried away, catching a glimpse of Raleigh waving his coat, "for I would have had to walk in the mud."

Demosthenes having consented to act as policeman, and keep the crowd back, the game was finally started.

Aeneas made a fine kick-off, but Pompey, tucking the ball under his arm, rushed toward Cæsar, who tackled him cleanly. At this, everyone cheered, and the noise became so great that Cicero stepped out from among the players and began, "Di immortales, Quirites." Doubtless he would have given us another oration to labor on, had not Frederick the Great fortunately pushed him back into his position, saying, "Spiele, meines Kind, spiele."

Achilles was then given the ball, and made a good gain around Alcibiades' end. As Pompey's team still continued to gain, the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. Dido was nearly frantic with joy at seeing Aeneas thrown down on his back as Pyrrhus pushed through Mark Antony.

"Why do you make such a disturbance, woman," said Demosthenes, to her. "It is disgraceful to interrupt the game so."

"Be quiet, you boor," Dido answered, "I know what I am doing. Aeneas threw me down, and I am glad to see that he is getting the same treatment."

Pompey's team would probably have made a touch-down, had not Cæsar cried out in a thundering voice, "Quo usque tandem, Pompeius, nostram aciem frangesne? Tenete eum, viri!" This so frightened Pompey that he lost the ball on a fumble in the next scrimmage.

Hector was then given a chance to show his skill for the other team. Dodging swiftly, he ran around Pericles' end, and started down a clear field, followed by his opponents. Unfortunately, he stumbled, and in falling dropped the ball, which was recovered by Achilles. Then pandemonium broke loose on the side lines. Dido's joy knew no bounds, and even Shakespeare, in his dignified attire, was seen jumping up and down beside Virgil, who was waving his toga.

At this point time was called, and the players given a short rest.

The second half was even more exciting than the first. Priam, who was heart-broken at Hector's fumble, now cheered and waved his arms, urging his son on. The two teams fought and bled in the middle of the field, but neither could seem to make a touch-down.

Finally, Pompey decided to try a drop-kick for the goal. Aeneas, seeing his chance, hurdled the line as the ball was passed, and seizing it before it touched Pompey's hands, dashed down the field, and made a touch-down.

Then Demosthenes remonstrated in vain, for the shouting, surging, mob of ghosts rushed on the field, and seizing Aeneas, lifted him up on their shoulders, and marched off down the field, preceded by Schneider and his famous band, playing "Everybody Works But Pluto."

So, for the first time, a football game was played on the Elysium Field, and now, when times are dull, the proposal of a game makes every ghost happy. Let us hope they will always play!

LAKE DUNMORE.

ROLLO H. BRITTEN, C. L. S., '08

We wend our way among the thick trees, along the rugged path, to the water's edge, and, launching our canoe, which has been left half-drawn up on the sandy beach, we glide out over the placid waters to enjoy a gorgeous sunset. Our canoe is now facing the east, and on the lofty mountain, a short half-mile in front of us, we see the purple glow reflected from the setting sun. Slowly this fades, and the mountain assumes its natural green, growing richer as the night drifts down upon us.

We turn to get a last view of the dying sun, and watch the sky turn gradually from yellow to red, to purple, and finally to the rich blue of a mountain night. No sound disturbs the quiet, and we are thrilled, fascinated by the sublime calm. Our paddles cease their motion, and the canoe, driven by the slight breeze which has just come up, swings around to give us a last look at the melting mountain, now hardly visible through the darkness. Even the wind dies now, and Lake Dunmore sleeps.

As the last glimmer of light from the Western sky disappears, we take up our paddles and softly make our way back to the other shore, although the wonder has not departed, for the whole night will be magical. Hardly can one believe that this impressive scene, which has made us forget all our troubles, will itself be forgotten in but a few hours, replaced by one even more beautiful.

Technical Notes.

It may partly reconcile some people to the idea of "graft" when they learn that the United States is not the only place where it is carried on; for it is known that certain Japanese officials appointed to pay bills in London for goods received by their country, have cleverly stolen between $200,000 and $250,000 from their government.

Uncle Sam is to sell some five hundred acres of land in Oklahoma under sealed bids. These lands, lying in three or four different tracts, are all near Fort Sill, an old military post. This country has been given up to grazing for many years and is now to be sold for the Kiowa and Comanche Indians, who will receive the proceeds. The land is of little value for agricultural purposes, but will prove perhaps as good a home as any for the Indians, some of whom have already selected part of the best for their own use.

The Technical World Magazine states that in Norway fishing is sometimes done by telephone. In order to do this, a microphone, which is a sound intensifier, is placed in a steel box that is sealed air-tight, and connected with a telephone on board ship. The inventor asserts that by means of this instrument it may be told whether or not fish are in the vicinity; if so, whether they are small or large, and approximately their number. When small fish, such as herring, are near the microphone, a whistling noise is heard; large fish, like cod, make known their presence by a howl. It is thought that this noise is made by the water passing the gills of the fish.

The fearlessness of President Roosevelt is partly shown by the fact that he is the first President to leave the United States during his term of office. Mr. Roosevelt is back in the United States after his trip to Panama, where he went to examine the construction of the canal at closer range.

Trackless trolley cars, now used in France and Germany to some extent, are more advantageous in many respects than the trolleys running on tracks. In Germany a two-mile trackless trolley line was constructed for considerably less than half what it cost to build a track trolley line of the same length. It has been estimated that in winter it costs about forty cents to run a car twenty-eight miles at the rate of about five and one-half miles an hour. This is a good deal cheaper than the cost of running a trolley car on tracks under similar conditions. A great advantage of this new system of car lines is that the cars may be run on good roads in the country, affording easy shipment for farm produce, a thing which cannot be done by the track trolley cars.

The manufacture of paper from cotton stalks is said to be one of the latest inventions, and one that will benefit the country as a whole. By-products of nitrogen, alcohol, materials for making gun cotton and smokeless powder, can also be extracted from this pulp. Paper is becoming more and more expensive each year, and it is believed that in this manner paper of all grades can be made sufficient for home demands, with a good surplus, that may be exported, if so desired. Several plants for the manufacture of paper from cotton stalks are to be constructed in the South, so that they may be ready for use by the first of next year. Thus a new industry will be established, which will raise the value of the cotton crop of the South nearly $100,000,000.

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The next number of the REVIEW will appear January 17. All copy for this number must be in by Friday, January 4.

The class of 1908, C. L. S., will present the drama, "Men, Maids, and Matchmakers," in the Newtowne Club Hall on Friday evening, January 4, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents.

The Latin School Senior drama will be given at the Newtowne Club, Friday evening, January 18. The name of the drama is "Bachelor Hall."

The R. M. T. S. senior class drama will be "Half-Back Sandy," an excellent college comedy in three acts. The date will be announced later.

C. L. S. HOCKEY SCHEDULE.

Dec. 8, Andover, at Andover.
Dec. 12, St Mark's, at Southboro.
Dec. 15, Pomfret, at Pomfret.
Dec. 18, Milton Academy, at Milton.
Dec. 22, Winchester High, at Spy Pond.
Dec. 26, Open.
Dec. 28, R. M. T. S., place undecided.
Jan. 4, Brookline High, place undecided.
Jan. 8, Roxbury Latin, at Spy Pond.
Jan. 11, Newton High, at Brae-Burn.

Do You Know Esperanto?

If not you probably will some day, for it is the instrument with which scientists propose to batter down the barriers of nations that all men may speak one tongue and be brothers.

It is worth while to give Esperanto serious consideration before it is absolutely forced upon us, for it is no fad, but a practical linguistic structure erected according to scientific principles and upon the true, fundamental laws of grammar. It must not be confounded with "Volapuk" which never was practicable and which passed into a deserved oblivion after a brief existence as a fad.

Freshmen entering college this fall may find Esperanto included in the curriculum, **before they become seniors, and if this be realized, the language will be taught** in the primary grades of the public schools as is now being done in Switzerland. In American colleges there are already more than fifty Esperanto clubs made up of students and members of the faculty, while all educational societies and journals are devoting thought and space to it. In Europe hundreds of thousands of people speak, write and read it and at the Esperanto Congress held at Boulogue-sur-Mer in 1905 three thousand persons representing fifteen countries attended.

Even Japan has taken it up and its Esperanto Association has undertaken a propaganda under the direction of a committee composed of three editors, professors from the imperial universities and high schools, and the secretary of the Japan Foreign Trade Association, with the result that a grammar in Japanese character is ready for the press.

By special order the officers of the French army are studying the new language and it is proposed that every government officer of the French nation whether of the army, navy, diplomatic service or other branch shall be able to read, write and speak in Esperanto, as the government sees in it the international medium of official intercourse which is soon to become universal.

Canada, England, Italy, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Roumania, Algeria and India all have long ago taken up the study and the most enthusiastic Esperantists are the men who have international business to transact. In Germany trade workers such as lithographers and printers have adopted the language officially and it will be used in their congresses and conventions.

In Spain the army has adopted it and at Valence a regular school is kept for instruction of military officers, while at Geneva, in Switzerland, thousands of the population speak Esperanto and delight in it.

Bohemia has sent an Esperanto section to the Earl's Court Exhibition in London that has attracted great attention in England and the English press is devoting columns of space to its discussion and no word is said except in favor of it as the greatest medium yet discovered for the promotion of the world's fraternity.

At this rate we may soon look for an Esperanto literature, for in Geneva they are singing songs and acting dramas in the new tongue and an Esperanto publication tells its devotees weekly the news of the world and the progress of the language, while Freemasons, Christian Endeavorers and other societies of world-wide scope advocate its study for use in the international congresses and correspondence.

The study of the creation of Esperanto is extremely interesting. After the failure of Volapuk Dr. Zamenhof, a Russian Savant, took up the study of a universal language, and writing under the name of Es-

peranto, developed the artificial tongue which has made him famous. He recognized that if a new language was to be made attractive it must be made easy and he first set about constructing a grammar that might be mastered in an hour. He eliminated all rules not absolutely required in the construction of a logical sentence and ignored entirely all exceptions.

His next concern was the vocabulary, for it is the great number of roots, the vast variety of words, that puzzles most the student of a foreign language. As a case in point take the expressions we have in English to set forth the ideas suggested by the one conception of death: dead, deadly, to die, mortal, to kill, to murder, suicide, to commit homicide, mortally, etc. Zamenhof rid himself of this great number of roots by selecting one and by means of a system of prefixes and suffixes he made the one root serve for all others. He thus compiled a dictionary of two thousand roots selected from the widest known languages and they are so wisely and judiciously chosen that the Esperanto vocabulary is sufficiently extensive for every purpose and its appearance seems familiar to people of every nationality. The employment of the prefixes, which number only half a dozen and the suffixes, of which there are thirty-two, in conjunction with these roots enables the student to extend his vocabulary to the point that the most delicate shades of meaning may be expressed. It follows, therefore, that Esperanto has the advantage over any other language in the facility with which its construction admits of the forming of new words; and in this lies its greatest charm.

Professor J. L. Borgerhoff, of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, in a recent communication on a recent construction of Esperanto to the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution,* explains briefly and lucidly the mechanical working of the device for forming words. He says: "To take the word 'death' for example: the key word is 'mort'; remembering that in Esperanto all nouns end in O, all adjectives in A, adverbs in E, infinitives in I; that contraries are formed by prefixing 'Mal'; that the prefix 'Sen' means without; that the suffix 'Ant' marks the agent (corresponding to the English 'Ing'), and that the suffix 'Ig' means to cause, we get the above root: morto, death; morta, mortal; morti, to die; morte, mortally; mortano, the dying man; mortanta, dying; morti, to cause death or kill; mortigo, murder; mortiganto, murderer; mortigi, death dealing; malmorta, living; senmorta, immortal; sen morto, immortality, etc.

"The conjugation of verbs, which is the great stumbling block in the study of all languages, presents no difficulty whatever in Esperanto. In the first place there are no irregular verbs: secondly, there is only one ending for each tense; thirdly, the number of tenses is reduced to a minimum, mainly, past, present, future, and conditionally.

"The infinitive of all verbs ends in 'T'; the present always in 'As'; the past always in 'Is'; the conditional always in 'Us'; these endings are the same in the singular and the plural."

Professor Borgerhoff pronounces Esperanto the easiest to learn of all languages and says that a student should be able to speak it fluently after two months' study. The Navy Department of the United States has but recently ordered the study of Esperanto to be placed in the curriculum of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, thus recognizing its value as an adjunct to a thorough naval education.

THE TINIEST ENGINE IN EXISTENCE.

G. F. DENNETT, R. M. T. S., '09.

Without doubt, the tiniest engine in existence has been built by Mr. T. H. Robinson of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Robinson is a well known watch-maker in that city, and is well pleased with the result of his patient labor.

Miniature engine making has long been a disease and fad among the watch-makers. There must be some limit to the minimum size, and it looks as though Mr. Robinson has not come very far from it. It seems that his sole object in constructing so minute a mechanism was simply to make the smallest steam engine that had ever been constructed.

The tiny engine is composed of seventeen pieces, and weighs exactly four grains. A common match would just balance it on the scales, and it would require one thousand, nine hundred and twenty duplicates of the tiny engine to weigh one pound.

"Tiny Tim," as the smallest of all engines has been named by its enthusiastic builder, is made of gold and steel, and fits easily into the smallest twenty-two short cartridge, balance wheel and all. All bearings of the engine are counter bored from the inside to form a self-oiling bearing; the shaft running in hardened and ground steel bearings, and the bed and stand of the engine being made of gold.

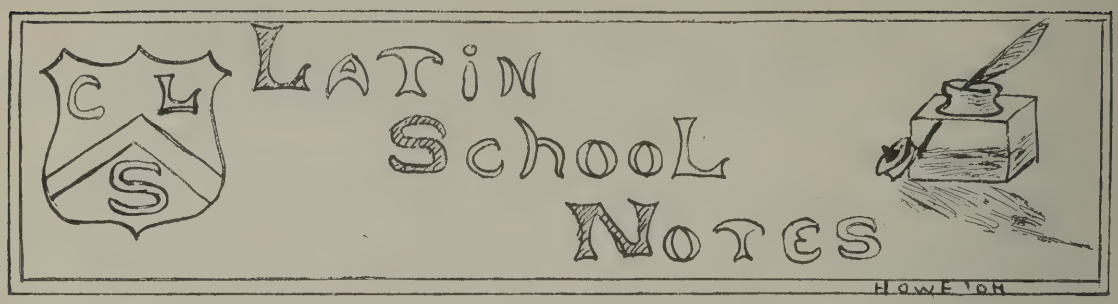
The speed and horse-power of the engine have been carefully estimated by Dr. C. A. Chant of the Department of Physics in the Toronto University. His estimate of its speed is six thousand revolutions per minute; the horse-power is one four hundred ninety-eight thousandth of one horse-power.

Because of its cleanliness, compressed air is used to run the engine; it might be of interest to state that the amount of pressure required to run the tiny engine at full speed can be easily borne upon the eyeball without winking. The stroke of the engine is one thirty-second of an inch, and the bore of the cylinder is three one-hundredths of an inch. The fly wheel has a gold rim, and weighs one grain.

"Tiny Tim" is certainly of no practical use. But the engine has been a pleasure to its proud builder, and he declares that its use to him has been in the building line—reputation building.

ANNUAL DINNER.

Tuesday evening, November 27, the C. M. T. S. Association held its annual dinner at the American House. There was an attendance of over a hundred, including the members of the football squad. After an excellent dinner there were speeches by Coach Harris and Manager James of the football team, and others. The special feature of the evening was an address on "Mechanics in the Courts," by Mr. Charles H. Morse. There was also singing by graduates of the school. Altogether, the occasion was a most delightful one.



1907.

"The gods grew angry at the threshold of Zeus."

Teacher (translating): "If we cannot censure conduct like this—"
Would that we could not!

"It takes two to make a molecule."

Some people seem fond of singing.

Aperto ostio dormientis eos repertos esse—
That they were found sleeping with their mouths open.

Uncus impactus est—
He got the hook.

Miss S-i-h does her work with a great appearance of ease.

Auf den zehen hüpften—
Jumped about to see what was coming.

Homo sæpe in cæde versatus—
A man often killed.

L-e-: "The thigh-pieces, they had themselves to eat."

Teacher: "If the Greeks had been as bright as this division, what a lot of things they could have done!"

It is suggested that Hera was a mind-reader.

"The enemy, like cowardly dogs, will follow up those who go ahead and bite them if they can."

1908.

Heard in English class:

Miss A—: Correct the sentence, "Three centuries of New England climate has made him quick-witted."

Miss B-es (aside): He must be awful old!

Teacher: The funeral obsequies were very solemn.

R-ns: You don't need the funeral.

1908 is steadily increasing in numbers.

L—n (translating): "For remember, fellow-citizens"—(pause)—"I've forgotten."

Hospital, according to P-r-r, means a place for guests.

"He heard a noise which he took to be the step of a ghost!"

The 3d hour Latin division is beginning to seem like a "Quaker meeting."

Get the *megaphone!*

Teacher: For what was Lentulus noted?
M-e-: Sleep!

When you are reciting, don't forget to listen to the questions.

Nun ist's an euch=?

"He was standing in a bay-window, with two or three others, weeping. As I was passing he called to me and said, 'Help yourself!'" (With apologies to Wilhelm Tell.)

The class drama and dance will take place on January 4, 1907.

1909.

Miss C-b-n's motto: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Girls, never make an engagement with M-y-r. He *might* forget.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, the letter of introduction Miss W-t-rs is looking for.

Ask L-n-c-n about that tick.

It is lucky for the reputation of Division III that there are a few shining lights, else where would we be?

We wonder who the distraction was that L-ck-e offered as an excuse to change his seat.

A very enjoyable dance was held on the evening of Friday, November 2, at Riverbank Court. About forty couples were present.

Teacher: "Where is the island of Paros?"
H-d-es: "On the map."

Teacher: "Vingt-trois pour vous, n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle B-a-k?"

Don't let anybody forget his coda on Thursday.

1910.

A very pleasant social was held at Miss Nash's home, November 23d, in the form of a "skidoo" social. About forty were present.

Maricle has come back. He played fullback on the 'Varsity team in the only game it won.

The light of the sun means moonlight, according to Miss Sa-df-d.

The predicate is a verb. Really, Cr-n!

Heard in Latin:
Teacher: "Give me the parts of niterentur."
Em—ree: "Nit."

Teacher at board:
"Who is this nameless person?"
W-h-t-f: "Me."

Miss C-oke tells us that a proportion can be transformed by *information* and *alteration*.

Teacher: "W-ite, when you are called upon to give a French verb, don't get up and grunt!"

The phrase, "C'est assez," is always welcome.

Our French sentence tests are awful. Fifteens, twenty-fives, and thirties seem to be the average marks.

Miss Wi-lis, translating:
"Er nahm den Mann bei Seite."
"He took the man by the page."

Miss McK-n-z-e, telling story of Gareth: "He came so that he could be a maid in the kitchen."

"Stop sharpening pencils, Sh-p-d, that's my parlor carpet."

Heard, fifth hour, Room 6:
Teacher: "Did you speak?"
Pupil: "No, ma'am."
Teacher: "What, haven't you spoken since you were sitting there?"
Pupil: "I didn't speak, I whispered."

Ask Miss Will-s how to make fudge. She knows a fine receipt.

Ask Miss L-w-n-e if she had a good time at our social.

1911.

Teacher: "Write your 8th sentence on the board."
S-p-h: "I don't know how."

Room 9 was the scene of a fierce debate during Division 3, English. The debate was attended by many, and it is hoped that we may have more. The leaders for the affirmative were Hart and Green, for the negative Miss Close and Miss Hall.

"Is that where Mrs. Hall gets her goods?"

When is 1911 going to have a class meeting?

Division 4 does fast work in Latin.

Miss C-o-l: "What is the feminine of Mercury?"
Teacher: "He never married."

Teacher, explaining a formal note:
"If the mails were very slow, what would you do?"
S-ll-v-n: "Use the telephone."

Division I, do not ask so many questions in English.

Heard in Hygiene:
"The nose is a part of the face with two holes."

The new spelling for pink is pinck.

"S-ul-y, lend me your pocket-dictionary for a moment."
S-ul-y: "I swallowed it."

Someone please start a subscription to get L-ne a high chair.

Teacher: "G-e-n-n, what is the great attraction behind you in English class?"

Gr- -n's eyes are seen to wander over to the seat behind G-e-n-n in English.

Seen on the board:
"The slailors gained a vicory."
(Revised spelling!)

Heard in English:
Teacher reading composition:
"There was a great crowd of women with large bundles and children hanging on their skirts."

Heard in English:
B-l-m: "Did he wear brass buttons, or was he made of one?"

1907.

Our first social was held at the home of Miss Whitten, Nov. 2. Although few were present, every one enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Miss C-tl-r finds that in the Senior room the desks are adjustable as well as the seats.

At last we are going to have a drama and dance!

R--h, what is the difference between a cucumber and a summer squash?

"Oh, they've all got their night-caps on!" exclaimed a little boy peering through the cooking-room windows the fourth hour.

The attraction has ceased!!

Miss Cutler is quite an artist.

B-r-ett does not wish to part with that green pencil. Why?

W-l-h says that the horses in Germany are used extensively for *calvary*.

Heard in German class:
"Miss C-mm-ng-, are you awake? Your eyes are open, but—"

In history:
"Pennsylvania was settled by *Quackers*."

First-hour class in economics:
Question: "What corresponds in the United States to the free port in Germany?"
Answer: "Grain elevators."

What is the attraction at school Saturday mornings for Miss B-a-an and Miss B-o-g-t-n?

German translation:
Wie die Katze ihre Jungen—As cats in their youth.

We miss going to the Gym.

A common phrase: Have you had your ears and eyes examined?

1908.

Merry Christmas, everybody!

Our first social was held at the home of Miss Boyd, Nov. 9. A large number was present, and all spent a very pleasant evening.

Wanted: Some one to teach our girls how to laugh up their sleeves.

"If eyes could only speak" (in Room 15).

We are all very glad to see Becker back to school again after his short illness.

Ask Miss R-u-ke how she likes being "teacher's pet."

Please do not "pop the question" so suddenly (in geometry).

Oh, how we all *do* like German verbs!

House-cleaning time, *every one!!*

How studious some of us have become! How long will it last?

English: Who cupped the kiss?

It's rather hard for Miss R-ce to keep her eyes on two things at once.

Who doesn't like rock candy?

How quiet Room 15 is lately! Why?

Who said Theo. XIII was not unlucky? Ask the first-hour geometry class.

It is five minutes of two, Miss McG-o-y! Hurry!!

Almost time for another social.

If any teacher need complain
  Of a naughty girl or boy,
Just let her glance through Room 15,
  The sight will give her joy.

That room has students, one and all,
  Never a whisper there,
The teacher ne'er has cause to speak,
  Disturb them not,—take care!

The girls all study German hard,
  The boys are never seen,
While the teacher talks in *belle française*
  To Freshmen, young and green.

So come along, both one and all,
  This wonderful room to see,
And after several moments there,
  I'm sure you'll agree with me.

1909.

Heard in French:
N'est pas un aigle—I am not as sharp as an angle.

Where do you put your books for safe-keeping, Miss McLe-n?

French: *Rouge figure sourrait*—Red-faced figure.

There is quite a difference between Miss D——'s and Miss G——'s idea of a foot.

Trans. in French:
Am I am I or am I not am I; if I am not am I who am I?

1910.

A party was held at the home of Miss Conners. Every one enjoyed the evening.

Question: "Why have you got to be careful when you are in the country?"
Answer: "Because corn have ears, potatoes have eyes, and beans talk (bean stalk)."

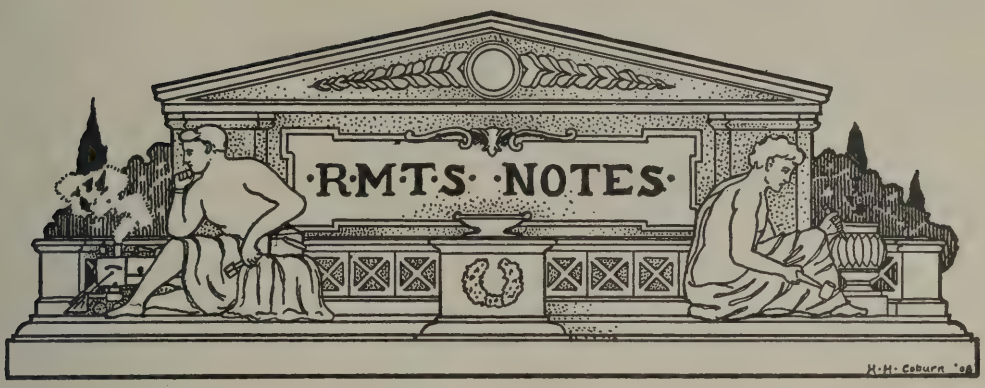
We hear that Miss -n-e-l intends to join R. M. T. S. next year.

Why does Miss Di-s-lm-n wish it to rain when she is coming from school?

Teacher: "Who discovered Britain to be an island?"
Dreamy scholar: "P-rc--al."

Miss Bi--w-il-r is very industrious as a banker.

French:
Teacher: "Etes-vous mariée, Mademoiselle St-f--d?"
Mademoiselle S.: "Oui, Mademoiselle, je suis mariée."



1907.

The following speeches have been delivered in the hall during the past month: Allen, "The Largest Terminal in the World"; Allison, "Tarred Roads"; Austin, "The Beetle"; H. Boyd, "New Zealand"; Churchill, "The *Governor Cobb";* F. Boyd, "The Progress in the Construction of the Charles River Dam"; Bates, "Derelicts"; Daly, "The Mount Wachusett Reservation"; Dunn, "The Weather Plant"; Emmons, "Ventilation of Coal Mines"; H. Fitzgerald, "The Boston & Albany Inspection Locomotive, 'Berkshire.'"

Teacher to M-l-s: "If you can't express your thoughts, send them by fast freight."

Miss Ellis: "Mr. Carr, why are you so late?"

Mr. Carr: "The cars were tied up, and I had to walk twenty blocks."

Miss Ellis: "Well, see that it does not occur again."

Football is a game for eleven;
Baseball is a game for nine;
Hockey is a game for seven;
But loving is a game for mine.

Wiley.

Skibby, "the kicker."

The Senior drama and dance will probably be held March 8.

When "Pinkie" is minus, we wonder whether it is because of strenuous football or church attendance.

Here's a laugh for Wiley.

1908.

It would seem proper for the young men who participated in the demonstration at the dining-room a short time ago to use a little of their energy in leading cheers of quite another kind. It would also be a very decent thing for the members of this class to place an apology before the member of the faculty at whom the cheering was directed.

(Signed) C. T. Banks, *President.*

You may rest assured we will not hesitate to give you away another time, "Rori."

Let us all work for the coming month and see whether we can present a more perfect card, if we do so. Last month's reports were *fine.*

"Sunbeam" Jones is actually bright enough to shine as a Junior, we think.

"Roundy" has solved the problem of illuminating fractions. Others are anxious to know also. "Roundy," impart your knowledge.

Translation in Room J by Jimmy:
Faisait le diable à quatre—Raised the dickens.

Teacher: "Boys, you may smile, but do not do so out loud."
"Keshe" (our truly remarkable lad): "How do you do that?"

Ask Willis who "Dosh Nosh" is.
It is the general intimation that it's his latest infatuation.

If it is (hazy) "Haz" around the moon, what's the moon's name?

Miss E. (catching Far-ing-on): "Can you fall in anywhere?"
Ram-ey: "Yes, in the moat."

Bolton never casts side-long glances at Miss E——'s cards (?).

Dunning, Farrington, and Edgerton, machine-shop vocalists, aided by Miss ——, contralto.

Charles has developed into a great punter by diligent practice in Room D.

Farrington has been appointed president of the "Trouble Club."

Andrews is an expert at sneezing.

There is a little child
Who has a cheerful grin,
And where'er there's anything doing,
Our little "Cliff" is in.

Yo! Ho! Away to French we'll go,
And they'll make of each a jolly foreign tar.
'Tis the broad and mighty aughts that makes our marks so short,
But we have to take them as they are.

In civics we neither turn to left or right, but sit just right. Our attention is held all right. If we took the right to turn to the left, we would be left all right.

1909.

Écharpe—A sharp or E sharp to one fellow.

F-r-e-l, translating: "Où est ma princesse, ma fiancée?—Where is my princess, my going to be?"

Teacher: "The French say: 'I have ze pleasure of your acquaintance, and zese, zose, and zem,' while the Germans say, 'I have de pleasure of your acquaintance, and dese, dose, and dem.'"

Mr. R., in drawing, had given the class a talking to about using an eraser so much, and had called it "drawing with the eraser."
Pupil with thin sheet: "I'm not drawin' with the eraser. I'm rubbin' the drawin' out."

Teacher, explaining French lesson: "Look at your appendix, if you haven't lost it by operation."

Teacher, very solemnly: "The old Puritans thought that no one could laugh on Sunday without breaking the Sabbath all to 'smithereens.'"

The more dead you get, the less action there is!

Mr. B. knows a lot about ghosts.

Pupil translating:
"Alors Dieu envoya un troisieme avertissement—Then Heaven sent a third advertisement!"

Teacher: "Everybody bathes, or is supposed to."

Heard in algebra:

Teacher: "What is to be gained by that next step?"

Pupil: "The answer."

Teacher: "McLa-g-l-n, what is a quadruped?"

McLa-g-l-n: "An animal with four sides."

"The sexton of the village church stood in the porch pulling lustily at the door bell!"

Mark Twain said: "The intellectual German dives into the sea of conversation and comes up half an hour later with a verb in his mouth." Some of us are of the opinion that the Frenchman chops up his pronouns, adjectives, and verbs all together, and sprinkles the mixture through his writing.

Our Junior friends are getting very numerous in algebra.

Pupil in French: "Does *boulet* mean a bullet for a gun or a young bull?"

We never know what good singers we have until somebody gets into the "Frat."

1910.

Ca---ll, in physiology: "Do animals have brains?"

"Yes, even human animals."

In physiology: "Name two ball and socket joints."

"The shoulder," was the reply.

"Name another."

"The other shoulder."

Professor Abel will now do a few more stunts for the edification and amusement of the class.

Matt---s, how is your ear?

Mr. Hubbard was right when he said that the Freshman are the coming class. We don't know where we are going, but we are on our way, just the same.

When Sni---n and B--s get their silver hammers, let us hope they won't do any knocking.

The new game invented by Ca--e-l is "Ping Pool." It's a good one; but one of the teachers raided his pool-room last Friday.

What did you do to get that cold-sore, Ba--r?

Mr. G. thinks that the hearing of deaf people is very keen.

Se--s must eat "Quaker Oats" before he comes to school, for the first two hours he has a smile.

Teacher: "Give an assertive sentence."

J-k-s: "You are not aware of the salary I draw."

Teacher to D--e (whose mind has been wandering): "Give another."

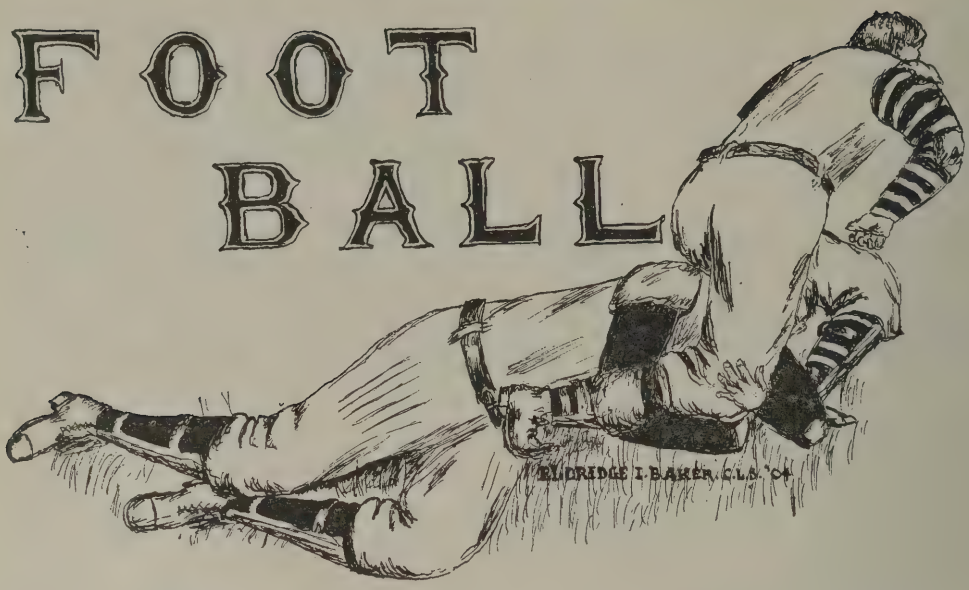
D--e: "J-k-s is an artist."

Now the annual sigh of relief is heard as we give up hygiene, and a groan as we start to enter the mysteries of bookkeeping.

Let Peary tell us of the Farthest North. B---es will tell of the Farthest West. "Yea, verily, go West, young man, go West."

We like Ru---n's college hat the best.

How many of the fellows can define a chair? One of IV G's brilliant members says it is a thing that can be used by two at the same time.



LATIN SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

The support accorded the football team at Waltham was excellent, but the interest of the school in the other games was almost a minus quantity. Let us give our hearty support to baseball, boating, track, and hockey, in an endeavor to make amends for our lack in football this fall.

Owing to disqualifications, on account of studies, we made a wretched showing in our league games. On November the eighth, a team supposed to represent the Latin School was beaten by Brookline by the score of 29-0.

Then, on November the seventeenth, we went to Gloucester and won our first game of the season by 4-0. Close kicked a goal from the field. These four points were the only ones made thus far this season.

On November the twenty-third, it was fifty-eight to nothing against us, instead of "23" for us. Again disqualifications weakened us, until it was a shame to call *these eleven men* a "team." Newton had the pleasure, and certainly took it, in making us look as cheap as possible.

W. H. S. 6. C. L. S. 0.

On Thanksgiving Day we played Waltham High School, at Waltham. Latin School had two special cars, and they both had a crowd aboard.

At 10 A. M. Waltham kicked off to Latin School. Immediately, Coon made eleven yards on a quarterback run, right through the center. By steady line plunges, mostly through right tackle, we got the ball on Waltham's fifteen-yard line, where we were penalized fifteen yards. During this advance, Harris figured in almost every play.

On their thirty yard line, Waltham gained the ball but was forced to punt. Again we began our march down the field, and again, on Waltham's twenty yard line, we were penalized. Waltham gained the ball, and, failing to make the distance, punted. From our fifty yard line, Close made a run of thirty yards around our left end. Penalties alone kept us from scoring three times in this half, and *here was our third one.* Waltham got the ball and rushed it to our two yard line, where we held. Close punted from behind to our sixteen yard line, where we were again penalized and the ball was placed on our one yard line, just as the whistle blew for the end of the first half.

SECOND HALF.

Waltham kicked off to us, and we advanced the ball, by steady line plunges, to their forty

yard line. Here, Close was injured, but continued playing. We lost the ball on downs, but Waltham, in turn, could not gain, and punted. Six times punts were exchanged: then, on their thirty-five yard line, Waltham tried a play through our line and, when the players were separated, it was found that Close had been hurt again, and he had to be carried from the field. This was a great loss to us, for Close had been our best ground gainer and many times had stopped end runs by his tackling. Mahler went into Close's place. On a punt, Leary broke loose, slipped through Mahler's fingers, and scored from his forty yard line. Mosher kicked the goal. Soon after the kick-off, Coon, who had been running the team with more snap and judgment than had been shown before this year, was hurt badly in the right leg. He played on, though scarcely able to walk. A little later, time was called, and the Waltham enthusiasts went home to enjoy their dinner, although they little expected to at the end of the first half.

Our whole team played well—so well, that they outplayed Waltham everywhere. Although beaten, the school is more than proud of the team. Harris' work, both on the defence and offence, was the best I have seen this year. Close and Volk gained ground almost every time called upon and the former's punts were so difficult to catch that Waltham fumbled almost all of them. Coon managed the team excellently. The line-up:

W. H. S.	C. L. S.
Allspach, l e	r e, Graustein
Graverson, l t	r t, Harris, Capt.
Frost, l g	r g, Maricle
Kilgore, c	c, Crawford
Drake (Webster) r g	l g, Goodale
Haron, r t	l t, Welch
Mosher, r e	l e, Douglass
Fraim (Parkinson) q b	q b, Coon
Teele, l h b	r h b, (Mahler) Close
Ashley (Leary) r h b	l h b, Reeves
Marsh, Capt., f b	f b, Volk

TRAINING SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

Rindge M. T. S., 6. Dorchester High, 5.

On Saturday, Nov. 17, at the Dunbar Avenue grounds, R. M. T. S. defeated Dorchester High School by the score of 6 to 5, in its second league game of the season. It was a fast, clean game of the new football, both teams playing at their best. Dorchester was exceptionally good on the forward pass, showing that they had been well coached in this branch. Their success with this play, however, may have been due to the clever scheme of having their ends wear white jerseys instead of red; thus the back-field could easily distinguish them when throwing the ball.

In the first half neither side could score, but Dorchester's goal was threatened the most, for at one time R. M. T. S. had the ball on Dorchester's three-yard line. At times it would seem that Riley, Dorchester's star halfback, would get away from our men by his brilliant end running, but "Eddie" Hogan always nailed him if by chance he passed the others. It was good to see R. M. T. S. get down under Griffin's punts, nailing the Dorchester man in his tracks, or falling on the ball if the punt was muffed.

The second half was even more exciting and faster than the first. Both teams were determined to score, and they went into the game with a vim that pleased the spectators. R. M. T. S. got the ball at about the middle of the field on a punt and carried it by good line plunging to Dorchester's twenty-five-yard line. Here Griffin attempted a drop kick, but the ball went low, and to one side. Quick as a flash, Watkins seized the ball and carried it over for a touchdown. Griffin kicked the goal. At this point Dorchester seemed to get into the game with a still bigger determination to score. By clever end runs and forward passes, which were worked off with surprising speed, Dorchester finally got the ball dangerously

near R. M. T. S.'s goal. Then Leonard, who was almost on R. M. T. S.'s goal line, caught a fine forward pass from Riley, and scored a touchdown. This was the prettiest play of the game. It showed what a ground gainer the forward pass is, with a good end and back field to work it. Riley failed to kick the goal, and thus the game was not tied. Shortly after this the half ended, with ball in about the middle of the field.

Griffin and Hogan played their usual strong game, while Watkins and Clavell showed up exceptionally well also. For Dorchester, Leonard, Riley and Hoernle played fast games. The summary:

R. M. T. S.	Dorchester H. S.
Gaw, l e	r e, Leonard
Griffin, l t	r t, Stone
Cremens, l g	r g, Fletcher
Jones, c	c, Carlson
Keays, r g	l g, Jackson
Warren, r t	l t, Knight
Clavell, r e	l e, Lambert
MacKenzie, q b	q b, Hoernle
Watkins, l h b	r h b, Fogg
James (Greene), r h b	l h b, Riley
Hogan, f b:	f b, (Burton) Campbell

Score: R. M. T. S., 6; Dorchester, 5. Touchdowns: Watkins, Leonard. Goal from touchdown, Griffin. Referee, Matthews of Harvard. Umpire, Gutterson of Williams. Linesmen: Sharkey of Rindge, and Abbot of Dorchester. Time, twenty-minute halves.

R. M. T. S., 2. Haverhill High School, 17.

On Wednesday, Nov. 21, R. M. T. S. went to Haverhill to play its last game in preparation for its final one on Thanksgiving Day with Somerville.

The showing was only a fair one, as our team was greatly outweighed.

Haverhill scored its three touchdowns on mainly long runs, our ends seeming to be unable to cope with their fast backs.

R. M. T. S. scored its two points on a safety. Griffin's attempt for a drop missed, and Kelley of Haverhill was thrown back over his own line upon catching the ball. The best work for R. M. T. S. was done by Keays and Warren, while Griffin punted well; for Haverhill, Kelley, Ross and Savage played well.

Haverhill H. S.	R. M. T. S.
Shaw (Leonard), l e	r e, J. Clavell (A. Clavell)
Parodi, l t	r t, Warren
Colby, l g	r g, Keays
Young (Mitchell), c	c, Jones
Adams (Bailey), r g	l g, Cremens
Lenox, r t	l t, Griffin
Gorman (Davis, Cote), r e	l e, Gaw
Kelley, q b	q b, MacKenzie
Ingham, l h	r h, James
Ross (Ryan), r h	l h, Watkins
Savage, f b	f b, Hogan

Score: Haverhill High School, 17; R. M. T. S., 2. Touchdowns made by Kelley; Ross, 2. Goals from touchdowns: Savage, 2; safety, Haverhill H. S. Referee, Page. Umpire, Kennedy Park, R. M. T. S., '06. Timer, Getchell. Time, 12 ten-minute halves.

R. M. T. S., 0. Somerville, 2.

On Thanksgiving Day R. M. T. S. played its annual game with its old-time rival, Somerville High and Latin. R. M. T. S. boys played a game which was a big surprise to those who had seen them play during the season. Their play was full of snap and determination; while on the other hand, Somerville played as though they had the game won at the beginning, until about the middle of the second half. Then they evidently realized what they were up against.

Much credit is due every man on the R. M. T. S. team for the showing they made.

Captain Keays of R. M. T. S. won the toss, and Bowlby kicked to MacKenzie, who ran the ball back ten yards to the twenty-yard

line. On the first line-up, R. M. T. S. got five yards for Somerville's offside play. MacKenzie tried a forward pass, but Sharry of Somerville got the ball. On the same play by Somerville, MacKenzie got the ball again. Griffin punted against the wind to his own forty-yard line. Somerville rushed to the twenty-yard line, where R. M. T. S. showed its strength by holding for downs. Griffin punted to Mixer, who was downed in his tracks.

In three tries Somerville failed to make ten yards, and R. M. T. S. again took the ball away from the heavy Somerville team. Griffin again kicked, and Somerville returned the kick. James' onside kick went to Somerville. The latter rushed the ball to the fifteen-yard line, where Christman got one of their forward passes, this being the nearest to R. M. T. S.'s goal that Somerville got throughout the game.

At this point R. M. T. S. was penalized five yards for offside play, and Griffin went back for a punt. Standing on the goal line, the kick was blocked, and Griffin fell on it, back of his own goal making a safety, at the same time scoring for Somerville the only points of the game.

After an exchange of punts, R. M. T. S. held Somerville for downs again. The first half ended soon after, with the ball on R. M. T. S.'s forty-five-yard line.

Griffin began the second half by kicking to Jarvis, who ran the ball back thirty yards. An attempted forward pass went to R. M. T. S. After one try, Griffin sent off a fine punt for fifty yards, and MacKenzie gathered it up on Somerville's five-yard line. Watkins made three and a half yards just outside of Griffin. On the next play, Hogan tried the centre, but R. M. T. S. was set back five yards for offside. With two tries left, Hogan made two yards. Griffin attempted a drop from the field, but he missed. R. M. T. S.'s best chance had gone.

Somerville punted to R. M. T. S. The latter rushed the ball for thirty-five yards on line plays without losing possession of it. At the twenty-five-yard line, however, Griffin was forced to try for another goal, which he missed. After getting the ball on downs a little later, Somerville rushed to R. M. T. S.'s twenty-five-yard line, where the ball was when the game ended.

For R. M. T. S., Keays, MacKenzie, Christman, and James played well, while Griffin's tackling was fine, as well as his punting. Watkins also played well.

For Somerville, Jarvis, Forge, and Ireland played well.

R. M. T. S.	Somerville.
Gaw, l e	r e, Forge
Griffin, l t	r t, Merrill
Cremens, l g	r g, Hoyt
Jones, c	c, Gustin
Keays, r g	l g, Russell
Warren (Schuyler), r t	l g, Fitzherbert
J. Clavell (Christman), r e	l t, Ireland
MacKenzie, q b	l e, Jarvis (Garland)
Watkins, l h b	q b, Mixer (Jarvis)
James (Green), r h b	l h b, McNeil (Henderson, McLaughlin)
	l h b, Sharry (Donavan)
Hogan, f b	f b, Bowlby

Score: R. M. T. S., 0; Somerville, 2. Safety, R. M. T. S. Referee, T. F. Murphy. Umpires: G. V. Brown and F. A. Page. Head linesman, Osthues. Linesmen: Leavitt of R. M. T. S., Hart of Somerville. Time, twenty-five-minute halves. Attendance, 6,000.

Rindge Manual Training School.

CATALOGUE 1906-07.

HEAD MASTER.

Charles H. Morse.....328 Harvard St.

HEAD ASSISTANT.

Myra I. Ellis.....13 Greenough Ave.

TEACHERS.

Arthur E. Brown.....185 Hancock St.
James F. Conlin.....85 Malden St.
David F. Edwards.....888 Mass. Ave.
Richard W. Gallagher.....1529 Cambridge St.
Frederick G. Getchell.....Wayland, Mass.
Evan W. Griffiths.....185 Hancock St.
Lewis D. Hill.....4 Trowbridge Pl.
William O. Hubbard.....11 Forest St.
James E. MacWhinnie.....332 Broadway
Edward R. Markham.....66 Dana St.
Helen W. Metcalf.....15 Maple St., Arlington
Joseph M. Norton.....19 Greenough Ave.
Millard F. Perry....14 E. Milton Road, Brookline
Charles H. Richert.....1611 Mass. Ave.
Walter M. Smith....27 Warner St., W. Somerville
Charles E. Stratton.....30 Linnæan St.
James G. Telfer.....38 Fairfield St.
Albert L. Ware.....24 Ellsworth Ave.
John W. Wood, Jr.....367 Harvard St.
Harry E. Rich.....Wayland, Mass.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN.

Myrta E. Smith.....18 White St.

ENGINEER.

George A. Lord.....432 Broadway

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford St.

JANITORS.

J. Joseph Corcoran.....31 Ash St.
John S. Southwick.....7 Hilliard Pl.

Number of Pupils, 462.

POST-GRADUATES, 1907.

Haynes, Paul.....22 Leonard Ave.
Sharkey, Thos. H.....111 Trowbridge St.

SPECIAL, 1907.

Gibson, Gardner S.....114 Foster St.
Ramsay, Charles M.....41A Irving St.
Ross, Harold.....12 Leonard Ave.
Wiley, Arthur M.....213 Brattle St.

COLLEGE I, 1907.

Allen, William E.....139 Lexington Ave.
Allison, Harold B. C.....2279 Mass. Ave.
Bates, Stacy C.....12 Hawthorne St.
Boyd, Fred S.....186 Washington St.
Boyd, Harry I.....186 Washington St.
Churchill, Fred R.....240 Franklin St.
Clavell, Antonio.....1586 Cambridge St.
Clavell, James S.....1586 Cambridge St.
Dunn, Walter D.....12 Jay St.
Emens, Frederic.....5 Sumner St.
Fitzgerald, J. Harold.....214 Chestnut St.
Fitzgerald, Raymond A.....1 Leonard Ave.
Glennon, Martin J.....167 Brookline St.
Harrington, Charles H.....109 Inman St.
Hayes, Frederick Albert.....46 Williams St.
Henderson, Warren S.....2439 Mass. Ave.
Hichborn, Herman E.....26 Mt. Vernon St.
Hugleman, John R.....1164 Cambridge St.

MacPherson, Maurice.....94 Prescott St.
Miles, Francis E.....9 Fayette St.
Nash, Russell K.....213 Harvard St.
Olsen, Walter J.....13 Tremont St.
Powell, John H.....13 Wilbur St.
Reynolds, Harry.....124 Austin St.
Richardson, Arthur B.....48 Highland Ave.
Smith, Henry H.....8 Bigelow St
Wardwell, Austin K.....465 Broadway
Wasson, Walter T.....5 Arnold Circle
Watkins, George H.....4 De Wolf Pl.
Wilson, Albert O.....302 Columbia St.

Number in College Division, 30.

GENERAL I, 1907.

Austin, Francis B.....102 Holworthy St.
Connolly, Stephen J.....1 Harvard Pl.
Dailey, James W. T.....144½ Spring St.
Davis, Ronald F.....2328 Mass. Ave.
Griffin, Joseph C.....6 Ashburton Pl.
Hogan, Edmund L., Jr.....30 Worcester St.
James, Frederick B.....26 Clinton St.
Mason, Harry.....100 River St.
McAuliffe, Edward F.....11 Hayes St.
Mullins, John J.....216 Upland Road
Murphy, James J.....21 Reed St.
O'Brien, Charles J.....127 Huron Ave.
Quinn, Leopold T.....62 Antrim St.
Ramsey, Charles E.....9 Oak St.
Raymond, George S.....51 Upland Road
Reid, Joseph M. ... .18 Kinnard St.
Scranton, Will T.....113 River St.
Shea, James J.....9 River St.
Walker, John S.....18 Cottage St.
Warren, Herbert H.....70 Dana St.
Welsh, Francis L.....29 Mt. Pleasant St.
White, Carl T.....42 Magee St.

Number in General Division, 22.
Total number in class, 58.
Number in College division, 44.
Number in General division, 50.
Total, 94.

CLASS OF 1908.

Allen, Charles James.....139 Lexington Ave.
Andrew, Paul Frederick.....35 Highland Ave.
Arey, Bertram Clark.....15 Leonard Ave.
Arey, Reuben.....15 Leonard Ave.
Banks, Carl T.....30 Wendell St.
Berg, John C.....83 Brookline St.
Berry, Clarence J.....7 Norris St.
Bolton, William Richard.....353 Brookline St.
Carman, Kenneth V.....175 Chestnut St.
Christman, George.....217 Harvard St.
Clausen, Holger.....273 Putnam Ave.
Clavell, George M.....1586 Cambridge St.
Cogswell, Russell A.....57 Portland St.
Coleman, David.....69 Chestnut St.
Connolly, John W.....47 Seventh St.
Corey, Harold.....Marie Ave.
Coughlan, Henry T.....30 York St.
Coulson, Herbert.....287 Huron Ave.
Cremens, John F.....130 Antrim St.
Cunningham, James M.....33 Washington Ave.
Cutting, H. C.....431 Putnam Ave.
Davis, John Clarence Adams.....2 Ashburton Pl.
Dean, Leland E.....8 Rockingham St.
Doherty, Philip A.....88 Foster St.
Douglass, Clifford C.....154 Brookline St.
Dunning, Hazard A.....346 Brookline St.
Easley, John L.....31 Union St.
Easton, Charles H.....253 Broadway
Edgerton, Gurdon I.....6 Rindge Terrace
Ekmark, Herbert E. W.....31 Park St.
Ells, Gordon W.....340 Franklin St.
Farrington, Clifford F.....50 Wendell St.
Fellows, Stephen H.....362 Harvard St.
Ferdinand, Harold W.....80 Columbia St.
Fitzmaurice, John F.....19 Lairmont St.
Frances, Arthur R.....31 Mt. Pleasant St.
Green, Archie D.....26 Mellon St.
Harding, Deane N.....43 Dana St.
Hazelton, Ralph W..3 Glengarry St. Winchester.
Hagarty, Henry S.....19 Sherman St.
Henry, Charles A.....24 Essex St.
Houllahan, Thomas J.....32 Suffolk St.
Hunnewell, William.....23 Milton St.
Jackman, Irving.....166 Chestnut St.
Jacobson, Edwin Carl.....135 Columbia St.
Johnson, Ernest W.....19 Centre St.
Kelley, George B.....10 Clinton St.
Kemp, Lysander Schaffer .....24 Haskell St.
Kempton, Edmund W.....41 Frank St.
Keshenopsky, Charles G.....158 Willow St.
Kimball, Guy H.....49 Austin St.
King, Cloyes.....55 Trowbridge St.
Lane, Rolland P.....37 Glen Road, Winchester
Leland, Clarence E.....10 Florence St.
Linton, James N.....199 Franklin St.
Lester, Loring L.....392 Windsor St.
Lynes, Cedric T.....65 Forest St.
MacDonald, James A.....509 Green St.
MacKenzie, Kenneth J.....30 Eustis St.
McAuliffe, William J.....45 Sargent St.
McDonald, John Cabot.....38½ Baldwin St.
Mora, Thomas F.....73A Dana St.

Mosher, Clarence.....402 Putnam Ave.
Mullen, Raymond.....Oakley Road, Belmont
Nagle, Francis S.....8 Howard St.
O'Brien, Henry C. .....10 Howland St.
O'Brien, Walter.....10 Howland St.
Perry, Carl C.....511 Putnam Ave.
Peterson, John T.....121 Magazine St.
Plummer, Charles C.....465 Putnam Ave.
Quinn, William F.....134 Pine St.
Ramsey, Francis W.....9 Oak St.
Reilly, Arthur W.....22 Beaver St.
Robinson, Hilman.....27 Dana St.
Roff, Roy T.....263 Elm St.
Sandler, William.....909 Cambridge St.
Schoenfeld, Abraham.....124 Berkshire St.
Sennott, Edward J.....348 Winsor St.
Shaw, Frederic J.....36 Ash St.
Simpson, Louis H.....17 Perry St.
Skilton, Raymond N.....15 Linnæan St.
Smith, Frederick C.....196 Hamilton St.
Stone, Frederic R.....972 Mass. Ave.
Strong, Orvis R.....Hancock St.
Sullivan, Herbert.....456 Broadway
Thompson, Ernest H.....49 Oxford St.
Tracey, Charles A.....132 Sherman St.
True, Augustus S.....63 Highland Ave.
Tufts, Harold R. G.....6 Holyoke Pl.
Wait, Frank H.....168 Spring St.
Weber, George J.....90 Concord Ave.
Willis, Charles M.....9 Vincent St.
Wiseman, Robert J.....4 Gore St.
Wright, Harold H.....92 Hancock St.

CLASS III, 1909.

Aitchison, John P.....41 Winthrop St.
Bates, Albert P.....395 Washington St.
Baumeister, Frederick A.....57 Crescent St.
Beane, Norman P.....8 Prescott St.
Beetle, Leslie V.....70 Lexington St., Waverley
Bell, Oliver P.....13 Grant St.
Belluche, Elmer W.....197 Green St.
Berry, Karl M.....7 Norris St.
Bool, Samuel H.....2 Lamson Pl.
Brown, Aloyd D.....338 Columbia St.
Burrage, Charles W.....7 Trowbridge Pl.
Carlson, Frost.....357 Harvard St.
Carrington, Clement B.....330 Columbia St.
Clark, Thomas A.....649 Green St.
Connell, Albert.....1033 Mass. Ave.
Cook, Herbert A.....72 Elm St.
Coolidge, Howard A.....75 River St.
Corley, Bernard E.....205 Portland St.
Culhane, Thomas.....28 Mellen St.
Cullity, William J.....541 Cambridge St.
Davison, John H. H.....15 Murdock St.
Dee, John E.....94 Hammond St.
De Laurier, Arthur A.....44 Lopez St.
Dennett, George F.....18 Springfield St.
Dillingham, Philip H.....94 Richdale Ave.
Eagan, Teddy.....149 Putnam Ave.
Elliott, George R.....421 Huron Ave.
Elliot, James.....41 Jackson St.
Fabian, Frederick E.....50 Walden St.
Fairbank, John W.....98 Putnam Ave.
Farwell, Henry H.....2236 Mass. Ave.
Fowle, Donald A.....628 Main St., Woburn
Fuller, Ernest L.....52 Lee St.
Galvin, John F.....4 Walson St.
Gaughan, John J.....17 Sparks St.
Gaw, Albert J.....40 Fairmont St.
Girard, Leon F.....41 Creighton St.
Glidden, Henry O.....14A Sacramento St.
Gould, Charles T.....33 Tufts St.
de Gozzoldi, Richard S.....96 Brattle St.
Grant, Ernest E.....33 Fayette St.
Green, Herbert.....7 Lamson Pl.
Green, John F.....30 Market St.
Hagopian, Saterack.....20 Marcella St.
Haverty, Frederick V.....91½ Inman St.
Hayes, John J.....95 Howard St.
Hayman, Charles E.....18 Laurel St.
Hazel, Francis P.....151 Washington St.
Herlihy, William P.....6 Healy St.
Hezlitt, Edward H.....50 Cottage St.
Hillery, Thomas A.....58 Eustis St.
Hirshon, Abraham A.....744 Cambridge St.
Hogan, Clarence R.....30 Worcester St.
Horgan, Joseph.....24 Marion St.
Hunt, James F, Jr.....191 Mt. Auburn St.
Hyland, Edward J.....54 Banks St.
Ireland, Allen G.....77 Austin St.
James, Harold K.....26 Clinton St.
Jeffery, Gordon B.....31 Tremont St.
Johnsen, Arthur W.....245 River St.
Keays, Percival H.....6 Ash St.
Kee, George F.....155 Allston St.
Kirby, Eugene F.....602 Franklin St.
Kronenberg, Justin F.....18 Rindge Ave.
Laffey, William T.....26 Holmes St.
Laing, Harold A.....159 Magazine St.
Leighton, Joseph C.....20 Jay St.
Leland, Edmund H.....10 Florence St.
Lerman, Paul.....1306 Cambridge St.
Lindberg, Axel A.....1 Coolidge Pl.
Lindsay, George W.....72 School St.
Long, Albert E.....156 Elm St.
Lovell, Ward C.....2 Arlington St.
MacKenzie, John M.....6 Chester St.

MacSwain, Edgerly C.....179 Chestnut St.
Malcolm, David J.....76 Crescent Ave.
Mannix, Frederick C.....196 Appleton St.
Marden, Leslie.....31 Cambridge Terrace
McCarty, John F.....133 Cushing St.
McDonald, George R.....38½ Baldwin St.
McKeever, Joseph E.....8 Camelia Ave.
McLaughlin, Robert J.....428 Broadway
Metivier, Wilfred J.....268 Walden St.
Morrell, Elmo S.....45 Regent St.
Morse, William A.....16½ Grant St.
Mullins, James J., Jr.....216 Upland Road
Mullins, Thomas H.....216 Upland Road
Nice, Everett W.....279 Pearl St.
O'Brien, James E.....249 Huron Ave.
O'Connell, Arthur.....100 Spring St.
O'Neil, Joseph H.....4 Union St.
Packard, Roland E.....5 Perry St.
Pasho, Leon R.....84 Wendell St.
Patterson, Albert D.....113 Antrim St.
Patriquin, Carl W.....460 Putnam Ave.
Percival, Ralph C.....140 Magazine St.
Piccolo, John.....19 Hancock St., Medford
Pidgeon, Edwin F.....237 Columbia St.
Plummer, Gordon L.....465 Putnam Ave.
Porter, William H.....46 Jay St.
Proctor, Percy M.....138 Elm St.
Ralph, Thomas J.....92 Pleasant St.
Reardon, William H., Jr.....195 Erie St.
Ricker, Leroy S.....58 Sacramento St.
Roach, James F.....43 Mt. Auburn St.
Robinson, Edgar F.....92 Inman St.
Rose, H. Leo, Jr.....244 Prospect St.
Row, Arthur T.....96 Prescott St.
Ryan, William A.....13 Ninth St.
Sandler, Maurice.....740 Cambridge St.
Savage, Sidney F.....54 Jay St.
Scanlan, John F.....7 Appleton Terrace
Schuyler, Raymond G.....572 Franklin St.
Shea, Cornelius J.....622 Green St.
Shepard, Ashley L.....3 Exeter Park
Smith, Arthur V.....8 Centre St.
Smith, James R.....40 Pemberton St.
Snelson, Floyd G.....50 Portland St.
Snowdon, Arthur B.....891 Mass. Ave.
Spencer, Alvan G.....58 Fayette St.
Sprague, Herbert W.....347 Winsor St.
Stone, Allan D.....133 Bellevue Ave., Melrose
Story, Edwin F.....25 Regent St.
Stromvall, Ernest M.....1 Coolidge Pl.
Stryker, Henry B.....28 Tremont St.
Sullivan, Francis J.....456 Broadway
Teakles, Carl V.....121 Mt. Auburn St.
Thurston, Raymond P.....16 Trowbridge St.
Towle, Herbert C.....257 Pearl St.
Tupper, Frank M.....149 Auburn St.
Union, Fred C.....14 Fairmont Ave.
Wall, Charles A.....37 Jefferson St.
Walker, Thomas J.....100 Berkshire St.
Ward, John F.....190 Sherman St.
Waugh, Elmer C.....170 Magazine St.
Webster, James R.....4 St. Paul St.
Wessman, Gustaf A. E.....96 Berkshire St.
Whitmore, Herbert F.....23 Glenwood Ave.
Willard, Winn.....43 Martin St.
Wilson, William W.....207 River St.
Wood, Francis A.....66 Wendell St.

Total, 142.

CLASS IV, 1910.

Abel, William G.....6 Hurlbut St.
Andrew, Kenneth E.....35 Highland Ave.
Armstrong, Herbert E.....276 Winsor St.
Babson, Dudley.....8 Hurlbut St.
Baker, Theodore C.....112 Lake View Ave.
Ball, Robert E.....12 State St.
Barry, John D.....2 Hampshire St.
Bass, Robert H.....8 Florence St.
Battiste, Proctor H.....18 Hews St.
Biggane, William F.....80 Kinnaird St.
Borges, Matheus B.....17 Hardwick St.
Bosfield, George C.....5 Gordon Pl.
Brown, Lester B.....41 Cottage St.
Bruce, Arthur O.....40 York St.
Bullock, James F.....61 Market St.
Burns, David C.....298 Brookline St.
Cahill, Charles H.....41 Inman St.
Caldwell, Albert B.....83 Orchard St.
Caldwell, Henry B.....8 Davenport St.
Carroll, Richard F.....54 Putnam Ave.
Castillo, Lloyd G.....324 Franklin St.
Caution, Lewis B.....59 Museum St.
Close, John A.....14 Bigelow St.
Cole, Clarence A.....278 Green St.
Connell, William J.....133 Webster Ave.
Copp, John I.....23 Inman St.
Corr, Charles J.....18 Maynard St.
Curry, James E.....60 Sixth St.
Deshler, Herman A.....601 Main St.
Donahue, William F.....3 Willard St.
Donovan, Joseph A.....15 Appleton St.
Dorr, Herman J.....51 Pine St.
Dowd, Fred J.....33 Ash St.
Eddy, Philip M.....33 Trowbridge St.
Egan, George C.....51 Ellery St.
Eisner, Abram.....721 Main St.
Ela, Robert B.....502 Green St.
Finucane, Thomas W.....240 Walden St.

Fitzgerald, James E.....227 Pine St.
Fitz Maurice, Thomas J.....608 Green St.
Floyd, Richard P.....30 Bank St.
Flynn, Peter E.....25 Magnolia St.
Fogerty, James L.....30 Carver St.
Follansbee, George W.....18 Eustia St.
Foss, Albion F.....276 Pearl St.
Fram, Samuel.....2 Brattle Sq.
Fritz, John.....12 Douglas St.
Frost, Irving F.....227 Franklin St.
Gatley, Philip S.....27 Myrtle Ave.
Gatley, William E.....27 Myrtle Ave.
Glendon, Thomas H.....61 Gore St.
Gordon, Robert B. F.....19 Park Road, Everett
Hackett, Lawrence H.....17 Summer St.
Hadley, Harold E.....37 Highland Ave.
Higgins, Joseph.....70 Prospect St.
Himeon, Harold T.....24 Pearl St.
Howard, Ralph A.....20 Hubbard Ave.
Hubbard, John W.....14B Sacramento St.
Hubbard, George T.....14B Sacramento St.
Hunt, Balfour S.....184 River St.
Hurley, Timothy F.....26 Eustis St.
Hurter, Charles C.....25 Highland Ave.
Husband, William P., Jr.....15 Mellen St.
Jacobson, David E.....32 Moore St.
James, Arthur L.....25 Washburn St.
Jefferson, Joseph J.....8 South St.
Jefferson, William V.....98 Winthrop St.
Jones, Edwin A.....133 Park St., Newton
Kalunian, Kasekin.....202 Otis St.
Kane, Harold S.....3 Greenough Ave.
Keating, Francis P.....34 Pearl St.
Kelley, John J.....37 Willard St.
Kelly, Thomas J.....17 South St.
Kelly, William F.....17 South St.
Kempton, Roy S.....41 Frank St.
Lahiff, Thomas J.....261½ Portland St.
Landers, Raymond L.....1367 Cambridge St.
Leary, Francis J.....21 Sparks St.
Lowe, Oscar C.....178 Western Ave.
MacDonald, Kenneth A.....42 Creighton St.
MacWilliams, Robert E.....2 Westcott Ct.
Mahoney, Dennis F.....6 Plymouth St.
Mahoney, Patrick F.....111 Banks St.
Mahoney, Timothy J.....30 Eighth St.
Matthews, Royal R.....196 Pearl St.
Mayo, Dana H.....26 Dyer Ave., Everett
McBride, Constantine J.....11 Donnell St.
McBride, John P.....132 Garden St.
McCaffrey, Thomas J.....1160 Mass. Ave.
McCarthy, Arthur F.....30 Mead St.
McCarthy, Dennis F.....110 Gore St.
McCauley, Mark F.....46 Kinnaird St.
McDermott, James I. J.....11 Dodge St.
McLean, Thomas J.....430 Broadway
McNair, Franklin W.....7 Line St.
McMenimen, Robert A.....1578 Cambridge St.
Menton, Patrick A.....76 Plympton St.
Moore, Ernest A.....16 Whitney Ave.
Moore, Robert C.....3 Tremont St.
Moore, William J.....4 Fallon Pl.
Moynahan, Philip O.....42 Dana St.
Nash, Forrest S.....213 Harvard St.
Neill, Warren C.....51 Belmont St.
Nelligan, Henry P.....413 Washington St.
Nellson, Ralph A.....48 Third St.
Nichols, Robert L.....55 Howard St.
O'Brien, Eugene J.....9 Berkshire St.
O'Brien, Joseph G.....127 Huron Ave.
O'Connor, Henry M.....30 Grant St.
O'Connor, William P.....193 Rindge Ave.
Oesting, Henry F., Jr.....528 Mass. Ave.
Pajonczeck, George H.....85 Oxford Ave.
Parker, Raymond D.....98 Hancock St.
Peak, Howard F., Jr.....54 Hammond St.
Pendergast, Charles F.....27 Holworthy St.
Perry, Harold W.....70 Glenwood Ave.
Petit, John B.....368 Rindge Ave.
Poirier, Adelard.....124 Sherman St.
Poirier, Francis L.....122 Rindge Ave.
Polak, Mark.....120 Pleasant St.
Porteus, Richard M.....14 Carlisle St.
Potter, Judson.....3 Fayette St.
Putney, Lester C.....9 Haskell St.
Ranger, Leon B.....218 Chestnut St.
Raymond, Chester B.....89 Mass. Ave.
Raymond, Thomas E.....84 Ellery St.
Reagan, Joseph A.....444 Winsor St.
Reardon, Frederick J.....195 Erie St.
Reeves, James F.....1 Carlisle St.
Rice, Virgil A.....159 Lake View Ave.
Ridley, Mackie T.....17 Murdock St.
Roberts, Edward A.....60 Pleasant St.
Rockwood, Albian R.....8 Avon St.
Rose, Walter L.....131 Cushing St.
Rowe, Henry F.....34 River St.
Ruhman, Arthur J.....586 Putnam Ave.
Ryan, William B.....44 Bigelow St.
Scorgie, Alexander L.....3 Gibson St.
Scully, Frank P.....973 Mass. Ave.
Seils, Carl H. F.....24 Leonard Ave.
Severance, Leon M.....52 Chestnut St.
Shanks, Clarence.....27 Hastings St.
Shepard, Eliot B.....20 Clark Road, Brookline
Shine, John J.....25 Sherman St.
Sibley, Roy R.....33 Rockingham St.
Stearns, Raymond H.....167 Upland Road
Stingel, George L.....137 Thorndike St.
Sullivan, Edward J.....662 Cambridge St.
Sweeney, Joseph A.....7 Warren St.
Swett, Blaine.....8 Beach St.

Taylor, James C.....6 Cogswell Pl.
Tenney, Frank D.....3 Yorktown Ct.
Thompson, James C.....9 Gerry St.
Tolar, Thomas N.....30 Rindge Ave.
Toohy, John P.....14 Otter St.
Trenholm, John D.....14 Tufts St.
Turnhill, Herbert M.....15 Salem St.
Wallace, Joseph J.....131 Garden St.
Ward, Alonzo J.....236 Prospect St.
Ware, Albert L., Jr., 15 Cliff St., Arlington Heights
Waterson, Herbert B.....39 Walden St.
Weeks, Harold E.....47 Belmont St.
Wennerlöf, Wilhelm.....75 River St.
White, Harry F.....61 Crescent St.
White, James R.....42 Magee St.
Wilkins, Arthur G.....39 Bartlett Ave.
Williams, Oscar.....41 Essex St.
Wood, Harry R.....86 Wendell St.

168 pupils.

FUN.

An authoress desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other irons in the fire, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then," said the doctor, after turning over a few of the leaves, "I advise you, madam, to put it where your other irons are."

Willie: "What do they mean by teaching the young idea how to shoot?"

Bobbie: "Triggernometry, I s'pose."

A druggist has a hard time. One of them received in one day these two notes:

"I have a cute pane in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

"My baby has eat up its father's paris plaster. Send an anecdote quick by the enclosed little girl."

Student: "There must be some mistake in the marking of my examination. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Teacher: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

YOUR SPARE TIME.

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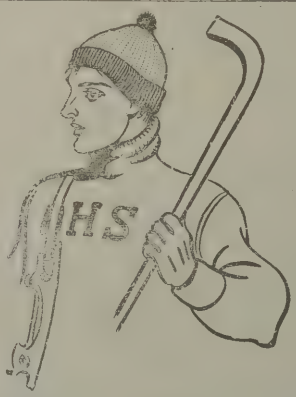

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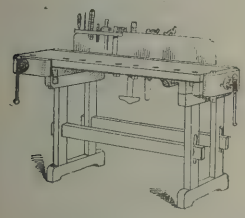

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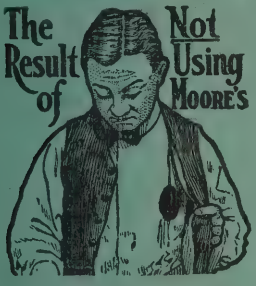

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V. LXI

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N. IV

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...her learns that "rooting" is ...s football from chaos. About ...s ago he discussed the mechanic... ...g at college games and a master ... the great preparatory schools ...paragraph to his class in Eng... ...ng them to write on the sub... ...aster sends us three compositions ...ten in the classroom as soon ...bject was announced and with... ...for reflection or correction. It ...dmitted that besides using clear ...rous English the schoolboys ...ued the matter cogently. The ...a subject which really interest... ...he master thinks is the cause of ...ellence and ... The three papers ...inious in favor of "organized ..." Leaving out some "kiddish" ...those who do not like it—which ...all original, and singularly short ...ark even as invective—the gen... ...of the argument in all three of ...rs is that the college yell keeps ...rs mindful that they are work... ...for the particular game or for ...l fame, but for the general ...alma mater. "This is the one ... desired spirit on the football ...hen the pigskin is nearing a ... it is then that your men need ...ng from their college mates, it ...at this thrill for the fray should ...ed in their limbs. This is as ... on the offence as on the de... ...at is not the time to sit around ... of Egyptian mummies and clap ...s like a baby which is pleased ...ew plaything. The organized ...f the games makes the contest ...attle between two colleges ...or a fight for supremacy be... ...e teams of eleven men each." ...th Sts writers declares that "or... ...g keeps the fellows from ... wrong time and prevents ...hong them from showing ...m by yelling at their op... ...y." The third one argues ...rganized cheering is care... ...s and timed so as not to ...he progress of the game ...e signals being heard. ...o desire to cheer widely ...heering spectators could ...houts of others, nor could ...asily reach the would-be ...iscriminate cheering and ...ould result."

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THE
CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI No. 4

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, January, 1907

EDITORIALS.

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of Mr. Morse's resignation from the principalship of the Manual Training School. He has occupied this position since 1895, and under his management the school has grown until it is now one of the largest and finest in the country. Mr. Morse is leaving the Training School to become secretary of an important state commission, established some time ago by the legislature, at the suggestion of Governor Douglas. The object of the commission is to investigate the conditions in the state industrial schools already established in various parts of Massachusetts, and take charge of extending the work if it is thought advisable. A large amount of the actual work of the commission will now devolve upon the secretary. This is a work for which Mr. Morse is well fitted, on account of his long connection with Rindge Manual Training School and his great success in his work here.

We shall miss Mr. Morse greatly. His greatest work has been with the boys themselves,—greater, perhaps, than most of them realize. We think it right that we should try to express to Mr. Morse something of the gratitude we feel for what he has done for us. Both towards the REVIEW and towards the editor personally, he has always been kind and sympathetic, and he has helped us in innumerable ways. We hope that his new work may prove congenial, and that he may accomplish a great deal in it.

Mr. Wood, of the Training School, has written us an article about Mr. Morse and his work, and we print it in this issue. Mr. Wood is very well qualified for this task, as he has been a teacher under Mr. Morse for a number of years, and has been very intimately connected with him. We want to tell Mr. Wood here how deeply we appreciate his kindness in taking time to write for us when he is as busy as he is now.

Sept. 1, 1906, marked, as we said in our October number, the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Bradbury's connection with the schools of Cambridge. In commemoration of this event, a committee of citizens, of which Mayor Thurston was chairman, tendered to Mr. Bradbury a reception on the evening of Jan. 3, 1907. The city was presented with a portrait of Mr. Bradbury, to be hung in the hall of the Latin School. The portrait was the gift of many persons who have known Mr. Bradbury. A detailed account of the reception is printed on another page.

A few weeks ago the Hill memorial pictures were placed in the hall of the English High School. When the memorial fund was started, the plan was to present merely a large painting of Mr. Hill himself; but the money was so much over-subscribed, that it was thought best to add another picture. Accord-

ingly, a large photogravure of the Capitol at Washington was purchased and given in addition to the painting.

For the benefit of some in the lower classes, we will say that Mr. Frank A. Hill was a greatly esteemed and respected principal of the English High School. He was chosen when the Latin and High schools separated, and finally resigned to become secretary of the State Board of Education. He died recently. A full account of his life may be found in the REVIEW for a few years ago.

Two months ago we printed a copy of the eligibility rules as originally drafted by Mr. Joseph E. Sharkey. The rules have since been revised, and we publish in this number a copy. The changes introduced are important, though not numerous. The requirement in regard to standing in studies is now the same as that of the interscholastic and preparatory leagues; that is, a mark below fifty per cent, or two below sixty, will disqualify for any athletic team representing the school. A graduate treasurer may still have charge of the funds of the Athletic Association, instead of a teacher; and the advisory committee at the Latin School remains in existence, though principally as an advisory body, and always subject to the approval of the school committee.

Possibly some members of the entering classes are unaware of the fact that work for the REVIEW must be original. Already we have received one or two articles which had been copied from other magazines. This is a thing which must be treated seriously, for it is a serious thing. It might place us in a most embarrassing position, or worse; for we might inadvertently print a copyrighted article or story. It involves theft in taking another's work, and grave deception in passing it off as one's own. The editor does his best to guard against anything of the kind, but he cannot read all magazines, and might very well be deceived. We trust that this explanation and warning will be sufficient, and that we shall not be compelled to say anything further on the subject.

A short time ago a pupil in one of the schools said: "I never knew that there was any money in getting advertisements for the REVIEW." That is what we thought. Possibly ten per cent of the pupils who see the REVIEW understand that they can make considerable money for themselves through it. The commission is liberal,—twenty per cent,—and it mounts up when several advertisements are secured. There are some firms who would advertise for you when they would not for almost any one else. Your grocer or provision dealer would probably be willing to do it for you. If you think you would like to try it, see the business manager or one of his assistants, and he will tell you all about prices, etc.

Even as early as this, while the year is still new, we are considering the matter of a successor. There are many things to be taken into consideration, and it is none too soon. The chief qualifications for the editor are command of English and a certain amount of executive ability; for the business manager, energy and ability to get advertisements. The candidates for the latter position should, of course, secure as many advertisements as possible, to show something of what they can do; from candidates for editor, we are always glad to receive stories or contributions of any kind. It would be a good idea to send in model editorials on happenings about school, to show the author's judgment and skill in handling material.

We learn that Miss Myra J. Ellis has been appointed, temporarily, to fill Mr. Morse's place. We heartily congratulate both Miss Ellis and the school.

Charles H. Morse.

JOHN W. WOOD, JR.

The school system of the city of Cambridge has just suffered a great loss in the resignation of Mr. Charles H. Morse, principal of the Rindge Manual Training School. The state, however, has been the gainer in that it has secured a man of exactly the right qualifications for perhaps the most important educational position in the commonwealth. Mr. Morse has been principal of the Rindge School since the death of Harry Ellis, in 1895. At the time of his appointment the school was being supported by Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, and was under the direction of a supervising committee appointed by him. The academic work of the Rindge School was carried on partly in the High School building and partly by teachers who spent their whole time in the Rindge School, but were appointed by the city of Cambridge and were under the supervision of the principal of the English High School. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Morse that a separation of the two schools was effected in 1898, when Mr. Rindge presented the school to the city of Cambridge. The wisdom of the creation of the Manual Training School as a separate entity became at once apparent. The membership of the school increased by leaps and bounds. Beginning, in 1898, with a membership of about 180 pupils, in eight years its enrollment has increased to nearly 500. A teaching corps for the academic department was gradually organized and perfected, the course of study strengthened and enriched, until to-day, in morale, in the quality of the teaching staff, and in the effectiveness of its work, it compares well with the other high schools of the state.

During the years in which he has been connected with the school, Mr. Morse has developed a tremendous power in influencing the minds and judgments of the persons with whom he has come in contact. His fine presence, keen brain and magnetic personality have given him a unique place in the community.

The work to which he has been called provides a broader field of usefulness, in which the remarkable abilities of the man will find full scope and development. Prof. Paul H. Hanus of Harvard is chairman of the Commission on Industrial Education, which has chosen Mr. Morse for the position of secretary. The members of this commission were appointed by the governor of Massachusetts for the purpose of organizing an adequate system of education for the rank and file of our industrial army. The duty of making this movement effective by co-operating with those persons in the various towns and cities of the state who are willing and anxious to create and maintain trade schools, will devolve largely upon Mr. Morse, as secretary of the commission. That the result of the commission's efforts will be profoundly to modify and strengthen practical education in Massachusetts, is unquestioned. Its effect will be primarily to improve the financial, mental and moral conditions of our wage-earners. It will, in addition, benefit the manufacturing interests of the state. There is danger that Massachusetts, because of its lack of natural resources, will lose its leadership in industrial enterprises. But it is confidently believed that by the establishment of trade schools the competition of more famed localities may be successfully met in those lines where the skill and intelligence of the workman is most important.

The calling of two Cambridge men to leading positions in such an important educational movement as this is at once a personal compliment to the men, and a compliment to the city. It is interesting to note how the development of individuals having at heart a feeling of responsibility to their profession and to their fellow-men glorifies and uplifts the community in which they live.

That Mr. Morse has the hearty good wishes and the confidence of our community in his ultimate brilliant success, is attested by all who know him.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Deaths.

1851.

Jonas Minot Bailey, A.B. (Wesleyan) at Vanceboro, Me., March 11, 1878.

1868.

Edward Child Sherbourne, A.B., at Cambridge, Mass., November 5, 1906.

1877.

Edmund Boynton Bowers, at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1898.

1882.

Joseph Bluxorne Chadbourne, at Wilmington, N. C., October 24, 1903.

Marriages.

1892.

George Willis Creelman to Helen Louise Douglas, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, December 27, 1906.

1899.

Parker Endicott Marean to Clara Sortwell, at Cambridge, Mass., December 31, 1906.

Notes.

1880.

Justus Freeland Soule is Professor of Greek and Latin at the Wyoming State University, Laramie, Wyoming.

1902.

Camille Florence Wheeler received the degree of A.B. from Boston University in December and is now teacher of Latin in the Mt. Hermon, Mass., Moody School.

The engagement is announced of Gladys M. Blunt of Livermore Falls, Me., to Augustus Ingham Bicknell.

1905.

The engagement is announced of Mary Ednah Murray to Charles Adams Gove.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Deaths.

1852.

Caroline Rebecca Wyman (Mrs. Ruel H. Fletcher) at Cambridge, Mass., July 10, 1906.

1853.

Mary Snow Thayer, at Cambridge, Mass., October 6, 1906.

Marriages.

1885.

Dr. Patrick Francis Kelleher to Margaret Linehan, at Cambridge, Mass., October 3, 1906.

1889.

David Chauncey Proudfoot to Georgia E. Martin, at Cambridge, Mass., January 1, 1907.

1891.

Charles Myrick Eveleth to Katherine Chamberlain, at Cambridge, Mass., September 26, 1906.

1892.

Charles Stouffer Given to Winnie Purdy, at Cambridge, Mass., November, 1906.

1897.

Elsie Foster Davey to Olmore Clinton Francis, at Cambridge, Mass., October 7, 1906.

1902.

Ruth Isabelle McNaughton to Herbert Emmons Raymond, at Cambridge, Mass., September 26, 1906.

1902.

Alice May Shaw to Harry Williams Farquhar, at Cambridge, Mass., September 18, 1906.

1904.

Ethel Alberta Rice to Arthur Wyman Shaw, at Albany, N. Y., July 16, 1906.

Notes.

1899.

Alice Carter Persons is instructor of music in the Berlin, N. H., public schools.

1900.

Arthur Tyler Derry has entered the Lawrence Scientific School and is taking the course in Electrical Engineering.

Two Chaps in a Dory.

A. W. L., C. L. S., '07.

"Hi, there! What are you doing now, Jack? There's no use in tacking. Let's keep on toward Cape Ann."

"Well, I thought we might possibly work our way back to shore, but it seems to me you're about right this time."

We tacked again, trying to keep as near the coast of Plum Island as we could, but every moment we drifted farther and farther out to sea, hurried along by the fierce current of the Merrimac River.

Early that morning, Jack and I, keen for adventure, had started out from our camp on Ipswich Bluff to sail round Plum Island. We had planned this expedition some time before, but, until this day, had not found conditions suitable for it. In this we were very careful, since we had already learned by practical experience that our noble craft (a large dory fitted with a sprit-sail) could not sail without the aid of a very good breeze, against the strong currents that exist between Plum Island and the mainland. These currents are caused by the ocean tide, which rushes into the narrow creeks and inlets behind the island. For this reason, we were fortunate, we thought, in having a tide flood, to carry us to Sandy Beach, where the current from the south of the island meets that from the north; ebb to carry us out round the northern end, and, as we calculated, flood to carry us in again at the other. Besides this, the wind was from the west—just right for us to sail either northward or southward.

Everything went beautifully during the first part of the day, but when we had gained the open sea, we found to our dismay that the current was far stronger than we had expected, for as we remembered—alas! too late—this was the mouth of the Merrimac River.

Although we had a pair of oars, we found these useless, for the utmost we could do was

to keep the boat stationary. To increase our discomfiture, we noticed that the breeze had shifted nearly south, thus preventing our sailing directly down the coast; nor could we tack against the wind on account of the current; and, lastly, could not even get back to shore.

While in this predicament we were not overjoyed when Jack noticed that a storm was fast approaching. Even when we first saw it, shreds of murky clouds were speeding over our heads. Soon the more distant hills were veiled from view by an impenetrable wall of rain.

As Jack brought the boat into the wind, I sprang forward to take down the sail, but not quite soon enough. With a roar the gale was upon us. The thwart in which the mast was stepped gave way with the strain, and the mast fell with a crash, knocking me down into the boat and narrowly missing Jack who was at the tiller. Quickly disentangling myself from the sail, I crept into the bow and dropped the anchor.

All this happened in a few seconds, yet already the seething waters, lashed to fury by the gale, were springing heavenward as if to mingle in air with the torrents from above. Incessantly the lightning darted through the heavy clouds, answered by crash upon crash of thunder. Buckets of brine poured in over the side. Every minute we thought must be our last. But suddenly, with a parting shriek, the squall was gone, leaving us panting for breath and trembling with cold and fear.

As soon as we collected our senses we hastened to bail out the boat, which seemed on the point of sinking. While we were busy about this I happened to glance shoreward.

"Great heavens!" I shouted, "Look where the land is now!"

"Evidently the anchor didn't catch," Jack calmly replied.

"Man alive! because we've just escaped drowning you needn't think we're safely tucked in our cradles!"

"That's so! I didn't remember that blasted old mast," said Jack, becoming excited in his turn.

"And all we've got is a can of cold beans and half a dozen raw potatoes!"

As if paralyzed, we sat helplessly gazing at each other, for having been delivered from death in one form it seemed as if we were now doomed to meet it in another, since there was slight chance of our being seen from land.

"Well," said Jack, with a groan, "I suppose we may as well clear up the rubbish. We can still try to row over to Cape Ann."

We straightway cleared up "the rubbish," rolled the sail around the mast, and then—oh, horror! !—*one of the oars was broken! ! !*

"I say, you fellows, don't you want some help?" sounded a cheery voice over the water. Next moment we were speeding through the waves in tow of the powerful little motor-boat, "Abeona." "Speeding," did I say? It took us just three times as long to get back against that veritable mill-race to a safe anchorage behind the island as it had to drift out.

When we got there at last, the men, who turned out to be life-guardsmen, took us up to the life-saving station and gave us food and dry clothes.

At five o'clock, we started out with a new pair of oars to row up with the tide to Sandy Beach. Here we had to wait, half-frozen by the cold, bleak wind blowing over the salt marshes, till about one o'clock in the morning. At four o'clock, after a dreary, tedious row against a strong head wind and a heavy surf, we arrived at our camp, cold and exhausted, but safe!

A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the piano-forte in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turned to the philosopher and took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music.

"No, madam," replied the doctor; "but of all noises, I consider music the least disagreeable."

A bishop, congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a fine air.

"Yes, my lord," he replied, "I should think so, too, if I could live on it as well as in it."

A doctor's motto: "Patients and long suffering."

"I believe you are right," said an old gentleman, "as far as the abstract is concerned, but—"

Just then he slipped and struck his head against the asphalt pavement.

"But," he continued, as he got up, "I don't care to discuss the matter in the concrete."

A man who was trying to shelter himself from the rain in a doorway had the melancholy pleasure of seeing five of his umbrellas go by.

An ostler was sent to the stable of an inn to bring out a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of two strange horses belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door.

The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

"Certainly, your honor," replied the ostler; "I knew that very well, but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

A Kentucky paper speaks of a man who had a narrow escape from sunstroke. He was standing two feet from a man who was struck.

A traveler, desiring to reach Taunton, had somehow got turned around, and was driving along very composedly in precisely the opposite direction from the right one. Meeting a farmer in the road, he drew up and asked: "How far is it to Taunton, if I keep straight on?"

"Well," said the farmer, "if you keep straight on the way you're going now, it's about twenty-five thousand miles; if you turn round and go the other way, it's about one mile."

"My dear sir," said a candidate on election day, "I am very glad to see you."

"You needn't be," returned the other, "I've voted."

"You are not musical, I believe?"

"No; if I were the proprietor of a hand-organ, set expressly to play 'Old Hundred,' I couldn't get seventy-five out of it."

Largorsmol Extract.

ERNEST L. FULLER, R. M. T. S., '09.

Chapter I.

"Hello, Harry, isn't it unusual for you to be having lunch here at this hour?" I said.

"Yes, but I didn't have any business on hand, so I came a little earlier, hoping to meet you; I knew that you dined here at this hour," he replied.

"Your order, please," the waiter asked.

"I will have the same as this gentleman here, if you please."

As soon as the waiter was out of hearing, I said: "Well, Harry, I don't know but what I have made another stride in science, but I will not be able to tell for inside of a week or ten days at the least."

"Why, what is it this time?"

"You will have to wait till I am ready, and then I will experiment on you, if you will let me. You know all the others I tried on you were quite harmless," I answered.

"Suppose I will have to await your pleasure, then, as you are ruler," he muttered.

Just then the waiter appeared with my lunch, so I settled myself back in my chair and made a regular business of eating, not saying a word until we were both through.

Going up to the desk we paid our checks and as we passed out the door I broke the spell by saying, "Tell you what, Harry, I'll meet you here, just a week from this evening, at seven-thirty, and I'll tell you the whole yarn from beginning to end, is that agreed upon?"

"Sure thing," he replied, "I'm too curious to keep away, now that you've started me," and with that I left him at the door and made my way to the laboratory where I set to work testing out my new found discovery.

Chapter II.

I arrived at the time appointed and a few minutes later Harry made his appearance and coming up behind me unobserved, he slapped me on the shoulder, at the same time saying, "Well, Tom, are you ready to disclose your secret yet?"

"What do you say to having our supper here, then going to the club and then I will tell you about it over our cigars?" I said.

"Anything to suit you, so long as I find out your secret," so suiting our action to our words, we were not long in getting to the club.

As there were not many there, we easily found a corner by ourselves where we could not be overheard. Lighting up, I took a few puffs and then commenced relating my secret.

"Well, to begin with, what would you think if anybody could grow large or small at pleasure, so small, in fact, that one could get under the crack of a badly fitting door?"

"I should say it was the most wonderful thing ever done on this earth, but it is not possible that you have discovered anything of that sort, old chap, if you think you have you must be a bit off and I guess I had better send to the insane asylum for them to send a keeper to take care of you, until you come to your senses again," and saying this, he grabbed me by the arms, but I easily shook myself from his grasp and calmly told him I was as sane as I ever was, as he would see after I had told him all.

"Go on," he said, "if it is what you say it is, I am only too curious to know."

"It was about three or four days before I met you at luncheon, that I had been trying some experiments; and not finding out what I wanted, I poured all the acids into a receptacle and left the room for a few minutes, when I again returned I found my cat lapping up the several fluids I had thrown away and to my amazement she disappeared as if by magic. It took me so suddenly that I almost believe I stood there watching the spot where the cat had been, for fully half an hour.

"As I came to myself, an idea flashed through my head and out of the door I flew,

down the stairs, three at a time, in search of another cat or animal of similar nature, which I secured easily enough, as the place was infested with cats, especially at night, to my disgust.

"Before I let the cat have any of the fluid, I poured half as much again of alcohol as there was fluid into it and then placed it before the cat. She drank it greedily, and each time she licked up the fluid, to my complete satisfaction the cat grew smaller, and when she was half her original size I took the mixture away and poured it into a glass jar for further experiments.

"I kept the cat locked up in the room to see if there were any further effects, and sure enough, towards night she commenced to gain in size, as the effects of the extract, as I called it, worked off.

"That night was a restless one for me on account of my wonderful discovery; for all the time my brain was working like chain lightning, figuring out to what use I could put it.

"The next morning when I went to see how the cat was getting along, to my surprise I found my own cat alive and as well as ever. This convinced me that in a certain length of time the taker of this extract would return to its normal size, so I was tempted to try it myself to see what it felt like to be small.

"I must have taken quite a dose, because the next thing I knew, I was on the edge of a precipice, down which appeared a mass of tangled wire, as near as I could make out. My clothes were blowing every which way with such force that I was obliged to run away from the edge of this precipice for dear life for fear of being blown in.

"I had not gone more than a quarter of a mile before I came to a similar precipice. Following this along I came to what appeared to be a bridge of hard white substance that had queer markings on it and this I crossed. I went on, and at length I came to a rise, on the top of which was a mass of metal. Here perching myself, I surveyed everything that was in sight, and all around me I beheld precipices running parallel and about a quarter of a mile apart. Not a place to rest myself for the night could I find, so I walked down the hill at the foot of which, I took off my coat and rolled it up for a pillow.

"It was such a warm night that I did not need any covering. I looked up at the sky, but clouds or stars none I could see, only some queer object hanging down, on the end of which appeared something that looked like an immense tear drop. My eyelids grew heavy and I soon fell asleep, but I did not rest much because I had growing pains, the same as a young child often has.

"In the morning I awoke, stared around me and to my surprise found myself lying on the floor with my shoulder resting on the head of a nail. As soon as I saw it, memory of what had happened came back to me, I knew then that the cracks in the floor were the precipices, the dust was the mass of tangled wire, the nail that was above the surface where the wooden floor had worn away was the metal capped hill at the foot of which I had rested and the electric light, the tear drop on the end of the strange looking object hanging out of the sky. I had taken so much of the essence that I had grown as small as a grain of sand or about the size of a little red ant.

"So much for one discovery. But since I last saw you I made still another, all by accident as I found the other.

Chapter III.

"Let me see, it was the first, second, yes, the second day after we lunched together, that after further experimenting with this magic fluid I forgot to put about an ounce of it away that remained in a glass dish."

If you could have looked in on us at that moment you could not have seen a more interested and attentive man than Harry was as he sat with his elbows resting on his knees with his chin on both hands; and not once did he interrupt.

"The next morning after my experimenting I went to the laboratory and I'll bet you could not tell what I found there. Give a guess."

"I can't guess; go on with your story, for I can't wait to hear the rest," replied Harry.

"Well, it was two enormous big cats about the size of a lion. You would think that they would be ferocious, but they were just as tame and seemed glad to see me, for they began to purr.

"If you have ever heard the throbbing of an engine, Harry, you will have some idea of what their purring sounded like to me.

"Crossing the floor, I glanced along the shelves of bottles and on the bottom row I noticed one that had evidently been knocked over and broken across the glass dish. On looking closer I found that some of the contents of the broken flask had been spilled into the glass dish that I had left the magic fluid in; and then it dawned across me that one of the cats must have jumped up, knocked the bottle over and broken it. Then I thought to myself, those cats must have drunk some of this, as it was the only fluid in reach of them and to test the effect I dipped my finger into it and tasted it.

"My! what a bump I got on the top of my head. I dropped to my hands and knees waiting for further developments, but none came, I had to turn over on my side all doubled up, as I could not stand up or lie out straight. It was about two hours before I began to grow small and at the end of three hours I was my right size once more.

"What do you say to having some fun with these finds of mine?"

"I can't believe you have found any such wonderful thing as you say and I will not until I see it tried," Harry said, in a weak voice.

"Will you try some of the fluid with me? We will only take a small dose so that we will only be about two feet tall and then take a stroll about town. Come on, you aren't afraid, are you?" I said, attacking his courage to spur him on.

"Yes, I will, on one condition, and that is that we do not go through my business section. Let me see, it is now ten o'clock. Well, say, just twelve hours from now, I meet you here and then try it. Do you agree?" he said, gaining courage each minute.

"Certainly," I replied, throwing my cigar butt away and then feeling tired I said, "Guess I'll be making tracks for bed to get rested for to-morrow." I left him at the club house door and calling a cab, I soon arrived home, where I was not long in getting in bed.

Chapter IV.

The next morning I was measuring out the fluid into two separate vials, one for each of us, when in strode Harry.

"So you decided to come here instead of at the club?" I challenged.

"I thought I would come around and see some of the inside works," he replied.

Pocketing the two vials we walked down stairs onto the sidewalk and decided to go on the outskirts of the shopping district.

"Ready?" I asked, handing him one of the vials, "If so, follow my example and swallow the contents all at once."

Grasping the vial in shaking hands he raised it to his lips and swallowed it. Waiting to see that he followed my instructions I then swallowed my fluid.

How large those bricks on the sidewalk looked, people were like giants and I could just step from the middle of one brick to the middle of the third. It looked as if the giants had on seven league boots.

"Harry," I cried, in a shrill voice, that just suited my size, "how do you like being small?"

"I'd rather be my right size," he answered, in the same shrill voice.

All the people we passed stared at us and when we had been walking about an hour and a half I felt myself begin to grow larger; and looking at Harry I found that he, too, was growing. My stars, how the people stared now! They fairly blocked our way, we pushed on and they being afraid to touch us, made room.

When we grew to our natural size we easily mixed with the crowd and soon made our way to my laboratory in safety.

"Well, Harry, I am going to try the other magic fluid to-morrow, will you follow suit?"

"What time?" he asked.

"Same time as to-day," I replied.

"It is now quarter of one; let's go and get some lunch together," said Harry.

"All right," I answered in a voice somewhat different from that that I had used about two hours previous.

Chapter V.

"Hark!" I said to myself, "Is that his step? Yes, it is; how slowly the time has dragged along until at last he is here."

"Waiting, I see," he remarked.

"It seemed as though the time set would never come, I have got the fluid ready and here is your portion of it," I said, handing him one of the vials.

Again we made our way to the shopping districts.

"Tom, don't you think that we had better go into the middle of the street, so that we will not crush any people under our feet?" said Harry.

"That's a good idea, I never thought of it," I answered, starting for the street.

"Ready, on your mark, set, drink."

My didn't the air whistle past my ears! Looking down I saw the crowd scatter like a flock of sheep, tumbling over each other trying to get out of our way and on turning down the next street on our left we were blockaded by an elevated railway. At the elevated station near the corner the people didn't know what to do. Some ran into the ticket office trying to hide, some went pell mell down the stairs to the street and thence to protection, while others fainted from fright.

"Harry," I said, "I wish—," but I got no further, my voice sounded like thunder and this scared the people so much, that I decided not to talk any more.

The streets were soon deserted, except here and there I could see the head of a policeman peeking around the corners. I thought I would have some fun with one of them, so I walked towards a corner where I saw a head which disappeared before I reached there but when I did all I saw was a blue coated leg disappear around the other corner.

Talk about laughing, it seemed as though I would burst with merriment, but I soon sobered down, as I had a bad feeling in my stomach, it felt just like cramps, but this soon left me and I commenced to grow small.

Yes, I really was growing small again. When I was back to my right size I looked for Harry and there he was towering above me but visibly shrinking.

When he, too, had gained his proper size, we started for home, but as we turned down the next street a policeman nabbed us, handcuffed us and took us to the station for disturbing the peace. At this Harry looked at me with dismay plainly written on his face; but as there was no court held now, we could not be tried, so we were locked up for the night. Harry's cell was the next one to mine so that we could easily talk, but neither of us seemed to care to.

I was preparing to get into the prison cot when an inspiration struck me, yes, here was certainly the time when this magic fluid could do some real good to me and to my friend.

Reaching for my vest which I had hung up, I took out of my pocket two vials of this magic fluid that would make us grow small, which I had carried with me if the other fluid did not work off in time. How thankful I was now to have this with me.

"Harry," I whispered, "hold out your hand so I can give you some of the magic fluid that will make us grow small, about two inches and then escape from jail. They will never see us, as it is too dark and they do not know our names, our address, or our descriptions, so we will be perfectly safe."

"Thank God," I heard him murmur, as I placed the vial in his outstretched hand.

Drinking the fluid, I immediately grew small and easily walked out through the iron grating, and met Harry. Taking his hand in mine we made our way along the passage to the entrance which was closed.

We were in a fix now for sure, but I told Harry to be patient and wait until somebody should open the door so we could slip through.

Not long did we have to wait before we heard heavy footsteps drawing near and the door swung open. We then slipped past the door to freedom.

Once out, we quickly made our way to a dark street where we could wait until it was

time for us to regain our right size; and here we had to stay for about two hours. Oh how cold I grew, for it was a chilly night and damp.

"Harry," I said, at length, "I feel myself growing, do you?"

"I feel queer, I guess so," he grumbled.

Presently both of us were again our own proper size, so we made our way back. When we reached my laboratory I poured all the fluid, all that I had, out of the window onto the bit of grass plot under it. In the middle of this plot there were two or three rose bushes growing, on which the fluid also fell.

"Look," I almost screamed.

Looking out the window we beheld buds growing on the bush. They blossomed, the petals fell off and another bud grew in its place. We were able to see this on account of a light thrown from a lighted room below.

"A good ending for my Largorsmol Extract," I remarked, as I closed the window. "It has served its purpose and I have no further use for it."

THE END.

RECESS.

J. GORDON GILKEY, C. L. S., '08.

The third hour drags, while one and all
Survey the clock upon the wall,
And vow the thing has ceased to go
Because it moves so very slow.
At last we hear the bell, and part
From Cæsar with a happy heart.
'Tis true that some delight to study
In hopes of beating everybody
In class next hour. They "plug," and so
They're sure to know their Cicero.
Some few you'll see on study bent
Who haven't worked, and their intent
Is to avoid the fate of those
Who, making "bluffs," shake in their clothes.
Some "sponge" from friends, some few quite tony
Go horse-back riding on their pony.
Meantime a crowd has gone downstairs,
In eating to forget their cares.
A flunk seems not so hard to bear
When you have had a sandwich there.
At this lunch-counter, you can buy
Ice-cream, a pudding, cocoa, pie,
A sandwich, candy or popcorn;
That is, until your money's gone.
They don't give stamps, spot cash's the rule,
"All money down, it takes the school."
To eat cream pie seems "awful" good.
The question here is if you should.
For if you've feasted there on cake,
Look out next hour for stomach-ache.
And when in class you flunk, and sigh,
You'll vow you'll cut out eating pie.
Meantime the crowd that's in the hall
For music has begun to call.
But every girl that's asked to play
Will look surprised, and quickly say,
"Oh, I can't play. Why, I don't know
A single piece but 'Navajo,'
And that's too old." Yet if you tease
And beg, and urge, and say, "Oh please,"
She'll play, then, many pieces more
Than she knew when upon the floor.
And from the girl who only knew
Just "'Navajo,'—no fooling, too,"
You'll hear the latest songs galore,
All practiced up the night before.
The girls then dance a two-step to
"Waltz Me Around" and "I Like You."
But though they all would do this thing
For hours, the bell is sure to ring.
Then back we go to try to pass
A "bluff," and not exams, in class.

The Progress in the Construction of the Charles River Dam.

FRED S. BOYD, R. M. T. S., '07.

In 1904 the Massachusetts legislature passed a bill providing for the construction of a dam to be used to connect Bridge Street, East Cambridge, with Leverett Street, West Boston, and to be built on the site of the old Craigie Bridge.

Work is now rapidly going on at the Cambridge and Boston terminals of the dam. Between these two centers of activity the river is open to the passage of tugs and other vessels.

Let us first consider the progress in the construction at the Cambridge side of the dam. Extending from the sea wall, a coffer dam, about 180 feet square, has been built, in which piles are being driven in the bed of the river. Water is kept from the coffer dam by means of a powerful pump, which is constantly removing water from a deep well. On the piles, solid concrete, 15 feet deep, is being laid. Eight arches, four on each side of a sluiceway, have been constructed on the concrete foundation. The arches are 18 feet high and 10 feet wide. The sluiceway is a small lock, 11 feet across, used to allow row-boats, launches and small sail-boats to pass to and fro. Above the arches, a gate-house is being constructed, with steel girders placed on its concrete foundation. The gate-house is to control the passage of ice and to regulate the height of water in the Charles River Basin. The water in the basin is to be kept at a height of 108 feet; that is, 8 feet above mean low water. A conduit has just been begun which will empty below the dam all sewage from the Cambridge side of the river.

Last, but most important in the construction of the dam, we will take into consideration the progress in the construction at the Boston side. Here lies the great lock, 350 feet between its gates and 45 feet in the clear. Here, also, we find the large 16-foot conduit which carries sewage from Stony Brook through the fenway to a point just below the dam. Above the conduit a gate-house is being built, which will control this flow of Boston sewage. Connected with the conduit is a corresponding pipe, which is to be used to drain the lock while in repair, or to allow salt water to flow into the basin when level of water is below 108.

The lock of the dam is the greatest concrete structure in the world. The lock at the river-bed is 81 feet across and 15 feet deep of solid concrete. The walls are 18 feet at the bottom, gradually diminishing by steps on the outside to 8 feet at the top, each step being 2 feet in width. The height of the lock is about 32 feet. The entire lock is being built of solid concrete, twisted steel being inserted at intervals to give support. On each end there is to be a large sliding lock gate which will fit into a large timber joint, allowing a play of not more than 1-16 of an inch. The gates will be moved on a track by electric power; those in process of construction are about 4 feet thick, made of strong timber, reinforced with steel. It is expected that the lock will be completed this spring. At its completion the river at the center will be closed, and the lock opened to navigation.

The dam proper will be 200 feet wide at the river-bed, and over 100 feet on the roadway. It is to be 900 feet long, or one-half as long as the Cambridge Bridge. Across the lock, on the roadway, there is to be a rocking draw resembling the draw in the vicinity of the South Station and on the Revere Beach & Lynn Railroad. The dam will probably be completed in the spring of 1908.

When the dam is completed, the condition of the Charles River Basin will be similar to the Charles at Riverside, the Thames at Henley, or the Alster at Hamburg.

As the dam was designed by Cheeny, the designer of the Cambridge Bridge, we shall have a dam which will rival in beauty that structure, the masterpiece of Cheeny, and the most beautiful bridge in this country, if not in the world.

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The next number of the REVIEW will appear on Thursday, Feb. 14. All copy must be in by Friday, Feb. 1.

Friday evening, Jan. 18, the class of 1907, Cambridge Latin School, will present "Bachelor Hall," at the Newtowne Clubhouse, North Cambridge. Tickets, fifty cents. All come.

The Junior class of the Rindge Manual Training School will hold its class dance on Friday evening, Feb. 1, at the Newtowne Clubhouse. A very pleasant occasion is anticipated. All should come who can do so.

The R. M. T. S. Senior drama, "Half-back Sandy," will be given the evening of March 8, 1907, at the Newtowne Clubhouse. Tickets, fifty cents.

The Training School REVIEW box will probably be moved into the Washington Building in the near future. We hope that it will be as extensively patronized as the boxes at the other schools.

Frank D. Close, C. L. S., '09, and Kenneth J. MacKenzie, R. M. T. S., '08, have been elected captains of the football teams of their respective schools for the ensuing year. The managers are Robert M. Blackall, C. L. S., 1908, and Warren S. Henderson, R. M. T. S., 1908.

Reception to Mr. William F. Bradbury.

Thursday evening, Jan. 3, a reception was tendered to Mr. Bradbury in honor of his fifty years of service in the schools of Cambridge. The hall of the Latin School, where it was held, was decorated for the occasion with palms, and an excellent orchestra was secured. Unfortunately, the weather was stormy, so that many who desired to be present were unable to do so. A good number, however, faced the rain, and were well repaid for their efforts.

Shortly after eight o'clock the orchestra began. The chairman, Mr. Piper, first introduced Judge Arthur P. Stone. Mr. Stone, on behalf of the citizens of Cambridge, presented to Mayor Thurston, as the representative of the city, a portrait of Mr. Bradbury, painted by Mr. George A. Frost of this city. It was the will of the citizens, he said, and the city was bound to respect that will, that this portrait should hang in the Latin School hall, that future generations of pupils might draw from Mr. Bradbury's features some of the inspiration which the past and present pupils drew from the man himself.

Mayor Thurston was next introduced by Mr. Piper. On behalf of the city he expressed his gratification over the picture, and assured the donors that it should be hung in the hall. He made reference to his own school days in the Latin School, or rather in the High School before the separation, and said that he regretted greatly that he had been forced to leave the school before coming directly under Mr. Bradbury's teaching.

The next speaker was Dean Briggs of Harvard. He began by saying that he was there with something of the old feeling of not having prepared his lesson. It was to have been his privilege, for the alumni of the Latin School, to present Mr. Bradbury with a token of their esteem, in the form of a book, which was to contain the names of many of the alumni. Over seven hundred names had been secured, and the book was in the hands of the printer; but owing to the unexpectedly early date of the reception, it had been found impossible to complete it. The front page had been obtained, however, and framed, in order that there might be something to show what was coming. This Dean Briggs presented to Mr. Bradbury. It was illuminated by hand on a sheet of parchment, and contained the dedication of the book, together with three lines from the "Iliad," applying to Mr. Bradbury.

After Dean Briggs finished, Miss Hardy was introduced as the representative of the teachers of the Latin School. Miss Hardy told of Mr. Bradbury's work with the teachers, his efforts to help them, and the inspiration he had always been. She closed by presenting him with a handsome clock, as the gift of the teachers of the school.

The fifth and last speaker was Mr. Bradbury. He first paid a tribute to Dean Briggs, saying that there was no one whose praise pleased him more. He then passed to the history of the school and of his connection with it. He read the letters, dated June, 1856, in which he was offered the position of submaster in the Cambridge High School. He narrated some incidents of his life at Amherst, where he was at that time a Senior, and told of his acceptance of the situation. Then he traced the history of the development of the school, from a membership of two hundred, and a corps of five teachers. to its present number of five hundred and fifty, with twenty-five teachers. He showed that in this count he did not reckon the English High School or the Manual Training School, which made the total number of pupils over sixteen hundred, and the number of teachers seventy. He then mentioned a few of the noted men who have been graduates of the Cambridge High schools.

After the speeches, Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury, with Mayor Thurston, received. Almost all went forward for a closer look at the portrait, which was mounted on a stand on the platform. The likeness is good, and the whole work is excellent. The committee in charge of the reception is to be congratulated on its success, and is worthy of the warmest praise and thanks from the city of Cambridge.

Technical Notes.

The first of the pair of subway tunnels between Brooklyn and Manhattan was opened on Dec. 14, 1906, at about 2.30 P.M., when the headings of the north tunnel came together beneath the East River.

At last a way has been found for putting the long-despised cactus plant of the desert to some practical use.

Mr. G. A. Burns, a chemist, formerly of San Francisco, believes that the pulp obtained from the cacti, which grow in the deserts of Texas and other of our Southern states, may be made to produce denatured alcohol somewhat cheaper than wood alcohol, and possessing four times as much energy as the latter. Mr. Burns has already distilled over a gallon of denatured alcohol from five pounds of the cactus pulp. This alcohol was clear, burned brightly and easily, and possessed four times the energy of wood alcohol.

The Connecticut Avenue Bridge in Washington, D. C., now nearly completed, is believed to be the largest concrete bridge in the world. It is 52 feet wide and 1,341 feet long between the abutments.

This bridge contains 13,000 cubic yards of concrete and is made up of five principal arches, 152 feet long, and four smaller ones, two on each side of the large arches.

One and one-half million board feet of Georgia pine, costing nearly $50,000, were used in "centering" the five principal arches. The foundation for "centering" these arches was of Virginia pine, varying from 20 to 50 feet in length.

On each side of the bridge are sidewalks 10 feet wide supported by cast-iron brackets fastened to the masonry by iron rods running clear through the bridge from side to side.

An oil pipe line 51 miles long has been recently completed by the Union Oil Company of California. This line is laid across the Isthmus of Panama, extending over hills and through swamps from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The yield of the company's oil fields in Texas and California is so much greater than the home demand that it was decided to lay this line, in order to market the oil in foreign countries more easily.

The work was done by three gangs of Jamaica negroes superintended by whites from the states; one gang beginning at each end, and one in the middle.

Eight-inch pipe, tested to stand 1,200-pound pressure, and weighing about 600 pounds to the section, was used.

The life of iron and steel on the Isthmus has been found to be so short, owing to the condition of the ground, that it was thought best to paint the pipe before it left the foundry, again after it had been distributed, and a third time with linseed oil and white lead, soon after it had been laid.

Oil will be transported by ships from the oil fields to the Isthmus, where it can be pumped across by means of pumping stations, now in the process of building.

So much oil is brought to Colon every month, that there is a severe strain on the wharves and on the Panama Railroad. Locomotives in that section are being made over, so as to burn oil instead of coal, so that much of this strain may be relieved.

Two of a Trade.

C. I. CLAFLIN, C. L. S., 1907.

"Ready yet, Dick?"

"No. You don't seem to realize that to-morrow's the last day."

"Because I'm not a plodding cart-horse like you. I've six or eight studies, any of which I might finish and send in, but I'm waiting for the divine spark—the inspiration—the idea. If it doesn't come to-night I can try one of the others—or do without. I don't care much about the prize, anyhow."

The other man sighed and with a glance at the clock bent over his work again. The words sounded arrogant, but he knew they were the simple truth. Arthur had always had all the luck. He did not need to study music for a livelihood, still less did he need to enter this competition, which held out hope to many a poor fellow in dire straits; yet, if he did enter, few could stand before him. With a stiffening chin, Martin brushed these thoughts from his brain and fixed his attention on the written score before him.

Arthur Winfield yawningly took a seat on the corner of the table. The little atelier was dusty and littered with papers; at one side stood a piano, and piles of music lay on it, on the chairs, the table, the bookcase, everything. Only a few good prints—Winfield's—relieved the monotonous desolation.

The bells of St. Germain-des-Prés had rung noon before Martin pushed back his chair. Once in the busy streets of the Quarter, Winfield proposed a walk across the river.

"'Fools and foreigners—'" quoted Martin, warningly.

"Well, I'm both," laughed his companion. "Come on."

They crossed the Pont-des-Arts in the full glare of a mid-day sun, and wandered along the quays on the other side. Martin was silent and moody; his mind was with his music. Winfield, on the contrary, was in even more than his usual spirits. All the fishermen of the sleepy Seine knew and returned his greeting; the market-women's wizened faces brightened at his approach. The two students returned through the Rue du Bac with a load of cherries, which they conveyed to their accustomed table in the café. Here they met others of their own fraternity, and talked shop zealously—at least Winfield did. He ate only a few bunches of cherries with a glass of wine, while Martin devoted himself to a more substantial déjeuner.

On their way home Winfield called Martin's attention to the street sounds, the clatter of wagons, the chaffering of shopkeepers, the high-pitched, melodious hucksters' cries, now beginning afresh after the noontide hush. He pointed out how the confusion of harsh noises blended into a rich harmony.

"By George, I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly, standing on the edge of the gutter and staring straight into space.

"Have what?"

"The idea. The voice of the city—come, let's get home."

He almost dragged the breathless Martin to the door of their lodgings and up three flights of stairs. There he struck the piano in a wild crash of chords, and at once sat down at the other side of the table and began to write as if for his life. Through the afternoon his hand flew over the paper, and he was deaf to any remarks of Martin's. These were few, for Martin was working doggedly. His composition was nearly finished, but it had still to be clearly copied before it could be handed in. Agreeably to the terms of the competition, which required a composition of prescribed length "for the organ, piano-forte, or other keyed instrument," his was a march designed for the

organ. It was good, he knew, regular, sonorous, dignified; but as he watched the slender hand opposite on its ceaseless journey, uneasiness crept into his soul. Arthur was a child of genius; you could never tell what to expect of him. The two men's methods were as diverse as their characters. Martin worked slowly, persistently; he would go over a piece of work a hundred times, each time making some trifling change. Winfield dashed off his work at one sitting, with scarcely a correction.

This time it was Martin who, as the evening shadows fell, urged his roommate to come out to dinner. It was useless; Winfield refused to eat until his work was done.

"See," he said, gathering up the scattered sheets, "it's not half done yet. The rest is just a cloud in my head; it comes as I write. It's for the piano," and he played a few bars.

"But you ought not to tell me," protested Martin.

"Oh, rot. If I shouldn't be able to finish it, old man, I give you leave to use it for anything you like. What shall I christen it? The voice of the city, the voice of Paris —there, that's it—La Voix de Paris."

He scrawled the title at the head of the first sheet, and Martin left him.

The talk was fascinating at the café that night, and some two hours passed before Martin returned. He was surprised to see no light in his window.

"Win must have fallen asleep over his work," he said, as he climbed the stairs. Silence met him in the doorway. Groping for the matches, he felt his foot strike some soft object. He stooped and touched a hot cheek.

The next half-hour was filled with a frenzy of haste. The concierge below found himself roused from his slumbers and despatched for Dr. Reade, who ministered to the little colony of American students with a fatherly kindness, and he, arriving, found Martin putting cold-water bandages on Winfield's head, where he lay in the inner room.

"Brain fever," the doctor said, after a brief examination. "Heat, sleeplessness, excitement—you say he was writing this afternoon? No, no immediate danger. I'll send round one of the Sisters in the morning. You'll do for now. Just keep him cool and quiet."

"And if he talks—"

"Let him. You'd only make him violent if you tried to restrain him. Good-night."

Martin set a lamp behind the head of the cot and screened it with a newspaper. Then he sat down at the bedside for his long vigil.

At first the sick boy only tossed and moaned, but before long he began to babble incoherently. Now he was over his wine in the café, now at the piano. Suddenly he sat upright and played on an imaginary keyboard with both hands, then sank back flushed, and started writing in the air, repeating the notes aloud as he formed them. His hand soon tired, but his voice kept on its steady recitation. Martin, recognizing the opening of La Voix de Paris, brought ruled paper from the other room and set himself—he hardly knew why—to take it down. Winfield went fast. He had always had a habit of reciting his scores, and had often dictated to Martin, who now followed readily.

At last Winfield was silent. Soon his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion. Martin carried the mass of crabbed writing into the other room and looked it over. Despite breaks and irregularities, the work stood complete.

"It's the best thing he's ever done," Martin whispered to the walls. "It has so much more strength, more mastery. The ideas must have been latent before. Pity the poor chap couldn't have kept up another day. I'd like to write it out for him, but there won't be time for that and mine too. Well, I suppose it's luck for the rest of us that it can't go in."

He crossed the room and looked out into the heavy blackness of the night. "It isn't fair he should have everything," he threw

out sullenly, as if in answer to some silent monitor. Then on a sudden he found himself confronting the greatest temptation he had ever met.

"He gave me leave to use it," he said, under his breath. "He hadn't consciously planned the rest when he collapsed. Has a man a right to what he does in delirium? He'll never remember when he gets well." But deep in his heart was the knowledge that Arthur might never remember anything again.

All through the darkest hour of night, when even the Latin Quarter was still, Richard Martin paced the floor. The lamp flickered feebly, and the sound of labored breathing came from the next room. But Martin's thoughts were far away in New England, where an old man worked alone.

"He can't afford another year here, and without it I shall never be anything. What's the use of working all this time, if I've got to give up just within reach of success?"

So he asked himself over and over, always coming back to the starting-point. But as the first gray of dawn stole in at the window it found him standing still in the middle of the floor, his shoulders set.

"I will," he said aloud, and took up his pen. Then he laid it down and walked into the bedroom.

Arthur was sleeping more quietly; the fever had gone down. The faint light fell on his rumpled fair hair; he looked younger and frailer than usual. As Martin laid a hand lightly on his forehead to feel the temperature, he stirred, and his lips framed a sound. Martin bent to catch it. It was "Mother."

Martin winced as if the word had been a blow, and turned away. Then his attention was arrested, for Winfield was speaking softly.

"Why, mother, I was all right. You know Dick was there. Poor old Dick—" the voice trailed off into silence.

Martin stood looking down at him. Then on the air broke the silvery chime of St. Germain's bells, calling to matins. Something in the young man seemed to give way. He dropped on his knees by the bed and hid his face in the counterpane.

He was still there when a knock sounded at the outer door. Opened, it admitted Dr. Reade with a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, who glided like a gray shadow into the other room.

"Yes, he's better," said the physician. "You've taken good care of him. Now you're relieved, better take a nap. What? You've got to write for the competition? Too bad, you look haggard. Well, I'll come again later. You can leave everything to Sister Miséricorde."

. . . . . .

At Paimpol, three months later, Martin was on the rocks looking out to sea. He turned at the sound of his name to see Winfield coming toward him, waving a letter.

"From the Conservatoire," he explained, and handed it him. Martin broke the seal and read a communication, very ceremonious and very French, setting forth that the Committee had decided to offer M. Martin a sum equal to that of the prize in the competition last spring, providing for a year's tuition at the Conservatoire, and that they did themselves the honor of requesting him to accept in recognition of their distinguished commendation.

"How did they find out?" he gasped.

"I wrote them as soon as I heard about the prize. I said I couldn't accept unless they divided it, and like sensible men they thought the same."

"I can't take it. I haven't done anything for it."

"No, except giving up your own chances to help mine. Come, old fellow, I shall be lost in Paris without you—and mother wants you to come home with me next summer."

"I suppose you'll need someone to take care of you," Martin admitted.

"Exactly. Well, then, it's clear that two of a trade can agree."

RULES GOVERNING ATHLETICS.

1. No player who has passed his twenty-first birthday shall be allowed to take part in any athletic contest.

2. No student shall play on any school team if he is lacking more than two and one-half hours of the required number of recitations a week; or if, for the preceding month, his average is less than sixty per cent., or he has two subjects below sixty per cent, or one below fifty per cent. Participation in contests will be denied, also, to students who are not maintaining honorable conduct.

3. No student shall play on a school team unless he attained a pass mark of sixty per cent in subjects covering at least twelve prepared recitation periods per week during the previous academic year; but a student may play who has been regularly promoted from the work of the previous year. This rule shall not become effective until the autumn term of 1907.

4. No student shall be allowed to represent any school in any match game without first being certified by the head master of his school as eligible to play under these rules.

5. No student shall be allowed to represent any school in any athletic contest unless he shall have been a member of that school for three months immediately preceding that contest, or shall have been promoted from a grammar school the preceding academic year. A pupil coming from another city or town may be eligible also if in good standing in the school from which he comes.

6. No team shall enter an athletic contest outside of Cambridge unless a teacher is present from the school which the team represents (if practicable).

7. The captains and managers of the various teams organized in the schools shall be chosen and hold their office subject to the approval of the head master of the school.

8. A school team may play not exceeding two match games in one week; the schedule of games shall be approved by the head master, and shall be arranged in such a manner that there shall be no encroachment upon the school hours, without the approval of the head master.

9. The election of the treasurer of the athletic teams and his continuance in office shall be approved by the head master. The treasurer shall keep a record of his receipts and expenditures and report to the head master at such times as the latter deems advisable.

10. The power of the supervisory committee in the Latin School shall continue so long as consistent with these rules; the committee shall act in an advisory capacity with the head master, and in a general way be authorized to supervise the athletics of the school, as in the past, but always subject to the official approval of the school committee.

"YANKEE DOODLE" IN ESPERANTO.

In connection with our article last month on Esperanto, it may be interesting to read the verse below, written by a graduate of the Latin School, class of 1905. This translation is not only correct Esperanto, but is in verse, and can be sung to the old tune.

Janke Dudlo venis urbon
Sur cheval rajdante
Metas plumon en chapelo
"Makaron!" nomante.

R. W. Byerly,
Member Harvard Esperanto Society.
Chicago Tribune.

A Sojourn in an Ancient City.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

In the October issue of the REVIEW, I gave a short description of a journey that a friend of mine, Peter Wilde, and I made from the capital of the Mexican state of Yucatan to my father's ranch, located in the interior of this portion of Mexico. I shall now give a rough sketch of our short stay in this part of the country, which is well known to students of archæology, on account of an ancient Mayan city that stands there.

Soon after arriving at the ranch we decided to spend a few days in one of the ruins of this sleeping city. We selected as our headquarters a building known as the "House of the Black Writing"—just why it was so called I cannot tell for sure. We were soon comfortably settled in our new abode. We had brought over our hammocks, blankets, provisions and a few other things necessary for our comfort. A partridge and a few potatoes cooking over the fire in our roughly made stove gave the finishing touches to our camp.

Late that afternoon we were annoyed by a family of bats that persisted in flying about our camp so energetically that sometimes they accidentally brushed a little dust and bits of plaster upon us as their large, clumsy wings came in contact with the walls. Of course, they were the rightful occupants of this chamber, for they were born there,—doubtless their ancestors had lived and died there,—but after careful consideration we decided that it would be pleasanter for all concerned if they were somewhere else during our stay, so we invited them outside, with the aid of a branch.

Night was soon upon us, and with it came a perfect stillness, disturbed only by the mournful hooting of an owl and the distant calling of a whippoorwill. We were tired and sleepy, and as there were no tempting story-books to keep us from our hammocks, we were soon sleeping as peacefully as the surroundings.

Some time during the night we were awakened by a noise, which made us think that the roof had fallen in, or else that it had been fired upon by Indians. We discovered, however, that no such calamity had befallen us. A harmless cow had entered our lodgings and accidentally overturned our precious box of provisions, and had come in contact with a few tin pans that we had hung on the floor, for lack of a better place. We did not have to show Mrs. Cow the door and ask her politely to call again, for she hurriedly left us before we could bid her good-evening.

When peace once more reigned, we tumbled into our hammocks and prepared to finish our rudely interrupted sleep. But sleep was not very fast in coming, and as we lay in our hammocks thinking of everything that had happened or could happen, we were surprised to hear a moaning sound, which came from outside. We didn't know what to make of it. It was certainly a very weird sound, and had we been superstitious, we might have thought that it was the lamentations of the long-departed dwellers of this ancient building. In such cases thinking and wondering does no good, so we went out to solve the mystery. We discovered that in a nearby tree there was a large gourd which was held fast between two of the branches. The hole of the gourd was in such a position that when the wind blew from a certain direction it made that unearthly sound. Doubtless an Indian hunter had found his gourd empty and had placed it there for safe-keeping.

Early next morning we went to look at some stone pillars on a certain mound nearby. When we had gone about half-way up the steep mound, I stopped for a moment to fasten one of my leggings, which had become loose, and Peter went on a few yards ahead of me. Suddenly he cried: "A snake! A snake!" and immediately he struck at something with a stick. At the same time he carelessly placed his foot on a small pile of loose stones, starting some of them rolling down the hill. I sprang to one side as quickly as possible, but nevertheless a large stone struck my left leg and threw me down against some bushes, fortunately for me. I picked myself up, and finding no broken bones nor missing limbs,

we went on our way. The snake was a harmless one, and I was very sorry that my friend had killed it. When we came back, however, there was no snake there. Doubtless it had been stunned only, and had recovered itself while we were away.

Early one morning, shortly after this little incident, my friend was awakened by the falling of some heavy object upon his feet. It happened that he was dreaming that he was on his soft bed at home and that the old house cat had taken her customary place at the foot of his warm bed; he gave it no further thought. But he soon felt the cat winding itself about his feet in a very strange way. He sleepily reached out to put pussy out of his bed, but instead of the warm fur of his little animal friend, he felt a smooth, cold object, which was not pleasant to feel. Suddenly he remembered where he was, and realized what was at his feet. He abandoned his hammock in great haste, and unfortunately he placed his foot on a bottle which we used as a candlestick. The smooth, cold surface of the bottle brought back recollections which caused him to jump again, and this time he landed upon our unfortunate provisions. We lighted our candle just in time to see the snake glide out of the door. When it became light enough, we discovered in the ceiling, just over Peter's hammock, a hole which we were quite sure went through to the outside roof. Evidently the snake had found it, and being curious to know what was at the other end, had gone into it and had found out.

During our short stay in this ancient city we explored many of the interesting buildings, and often went hunting and horseback riding. We enjoyed especially some of the little incidents that happened during these few days, and we were very sorry when the time came for us to pack up our belongings and go home.

C. L. S. JUNIOR DRAMA.

The class of 1908, Cambridge Latin School, presented the drama, "Men, Maids, and Match-Makers," by E. M. Crane, at the Newtowne Club on Friday evening, January 4. The drama was under the supervision of Mr. Walter H. Dugan, who has coached a number of the Latin School dramas.

The afternoon set in with a heavy rain, but before five o'clock the rain stopped, and by eight the weather was fine. The cooler temperature was appreciated.

A few minutes after eight, with unusual promptness for a school drama, the performance began. The plot was good, although nothing very new, and the staging was good. The acting was, as a general thing, fair, although one or two slips at crucial moments caused rather peculiar effects. The actors are to be congratulated, however, and all who went felt that they were well repaid for their money.

Mr. Parker and Miss Lanman were the stars of the evening. Although Mr. Parker was not very certain of his lines at some points, his delivery and action were unusually good. He grasped the meaning of his part thoroughly and was in the spirit of it at all times. His pretended anger at his sweetheart was particularly well done, and showed thorough understanding of the requirements of the situation. His behavior in his love scene was not quite as easy, but his embarrassment and unfamiliarity with the conditions was so slight as scarcely to be apparent.

Miss Lanman had a good part, and played it well. She knew her lines, and was always in sympathy with her part. Her lessons in love-making were excellent pieces of comedy, and were well done. Her surprise and astonishment at the discovery that her lessons were being turned on herself were also good. The crossing of the stage when the engagement was announced was not as good as the rest of her work, but it was a very difficult action and would better have been omitted.

Miss Dougherty surprised us. In the first scene she was evidently nervous, and at times failed to make herself heard. In the latter part of the first act, however, and throughout the second and third acts she showed real ability. After the first scene, her voice could be heard throughout the room, and her embar-

rassment entirely disappeared. In her scene after she had found the letter she did specially well.

In a part which offered few opportunities, Miss Hodge did well. She had few chances for real acting, but improved what she had. Her anger was not very energetic, but very well in accord with the mildness of the character she played.

As "Alice Marshall," Miss Lawrence had very little to do, except her treatment of "Dr. Bierstein" in the last act, which was very good. Masquerading as "Aunt Selina," however, she had an excellent part, and showed herself fully equal to it. Her forcing of an engagement was well done, also her pretended dismay on discovering "Katherine Howard" in the midst of her lesson in love-making. Her repulsing of "Dr. Bierstein" was amusing, as was also her treatment of her most devoted nephew and niece.

Mr. Lanman had a somewhat colorless part, but made the most of it. He was a trifle nervous at first, but it wore off. He depicted in an excellent way the excitement and nervousness of the man in love, and his relief and gratitude at his friend's offer to write his love-letter for him were lively and natural.

Mr. Parry's performance was very pleasing indeed. His best scene was the lesson in love-making, where he showed unusual harmony between words and actions. His stiffness in kneeling, and his solicitude for the safety of his trousers, were exactly in accord with his situation, and were perfectly natural. The efforts he put forth to do just as he was told, and his anxiety to preserve his balance and be graceful at the same time, were amusing in the extreme.

Mr. Robbins labored under a very serious disadvantage as "Dr. Bierstein." He appeared to know his lines, and to be able to recite them with great fluency, but for the most part they were entirely inaudible. Mr. Robbins' actions were so funny that every appearance was a signal for general laughter and applause, so that his words could scarcely be heard. He was rather hard on his trousers, but the effect produced by his charging up and down the stage on his knees was well worth a little extra brushing. His irregular appearances over the screen during the lessons in love-making were also very laughable.

Last, but not least, we must mention the talented actor, Sammie the cat. He knew all his lines, did not require prompting, and he was marvellously docile. He did not rebel even at "Dr. Bierstein's" energetic caresses in the wrong direction, but bore them with surprising patience. He was truly a remarkable cat.

As we said before, all the actors are greatly to be congratulated on their performance. They all worked hard, and accomplished remarkable results. Very few junior dramas have surpassed this one in any way.

The cast:

Bachelor Maids.

Miss Lillian Stewart.Constance M. Dougerty
Miss Katherine Howard...Faith T. Lanman
Miss Elizabeth Everett....Beatrice P. Hodge
Miss Alice Marshall, alias Aunt Selina,
Katherine F. Lawrence

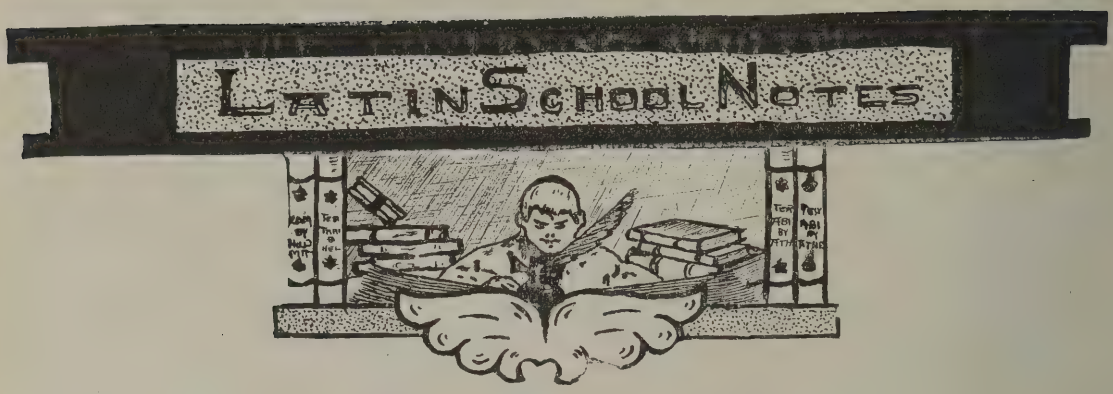
Bachelor Men.

Mr. Guy Richards.....Reginald S. Parker
Mr. Charles Brewster...Thomas H. Lanman
Mr. Roy Vincent.....J. Harold Parry
Dr. Bierstein.....Morton S. Robbins
Sammie (a cat).....By Himself

The souvenir program plainly shows the energy and ability of the business managers, Robert M. Blackall and Wilfred F. Clark. The advertisements are many, and the whole program is well arranged and well gotten up. The photograph of the cast is an excellent innovation in school dramas, the idea coming, we suppose, from college theatrical publications. The paragraph on "The Purpose of the Drama," is also a good idea. The program was printed by the Caustic-Claflin Co.

After the drama, which was finished at the unusually early hour of 9.45, dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. A feature of this was a red light dance.

The whole affair was good, and reflects credit on the actors, managers, coach, and the drama committee. We congratulate them all heartily, and wish them as great success another year.



1907.

We are glad to see Riley among us once more.

Wells has been sick with diphtheria, but is back now.

The social committee must be taking a nap.

Corcoran: "Sh! I'm on the track."

Room 32 is not a sitting-room.

In German: "Has any one a Collar?"

Translate into Greek: "This very same king killed himself with the very same weapon itself on the very same day."

L-e: "Ought'nt H-d to read the next three lines."

"'Under his sleek feet he tied sandals'?"

A dream to Agamemnon: "Are you dreaming?"

Teacher: "Tell in your own words what that means."
C-l-n: "If I ever find you acting crazy again, I ought to be shot if I don't kick you out."

In physics:
Teacher (reading a problem): "Two hundred grams of brass are turned into one hundred grams of water."
Voice: "Is that a miracle?"

"Any point in the perpendicular to the middle of a line bisects the base."

Miss S——: "I didn't have quite time enough for that geometry, but another minute would have finished me."

1908.

How sweet is the "pepperminted" atmosphere of Room 23!

"For this purpose, Cæsar left one soldier, which seemed to be enough."

One foggy day Miss M—— said that the windows in Room 22 were "trube"; most of the division thought she must mean "dirty."

Seen on a theme: "The words fell like dewdrops on Sir Launfal's ears."

The class expresses its sincere regret for Miss Alexander's absence and hopes that she will soon be able to return to school.

Ducenti—two, twelve, two hundred!

Teacher (illustrating): "If you had been about to go to Boston, you would have gone to Boston."
Small voice: "No!"

Erlasset mir den Schuss—excuse me from shooting!

Teacher (who is unfamiliar with the roll): Marean, *Miss* Marean, *Marean!*

Bacchus—one of the graces!

Heard in Greek class:
δεξιὰν ἔλαβον καὶ ἔδωκα.
He took him by the right wing.

What is a "crank"?

1909.

We wonder how many of us took Mr. B.'s suggestion and studied up during vacation.

In Latin:
Teacher: "What kind of a verb is that?"
N.: "A freak!"

The following are a few of our brilliant translations:
Il cacha sa tête dans ses mains et pleura—"He picked up his head in his hands and cried."
Ille complexu Aeneae colloque pependit—"He hung to the embrace and hill of Aeneas."
Vocem per ampla volutant atria—"They drive a noise through wide halls."
Cum oscula dulcia figet—"When she fastens her sweet lips on you."

Heard in French: "I never build my cat, but I sometimes build my dog."

K—— thinks that Wm. Tynedale wrote most of his literary works in an insane asylum.

How relieved the members of Latin Divisions 1 and 2 were when they found how Miss M——'s "celebration" turned out.

M-y-n, go home to your *ancestor.*

Such appalling ignorance as Division 3 shows in not knowing what a satyr is! Never mind, Sh-p-d is a good walking dictionary.

B-r-l-tt, our absent-minded lad.

Why is'nt Miss W-t-rs willing to change her German division? Very strange.

Teacher: "Who was Aeneas' mother?"
D-v-es: "Juno—er—Jupiter!"

Ask D-v-es who his idea of *"eine weniger stille Frau"* is.

According to P-r-y, Aeneas resembles a goddess.

H-n-s, are you paying good attention—not to Miss W-s, but to the lesson?

1910.

Get busy, K-mb-ll.

Ask Ma-ry if he ever proposed.

Miss Coo-e and Miss Cur-is like to eat crackers and apple jelly during the study hours.

Ask Ba-ter if he had a good time coming home from the social.

Che-n, giving expression for "juicy cherries," *"saftige Kirshe."*

We all wonder why Miss Moulton stays after school every day until two o'clock. Has it anything to do with the Training School?

Miss Comer-d and Miss McC-y, the corridors are not promenades.

We hope Santa Claus has been good to the infants of 1911.

Does Miss P-t-s-n like chocolate squash?

Who is the "Chicklet" fiend in Room 2?

M-r-y, translating: "He married his mother to the men of the tribe."

Who is the door-keeper of the "post-office" in Room 2, fourth hour?

Miss M-k-n and Miss R-s, do you know anything about it?

E-be-e had a new ear-trumpet made to order.

Why do those who sit in Room 2 long for the fourth hour?

1911.

Our first social was held at the home of Miss Calma Howe on Friday, Dec. 21. Mr. Bradbury and two of the teachers were present. All enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Christmas vacation is over. Now for exams!

Cambridge has another Broadway. Ask Miss E. P. S-i-h.

Sad, sad to wander,
From your lessons far—
Xmas days are over;
With your Latin war.

M-cV-ck-r is a great elocutionist.

Teacher: "How do you know the word is an i-stem?"
Pupil: "Because it is."

Heard in history:
Teacher: "Who was Boadicea?"
Miss M. S——: "He was a woman."

Did you ever hear the story of the "Peach" and the "Lemon"? Ask Ro-s-a-.

"Quid eis est in animo?"—"What do they mean by him in his mind?"

CLOUD SHADOWS.

LEILA NOLAND, C. L. S.

The still quiet of the years to come
Rests in the air;
A dim-cast shade from future misted years,
Too, lieth there.

The bright picture that fond friends have framed
Is fancy, just;
I see the coating that the years lay on
Of ash and dust.

Their proud telling of the hearts I'd break
Comes mocking, too;
And all the ravings o'er this golden head
That worked such rue.

These brave praisings of a princess power
Bred a proud trust;
I sketched a dream-knight with whom I might deign
To share his crust.

But came striding through my painted world
A real knight;
And then the shadows of the years to come
Threw down their blight.

And as noiselessly my hero passed
My pride grew pale;
I fain would bow this aching, golden head
To weep and wail.

But a murmur come from broken hearts
Falls on my ear,
And dares me cry aloud at my own pain
When I smiled here.

And thus beauty that they told would break
Full many hearts,
Now lastly sees its hero come, who yet
Heart-whole, departs.

The still quiet of the years to come
Rests in the air;
And shadows sifting out the future years
Fall faintly there.

Training School Notes.

1907.

We take pleasure in presenting the following, who have successfully passed the ordeal of speech-making, deserving honorable mention: Ronald F. Davis, "The Hoosac Tunnel"; Charles H. Harrington, "Dry Farming"; Raymond A. Fitzgerald, "The Pipe System of Cambridge"; Frederick B. James, "The Waltham Watch Factory"; Francis E. Miles, "The President's Trip of Inspection of the Panama Canal"; Russell K. Nash, "The Blast Furnace"; Martin J. Glennon, "The Salton Sink"; John R. Hugleman, "The Present Construction of the Harvard Medical School."

We now highly resolve in our year of 1907 to be "grinds," first class in every sense of the word.

After pushing Father Time for the past three years, with the date 1907 we have at last been relieved of our burden.

If a certain German looked at his egg to see if his watch was done, what time was it?
A hard time.

Was Nash brought up on a farm? He has just suggested that Miss Ellis get a glass of water in a pail.

When air is full, does it mean that we see two quantities where there is only one?

"People who put chains around their necks need them."

H-gan: "What does Pb mean?"

Teacher: "Let nobody talk unless he has something to say."

It seems strange, but we have just found out that Wiley is a Longfellow.

Francis Miles' photographs have inspired many first-class fellows to grow long and broad.

We imagine Powell is destined for a butcher. He is beginning to talk about cu. cms. of man.

1908.

At the meeting on Jan. 2 the invitation extended to the class by the Y. M. C. A. was formally accepted. A large number attended the social on the 4th and had a very pleasant and profitable evening.

Purchase your dance tickets now; they are going rapidly.

Dr. Skilton announces the change in his office hours, as a result of strenuous efforts relating to the hockey team. From now on, all patients may be treated at the noon hour, in the dining-room, at the second table.

Heard in German class: *Warrum durfen Sie nicht ausgehen?* Translated, "Why are you not allowed to go out?"
Farr-g-on: "My wife won't let me."
Heartiest congratulations to him and his "wife."

Carman will hereafter be seen with his keys on his shoes, the only apparel he wears every day.

The drafting-room is a place for social drawings between the hours of 2 and 5 P.M.

All questions of matrimony will receive careful attention in civics the fourth hour.

Corey and Ellis have at last passed in something; namely, the eye and ear examination.

Every one seems to have enjoyed his much-needed vacation.

"Vest-pocket Series of Standard and Remarkable Draftings," drawn by John C. A. Davis, may be obtained from the artist by depositing the small sum of one cent in the class treasury.

When in doubt, see "Stev."

Fellows is going into the business of an architect. He receives his instructions and proceeds to copy from a blue-print.

"I'll see you at two o'clock, please, Carman."

"Rorie" is trying to claim relationship with a hockey stick.

We desire to express our pleasure at your selection of manager and assistant manager, "Peely." Perhaps no more suitable a trio could be found anywhere than "Sunbeam," "Husky" and yourself. You have done well.

One of the teachers would like to know why we allow ourselves to be seen with ourselves.
He claims that we lose our self-respect when we see ourselves with ourselves.

Thompson is in great grief because he is now obliged to find a recruit for the "Trouble Club," to fill Dunning's place.

All agreed, after hearing the particulars of Hunnewell's trip to Canada, that they would have been glad to have had "Willie's" chance. He seems all the better for going.

In cold weather they are always together, but in warm weather they stick like glue; namely, "Boozer" and "Ike."

"Ferdi," remove that space from thy head.

Public sentiment is against the distribution of such *elegant* marks as we saw in our class last month.

Easley's melodious voice may be distinctly heard when the recitation proceeds.

Sennott will proceed with the protestations, declaring the acts unconstitutional. Forward, Edward.

All they say is, come another day, well, I'll tell you, I don't think I studied that.

Monsieur Edgerton is disposed to consider his nomination for the glee club an insult. Very serious indeed, we assure you, Monsieur.

John B—— couldn't do better, "Kenneth."

Mr. Kelley's argument was based on sound judgment and constitutional facts, aided by a dislodged dictionary coughed up half-way.

1909.

Aren't we going to have a "Sophomore" dance?

E-g-n chooses "Gas" for an oral-theme subject at least once a year, but F-rw-ll says that it's all hot air.

We are informed by one fellow that some of the new towns which had grown up had no population at all.

Teacher, interrupting pupil: "King George, you mean, don't you?"
Pupil: "No, this is William."

Who was conspicuously absent from English, second hour, one Tuesday?

One's civilization is said to be measured by the amount of soap one uses.

Teacher, to two restless little fellows in the back of the room: "Stop that kids' play, or we'll put you both to bed in a minute!"

Teacher: "Your mouth's open again, Sh-p-rd; please keep it shut."

Pupil, translating: *"Là dans le char, sur le poisson"*—" 'There in the cart,' said the fish!"

L. P., what does S. M. stand for?

"Itz az eezee az enny we've had."

Allez-vous-en!

Teacher: "Not a stick-pin."
Voice: "A scarf-pin."

"Burruchee" is evidently two names well mixed together. Mr. B—— must have been trying to read them both at once.

H-rl-hy, in shops, was wondering where the "countersign" was kept!

Now let's all pitch in and write class notes. Let's make the 1909 column the best in the REVIEW.

Jeff: "What are you going to do if you find a word that isn't there, when you're looking in the vocabulary?"

Pupil, translating *"gendre"*: "Friend."
Teacher: "No, nothing like it; son-in-law!"

Teacher: "What's the matter, B——?"
B——: "He hit my crazy bone."
Teacher: "If he hit you most anywhere, he would do that."

Je vais partir immédiatement pour aller les çhercher—"I am going immediately to the church!"

Mr. E—— had given a long discussion on the word "papa," which used to mean leader, or head, and from which came the name pope.
B——: "Is 'mama' the feminine of it?"

1910.

"The king is dead." "Long live the king." Best wishes to Mr. Morse and to his successor.

Wilkins is drifting. Where will he settle?

IV A are very much interested in watching the husky giants who stroll from the English room through the upper hall.

Bookkeeping is great, is it not? Yes, it is *not*.

There was a young lad named Rockwood,
Who tilted his chair way backward;
The chair twenty-threed,
He went down like a weed;
And this was the end of poor Rockwood.

Teacher: "What is the number of the first chapter?"
Class: "One."
Surprising, really.

Take Mr. R——'s advice and keep your rattle, McCa-l-y. The baby has to be amused.

Problem for IV A:
Given: The length and width, to find in board measure the thickness of C-l-w-ll's head.

The fellows have put the stamp of approval on the secretary of IV D.

P-r-te-s, have you got your muzzle yet?

The sewing circle is progressing rapidly. They can now drop their scissors on the floor.

Ball games in the basement have been called off, on account of a broken window. These are surely days of ceaseless activity, endless turmoil and constant revolutions for 1910 that would gladden the heart of President Roosevelt.

A teacher asked Ca--ey what he would like to have happen to him.
Ca--ey: "I would like to pick up a five-dollar gold piece."
Some one please drop one and let Ca--ey pick it up.

What makes IV B yell "kindling wood."

1907.

A Happy New Year!

A drama entitled "The Lost Croquette" was presented Jan. 3, the fourth hour, in the cooking-room.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Miss Grebenstein.....*The Hero*
Miss McCollum.....*The Villain*
Miss Hall.....*Herlock Sholmes, Detective*
Miss Bates.....*Policeman McGuire*
Miss Priest.....*The Suspected*
Miss Knowlton.....*The Croquette*
Miss Schlesinger.....*The Distressed*
Miss Cutler.....*Chief Cook*
Miss Halliday.....*Waitress*

How many New Year resolutions have you broken already?

How bright and alert (?) our minds were the first day after the Christmas vacation!

We are really going to have a drama after all!

"Like an *allegory* on the banks of the Amazon."

French: "Domestic pigs"—"You are a very small cinder!"

"You have a 'heart' (Hart), Miss K-l-o?" How strange!

Was it necessary for you to swear off working, Ruth?

The mystery of the cooking class! Who ate Edna's croquette?

Miss Knowlton is quite a playwright.

Who is Hiram?

Heard in French: *"Elle tenait toujours les mains de Jean"*—"She was always holding John's hand."

"C'est à moi" (feminine)—"It is up to me."

Have you heard the phonetic spelling of Schenectady? (Skinneckety.)

1908.

Prepare for the mid-years!

Look out, girls! Traps are set with pet questions.

Some one kindly furnishes us with music in shorthand the first hour.

We are glad to see Miss Williams back again.

"How many themes have you to make up?"

Wanted.—Some one to serve Mellin's Food to the Freshmen at recess.

Our class has suffered the loss of Miss Sandrigan and Miss Sanderson. We miss them both very much.

For information in ancient history, go to Olson.

Three cheers for the "H. C. C."

Who are the prisoners during study hours?

What a fine time we had at the social attended by "the lonely three"!

Miss Furfey managed to get back to her old seat this year.

English class: "An amphibious animal is one that eats vegetables."

"Temper is like a summer day." Hot?

Heard in dressing-room of Room 16: "A hook, a hook, my kingdom for a hook!"

Der boobey—the boy.

Er gab ihnen einen klugen Rat—"He gave them a *wise* rat."

Ask Miss Howard what her number is.

We are all very glad to see Miss Sawyer back again after her short illness, although we enjoyed Miss Simpson's short stay very much.

1909.

French: *Dégeler un morceau de glace*—"Thawed out a piece of mirror."

R. M. T. S. seem to be very popular letters with the geometry class.

How many are there in a quartet, Miss Mas-ey?

P-tt-n, how did the lemon taste?

Miss Lon- -i-e and Miss Hu-d ate a letter!

Mol-y, how about the seventh principal part?

Miss Ma- -ey, did you ever use "funeral extract"?

Miss Foster furnishes us with music during the French hour.

Miss F-t-, are you practicing for an acrobat?

Wanted.—A man. Give information to Miss N-c-h-ls, Room 3.

Say Adams Academy to Miss M-y-rs and watch the expression.

Miss O'C-n-or-, what is the attraction in Room 15?

Miss H-l-y: (French) *"Promenant un regard mouillé sur sa couvée"*—"Walking with a moist look under his cover."

Now, Miss F-t-, will you eat any more cough drops the first hour?

1910.

What is the attraction at the desk in the lower corridor?

Lost.—A lemon. Finder please return to N. G. C. Club, Room 6.

The girls who whisper the most in Room 12 are Miss —— and Miss ——.

Lost.—A "Penny." If found, return to Biffles.

EXCHANGES.

The Salem *Advance*, which I received just as I was about to hand in the exchange notes for this month, reproves us in its exchange column for putting advertisements in with reading matter. This reproof rather disappointed me, for I had prepared a nice little sermon on the same subject myself. However, on looking again at our issues of the REVIEW, I came to the conclusion that we hardly deserve such censure. Be this as it may, we do agree with the *Advance* in saying that "advertisements should not be mixed in with the reading matter." I know of nothing that cheapens and degrades a paper more than this.

Readers will find the exchanges of this month excellent. We do not approve, however, of the selection of the story published in the *College Signal*. Your "blank space" would have been better. It is a pity to spoil a good local paper by a poor story.

We look forward with the *Herald* to the time when all schools will have adopted the "honor system." Already this method has been tried in several schools with greatest success—such success that people cannot fail to realize its superiority.

Of all our exchanges, the *High School Times* has the finest cuts and cover designs. They are artistic and drawn with greatest care —far different from the work to be found in most papers.

The *Vindex* is a noteworthy addition to our exchange list, but all it can boast in the way of an exchange column is a mere list of names. The same fault may be found with the *Blue and Buff*, the *Milton Orange and Blue* and the *School Life*, while the *Watertown Review* and the *College Signal* have absolutely nothing.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following: The *Adelphian*, the *Archon*, the *Blue and Buff*, *Bulletin*, the *Calendar*, the *Chandelier*, *Cherry and White*, the *Herald*, the *Leavitt Angelus*, the *Lowell Textile Journal*, *Milton Orange and Blue*, *Oak Leaves*, *E. H. S. Record*, *Smith Academy Record*, *Review* (Lowell), *School Life*, *Senior*, *Southern Workman*, the *Student*, *High School Times*, the *Tripod* (Roxbury Latin School), *Tripod* (Thornton Academy) and *Colby Academy Voice*.

BEST COLLEGE SONGS.

(Revised Edition.)

PUBLISHED BY HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE.

The revised edition of this excellent collection of college songs is one of the recent publications of Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge. Compiled from the well-known volumes, "Songs of All the Colleges," "Songs of the Eastern Colleges" and "Songs of the Western Colleges," it contains many of the best features of all three. It comprises a number of famous college songs, a choice selection of minstrel songs, and numerous popular songs of later origin. There are also several familiar songs, not exactly of college origin, which have for years maintained their popularity and claimed place in every collection of this nature. In the back part of the book are printed many of the songs which different colleges have made peculiarly their own; as, "Fair Harvard," the Yale "Boola" song and "Bright College Years," "Hail, Pennsylvania!" and many others from colleges all over the country, as the students themselves sing them at their college festivities. Attractively bound in paper, it is a most desirable collection. Price, fifty cents. Address

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE,
31-35 West Fifteenth Street,
New York City.

Athletics.

TRACK TEAM.

The Latin School is going to try to make a good showing in track athletics this year, but to do it we must have the hearty support of the school. Everybody who can do anything in this branch of sport, should come out and help us.

On Jan. 2, in Room 28, about twenty-five fellows reported as candidates for the team, and on Jan. 4, in the Cambridgeport Gymnasium, the candidates met for the first practice.

We are to hold a "Prep" meet this year in Newton on Feb. 27.

Wednesday, Dec. 12, Latin School played St. Mark's at Southboro. It was our first game, and we played well, considering the lack of practice. We were beaten 3 to 0.

Saturday, Dec. 15, Latin School played Pomfret at Pomfret. The ice was in very poor condition and made team play impossible. Pomfret made two goals by good individual work.

Tuesday, Dec. 18, we defeated Milton Academy in a well-played game. Latin School played well and got in some team work. The line-up:

Cambridge.	Milton.
Hursh, r. w.	l. w., Leslie
Reeves, r. c.	l. c., Parker
Goodale, l. c.	r. c., Davis
Ellis, l. w.	r. w., Wigglesworth
Huling, c. p.	c. p., Pope
Blackall, p.	p., Dewey
Chase, g.	g., Smith

Goals made: Reeves (2), Ellis, Leslie, Wigglesworth. Time, two 15-minute periods.

Owing to the poor weather, it has been impossible to play hockey to good advantage. Accordingly, most of the other games have been cancelled.

On Spy Pond, Saturday, Jan. 5, Latin School defeated Brookline in the first game of the Preparatory League. In the first half neither side scored. Early in the second half Boynton received a pass from Goodale and shot a goal. Brookline then tied the score, Howe making the goal after a pass from Cady. With three minutes to play, Close carried the puck close to Brookline's goal and then passed to Ellis, who easily shot the goal. Latin School then held Brookline away from the goal. For Latin School, Goodale and Close played a good game, and Howe and Cady for Brookline.

C. L. S.	B. H. S.
Ellis, l. e.	r. e., Miles
Goodale, l. c.	r. c., Young
Close, r. c.	l. c., Howe
Boynton, r. e.	l. e., Cady
Huling, c. p.	c. p., Stevens
Robbins, p.	p., Welch
Chase, g.	g., Parsons

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Football Notes.

On Dec. 7 John K. MacKenzie, '08, was elected captain of the 1907 football team, and Warren S. Henderson, '08, was appointed manager. Henderson was the assistant manager of the 1906 team.

The prospects for a winning team are most favorable. Of the entire squad that went to Somerville on Thanksgiving Day, only six men will be lost by graduation. Four of these men were regulars, they being Griffin, Watkins, Warren and Hogan. The other two men are Ramsey and Miles.

It is expected that Coach Harris will again have charge of the squad, and with so many old men to work with, the outlook for a prosperous season is most encouraging.

A new rule regarding the winning of the football "R" went into effect during the past season. Formerly any player who participated in any Interscholastic League game or the Cambridge Latin School game was entitled

to wear the "R"; and any man who played in the game with Somerville was given a sweater with an "R" on it. Under the new rule, the football "R" is won by only the men who take part in the game with Somerville. These men receive, as before, the sweaters with the letter on it. However, if there should be on the squad a senior who has worked diligently, but through injuries or other suitable reason should fail to play against Somerville, he will be entitled to a sweater with an "R" on it.

Those who were given sweaters this season are the following: Captain Keays, J. C. Griffin, E. L. Hogan, Jr., G. H. Watkins, H. H. Warren, C. E. Ramsey, F. E. Miles, A. D. Green, J. F. Cremens, G. M. Clavell, G. Christman, R. G. Schuyler, J. K. MacKenzie, A. J. Gaw, H. K. James, E. A. Jones and F. B. James.

Hockey Notes.

The remaining games on the hockey schedule are as follows:

Monday, Jan. 7, Arlington at Arlington.

Thursday, Jan. 10, Winchester at Winchester.

Wednesday, Jan. 16, Pomfret at Pomfret.

Saturday, Jan. 19, Dean Academy at Franklin.

Monday, Jan. 21, Milton Academy at Milton.

Saturday, Jan. 26, St. Marks at Southboro.

Monday, Jan. 28, Everett at Everett.

Wednesday, Jan. 30, Mechanic Arts High at Artificial.

Saturday, Feb. 2, Andover at Andover.

Training School, 0. Winchester, 1.

On Dec. 12 Training School opened its hockey season by playing Winchester High on Spy Pond. The game was close and fast, and Winchester won after much hard playing by a score of 1 to 0. Line-up:

Training School.	Winchester.
Lynes, r. e.	l. e., Hunt
Green, r. c.	l. c., Wingate
Raymond, l. c.	r. c., Foster
Simpson, l. e.	r. e., Whitten
Skilton, c. p.	c. p., Kinsley
Cunningham, p.	p., de Bussy
Francis, g.	g., Richardson

Winchester, 1; R. M. T. S., 0. Time, 15 and 10 minute periods. Referee, Mear of Arlington. Goal umpires, Griffin, Vietz.

R. M. T. S., 0. Roxbury Latin, 2.

Training School played Roxbury Latin on Dec. 14 and lost 2 to 0. The game was fast and exciting, and it was only through the best of playing that Roxbury won. Skilton and Raymond played well for Training School, while Soule did the best work for Roxbury.

Training School.	Roxbury Latin.
Abel (Wilkins), l. e.	r. e., Hill
Raymond, l. c.	r. c., Kimball
Green, r. c.	l. c., Joy
Fritz, r. e.	l. e., Hastings
Skilton, c. p.	c. p., Soule
Simpson, p.	p., Wendell
Francis, g.	g., Mosser

Roxbury, 2; R. M. T. S., 0. Goals, Soule, Hill. Referee, Hoey. Time, two 15-minute halves.

R. M. T. S., 0. Arlington, 5.

On Dec. 20 Training School was defeated by Arlington at Spy Pond by 5 to 0. Taylor and Brooks played well for Arlington, while Skilton and Raymond played well for Training School.

Training School.	Arlington High.
Raymond (Allen), r. e.,	l. e., Brooks (Hodgon)
Easley, r. c.	l. c., Sloan
Green (Simpson), l. c.	r. c., Clifford
Fritz (Wilkins), l. e.	r. e., Taylor
Skilton, c. p.	c. p., Grey
Cunningham, p.	p., Bullard
Francis, g.	g., Dunbar

Arlington, 4. R. M. T. S., 0. Goals, Taylor (3), Clifford, Hodgon. Referee, Fisher. Umpires, Robinson and Shaw. Time, 20 and 15 minute periods.

R. M. T. S., 0. Dartmouth, 5.

On Dec. 26 Training School played a team Dartmouth players and was defeated by 5 to 0. The game was one-sided, as Training School was not in the same class with the collegians.

Training School.	Dartmouth.
Dresser, l. e.	r. e., Brett
Abel (Wilkins), l. c.	r. c., Pierce
Raymond, r. c.	l. c., Richardson
C. Allen, r. e.	l. e., Doe
T. Lynes, c. p.	c. p., Leighton
Cunningham, p.	p., Crocker
Francis, g.	g., Merrill

Score: Dartmouth, 5; R. M. T. S., 0. Goals, Leighton, Brett (2), Richardson, Pierce. Referee, Johnson. Umpires, Hart and Ehrard. Time, 15 and 10 minute periods.

Training School, 10. Bridgewater, 51.

On Jan. 5 the Training School basket-ball team opened its season and was defeated by the strong team of the Bridgewater Normal School, at Bridgewater. The score was 51 to 10, which shows how outclassed the Training School boys were.

Training School.	Bridgewater Normal.
Ireland, r. f. (Harrington)	l. b., McDonald
Green, l. f.	r. b., Pickett
Churchill, c.	c., Gammons
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Wheeler
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., O'Flaherty

Score: Bridgewater, 51; Training School, 10. Goals from floor: Watkins, McKenzie, Green (2), Ireland, McDonald (5), Pickett (6), Gammons (2), Wheeler (6), Flaherty (6). Goal from foul, Pickett.

NEW EQUIPMENT.

Four new typewriters were added to the equipment at the Cambridge Commercial College last week. Altogether, seventeen new typewriters have been added since September 1906, owing to the increased attendance. The equipment of the Cambridge Commercial College certainly cannot be excelled and their plan of individual instruction is proving very popular. The Principals, Messrs. Heaney and Rosebery, are teachers of national reputation amongst business college men.

Hickox's Shorthand School, Copley Square, Boston, has the unparalleled record of having placed every graduate during the past three years in a position, at a starting salary of not less than $10 a week.

C. L. S. 1907 DRAMA AND DANCE

"Bachelor Hall"

Friday Evening, January 18, 1907

at Newtowne Club Hall

Tickets - 50 Cents

FUN.

A Georgia paper promises to publish a thrilling cereal. Its readers will probably make an oat of it.

The printer who set $10,000 to read $1,000 might have prevented the mistake by a little fourth aught.

A boy was sent by his mother to saw some stove-wood out of railroad ties. Going outdoors shortly after, she found her hopeful son sitting on the saw-horse, gazing pensively at his work. The mother asked him why he did not keep at his work.

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Number 5

Edgar L. Smith 1900

Volume XXI

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI No. 5

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, February, 1907

EDITORIALS.

We learned of Miss Ellis' appointment to the principalship of the Manual Training School too late for more than a very brief notice in last month's issue. For many reasons we were very glad to hear of the appointment, even though it is but temporary. Miss Ellis' success, both as teacher and as head assistant, during the years in which she has been connected with the Training School, has proved conclusively her ability to conduct the school as a whole. Principal, teachers, and pupils all know how much they owe to her firm and tactful management of the duties devolving upon her in her past position, to which has always attached considerable responsibility. All who have ever been connected with the school in any way will testify that Miss Ellis is entirely competent to manage the school.

We feel, then, that it would have been hard to make a better choice; and we are glad, too, that Miss Ellis' services have been recognized. By her past work she has won the right to show her power in the supreme position of the school, and the School Committee has cheerfully acknowledged this right. Many people will say that the committee should not have taken such an unprecedented step, but we are glad that it had the courage to place merit before precedent, and to do what was just and right.

As head of a large boys' high school, Miss Ellis holds a unique position. Of course she is misundersood and misrepresented by press agents and others incapable of sound judgment or good sense. There are doubtless many croakers who will say that it is an impossibility for any woman to conduct and control a school of that stamp, but we, forming our opinion from personal observation and experience, have entire confidence in Miss Ellis and in her administration.

One of the reasons most frequently given for an athletic team's failure, is this: "Some of the players were disqualified on account of their studies." This, we are sorry to say, it too true. It is, however, unnecessary, at least in Cambridge. The requirements are moderate, and the standard set is easily attainable by any one who is willing to work a little. Of course some find it more difficult than others; but if help is needed, it can always be obtained. A teacher who sees a pupil making an honest effort to understand the subject in hand, but failing, for one reason or another, to grasp it, is always glad to make explanations, and give as much special assistance outside as may be required. The trouble is that most are unwilling to own up that they do not understand, or to ask for help; or else they are just simply lazy with a capital L. So they let things go by without understanding them, and try to "bluff through" their lessons without studying them. Then comes the end of the month, and if they fail, they growl that it is "all the teach-

er's fault," because the teacher is "down on them," or "down on football."

Managers, and captains, and others connected with the teams are very bitter against boys who can play, but who won't come out for the team; and on them they lay a good deal of blame, if the team is not successful. Then, when a player on the team is disqualified on account of rank, it is always the teacher who is to blame. Very rarely do they think of placing the responsibility where it really belongs more than on the boys who do not come out for the team, and far more than on the teacher; namely, upon that boy himself.

If any boy makes a team, and then refuses to play, simply because it is too much work, he at once is called a "quitter," and the school is almost too hot to hold him. If the same boy, when playing on the team, refuses to put into his studies enough work to be allowed to play, and in consequence cannot play, he receives sympathy, and his team mates all unite in expressing their opinion of that teacher who is "down on athletics." As a matter of fact, the second boy is fully as much a traitor to his school and to its athletics as is the first. Besides depriving the team of a player, who might make all the difference between defeat and victory, he is helping to alienate the faculty, and to strengthen the arguments of those who say that school athletics ought to be abolished, because they interfere with regular school work. Athletics should be, and can be, instead of a hindrance, the strongest kind of a help to school work; and when this is the case, all opposition from the faculty disappears. Let us put forth a little extra effort, and thereby not only help our own school, but the cause of athletics in general.

This desirable consummation can be greatly aided by an able, energetic manager. He, or the captain, should make it his business to follow up for a year beforehand every candidate for his team, and see to it that he is doing what he should in his studies. Such is the custom in many of the colleges and in some schools. Thus there was a football manager of a school in this vicinity who used to have before school a regular class of the candidates for the team and make them recite their lessons to him, to make sure that they were doing their school work. In Cornell once a senior was detailed to take charge of a certain freshman football player of doubtful standing. He compelled the freshman to stay in his room in the evening, and then, because he had reason to think that the freshman, while remaining in his room, was not studying, he moved his own books into the other's room and studied with him. While such methods as these may be impracticable here, it is certain that constant supervision on the part of the manager or captain would do much to keep the players up to the mark in their studies. If this is done, the benefit to the team and to the pupils themselves will be great.

As announced on another page, the Preparatory League will hold its annual track meet in Newton Drill Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 26. It is very important that all should attend and make this meet a success. Last year the Latin School track team was a decided failure, and if better results are not accomplished this year, it is probable that the team will be given up. A great deal can be done by a large and enthusiastic attendance. All come!

We are very sorry to learn of the efforts, happily unsuccessful, made by certain boys, to create disturbance at the Rindge Junior dance, Feb. 1. Any boy who is in a high school should be enough of a gentleman not to indulge in any such rowdyism. It should not be lightly overlooked. These are the things which give a bad reputation to a school. We desire to express in the strongest terms our sorrow that any such thing should have happened, and our hope that these boys, and any others like them, will refrain in the future from such proceedings, alike disgraceful to themselves, and injurious to the good name of the school from which they come.

It is with the deepest regret that we learn, just as we go to press, of the death of Mr. Edwin L. Sargent, master in the English High School. He died Tuesday evening, Feb. 12. We desire to express to his family our heartfelt sympathy and sense of loss.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF LEMMON.

J. GORDON GILKEY, C. L. S., 1908.

When, after much trouble, I secured a diploma from one of our Eastern colleges, I decided to spend the summer abroad in order to get somewhat rested before going to work in the fall. So it happened that I started for England during the latter part of June, 19—, determined not to think of either Latin or Greek for at least three months. But after visiting the different points of interest in England and France, I found myself one pleasant evening on board a steamer bound for Greece, where my good resolution was destined to be broken in the peculiar fashion which I am about to relate.

One fine morning I started out alone from my hotel in Athens to take a walk among the different ruins about the city. The time passed very quickly, and almost before I realized it, the heat had become so intense that I was glad to sit down in the shadow of one of the great stone pillars that years ago had formed part of the entrance to one of the great temples of Athens. Sitting thus, the thought came to me that perhaps there was a fragment of some statue or frieze buried near the pillar that would look well in my den at home. So without further delay, I took my walking-stick and thrust it into the ground nearby. What was my surprise and pleasure to find that I struck a hard object about two inches beneath the surface of the ground. Hurriedly taking off my coat, I scraped the dirt away, and saw a large, flat tablet covered with Greek. With much difficulty I lifted the stone out of its resting-place, and having put on my coat, sat down to see if I could translate the Greek written on the tablet. And so, with my resolution scarcely a month old, there I sat, working harder to translate that Greek than I ever had worked over Homer in college, and without the assistance of an "interlinear," too.

I soon became very much interested in the story on the tablet, which ran as follows:

King Clearchus of Thebes, having no direct heir to his throne, sent a herald through all his kingdom to announce that the king wished to choose a successor from the young men of the country; that all the competitors were to be thoroughly examined, and the best youth was to be proclaimed king. Then, in order to prevent cowardly candidates from competing, it was announced that all those who were unable to endure the tests were to be slain without mercy.

The Greek on the tablet at this point became a little easier to read, and so I will give the literal translation.

I, Lemmon, was filled with a great hope, and leaving my home, started for the king's palace, either to succeed him or to die in the attempt. Joyfully I proceeded, and at length came to the royal park, where many of the noble young men of Thebes had assembled. Soon the officers of the king came and said to us: "Young men of Thebes, the king has prepared three great tests for those who would be king in his stead. Whoever fails in any one of the three will be slain without mercy, but the one who endures all will be proclaimed king of Thebes." Then all prepared for the testing.

Amid great silence, the first young man was led into the presence of the king. We outside awaited expectant, when suddenly a great cry was heard, and all knew that the first candidate had failed and been slain. So the young men entered one by one, and those outside knew not what the test was.

At last I, Lemmon, was summoned, and with great courage I entered the palace and came before the king. Then he said to me: "Young man, stand on yonder block of stone, draw your sword, and prepare to fight. Behind this curtain is a caged lion, famished, and ready to devour man or beast. You must fight with him; but if you leap in terror from yonder block of stone as you fight, your life will be forfeited."

So two of the king's slaves dragged forth the cage, and I beheld a great lion therein, pacing to and fro. And as the beast saw me, with a great roar, he clawed the bars of his cage savagely. The door of the cage was then opened, and the famished lion crouched to spring. Bracing my feet, I awaited him with drawn sword. Suddenly, with a roar

like thunder, the beast sprang, and I struck out madly with my sword. But lo! a long chain held him, so that the lion could not reach me. Then, when the king's slaves had driven him back into the cage, the king, seeing that I still stood upon the block of stone, said: "You have succeeded in the first test. Pass on and rejoin your companions." Then a slave led me to another room in the palace, where I found a few young men, those who had, like myself, endured the first test.

The next day the officers of the king came and said: "Young men of Thebes, prepare yourselves for the second of the king's tests. All those who fail will be killed without mercy, but those who endure this test will be spared for the third and last one to-morrow."

Then, as on the preceding day, the young men entered the palace one by one, and none returned. At last I was summoned, and when I had entered, the king said to me: "Young man, behold this great pillar of stone that stands here and leans as if about to fall. Now see that heavy weight that swings slowly to and fro above the pillar. As it swings, it slowly drops, and presently will hit the pillar, causing it to fall. Now lie down beside this pillar and watch that weight as it slowly drops lower and lower while it swings. But if you close your eyes in terror but for one instant, or turn your head away, you will be slain without mercy."

So I lay down beside the great stone pillar, and the king said to one of his slaves: "Make the weight swing." Then I saw the great mass swing up, graze the pillar, swing back, and drop down a very little. Then it swung back again and came nearer the stone pillar. Back and forth, back and forth, each time a little nearer. The sweat rolled from my forehead in great drops, but with hands tightly clenched I watched it swing to and fro. Now it almost touched the pillar, once more and the stone would be toppled over. Slowly it swung back, stopped, then moved toward the pillar. Could I wait thus with open eyes? I saw it draw nearer and nearer, and then crash against the pillar. But before the stone could fall, a crowd of slaves rushed forward and held it up until I had arisen.

"Now," said the king, smiling slightly, "prepare for the last test to-morrow, and go and rejoin your companions in the adjoining room." I did so, but only one young man was there.

The next day the king sent us word to sharpen our swords. I did this very carefully, and then waited his bidding. The other young man, the only one beside myself who had survived the first two tests, was summoned first. I awaited outside the palace eagerly, when suddenly I heard a loud cry, and I realized that my only opponent had failed. If I could only endure this last test, I, Lemmon, would be king of Thebes! Then the king's officer summoned me.

This time the king led me into a garden, where a deep brook flowed quietly. "Now," said the king, "hold your sword upright in this brook and I will place some straws in the water so that they will hit your blade as they float down the stream. If you have sharpened your sword as I told you, it will cut the straws as they float down upon it. But if one straw grazes the blade and is not cut, then your life will be forfeited."

Surely this was the most awful test of all. What if the sword was a trifle dented at the place where the straw touched it? What if the straw happened to be old and dry, and consequently would not break? Would my life be lost? After I had endured the first two awful tests, was my life to be staked against a mere straw floating down a quiet brook? But what honor would be mine if I succeeded! The king of Thebes, instead of a poor youth!

Then I saw the king, with a malicious smile, place a straw in the stream. Slowly it floated down toward my sword, borne on by the quiet water. I watched it with staring eyes as it came nearer and nearer the blade. How I longed to cut the tiny straw, with one quick upward stroke, as it drew near me. But no, I must wait, without one move, and see my fate determined by the straw, floating innocently toward me. My predecessor had failed. Would not I? A tiny wave caught the straw and washed it toward me. It stopped just beyond the blade. If that ripple had only come a moment later, it would have pushed the straw with more force against the

sword than did the slow current, and so, perhaps, have helped me. One moment more and it would hit the blade. King of Thebes or dead?

At this point in the story the tablet had been broken off, and the last words I could decipher were these:

καὶ ὁ Λεμμον.

CAP'N JOE.

EDWIN M. CHAMBERLIN, C. L. S., 1907.

Cap'n Joe was sitting in front of his little shack mending lobster pots. The sea stretched away in an endless expanse of dark blue from the rocks on which his hut was built, and the sea-gulls could be seen perched on the buoys in the bay, looking into the water for small fish and incessantly screaming to one another. White-sailed boats were scudding here and there. Here, was the "Weona," the fastest boat of her class on the whole shore; and there was the "Wild Goose" with John Stum at her helm. Stum, the finest skipper of the fleet, had held the tiller of the winning yacht in the race across the Atlantic but a year before; in the third race across the ocean. Further out in the bay were the racing dories with their triangular sails. They were jibing around the outer buoy with the bright red "Dorothea" far in the lead.

It was not at the gulls, nor yet at the sail boats that the fisherman looked from time to time, but at the ominous looking clouds which were darkening the distant horizon. As the clouds gathered together and banked higher into the sky, Cap'n Joe muttered to himself, "Wal, looks purty much like a blow; be rain 'fore morning. Wonder ef Mr. Haskins seed to the moorin's o' that new speed boat o' his'n."

Just then the old man heard a faint halloo, and glancing toward the settlement of summer cottages on the hill, he saw a child running towards him. The little fellow was Mr. Haskins' grandchild, and he had come for lobsters. He said that his "grandad" was sorry not to come, but that he had a cold which had kept him in the house all day.

When the child had gone, Cap'n Joe went into his shack, put on his oil-skins and rubber boots, and started over the bluff to the shore to see to the fastenings of his fishing dory.

The wind was rising fast and was shrieking round the rocks with all its might. As the old tar gazed out to sea through the semi-darkness that always comes just before night sets in—in earnest,—he saw by the way the speed launch was pulling at her anchor ropes that it would not be long before she would break adrift and driven upon the rocks, would be pounded to pieces.

So he launched his dory and pulled for the power boat, the Minnehaha. It took him but a short time to reach the launch and in less than five minutes he had added an extra hawser to the anchor and was ready to start for home.

He jumped into his dory and pushed off, but the sudden jolt caused by his leap sent one of his oars over the edge of the boat and into the water; for good sailor though he was, he had left his oars in the thole pins.

At first Cap'n Joe didn't realize the plight into which he had fallen. He thought the loss of an oar would make but an extra few minutes hard work for him. But when he had sculled for fully five minutes and had not perceptibly diminished the distance from the light oar which was being carried swiftly out to sea by the lusty wind, the seriousness of his position began to dawn upon him. He noticed now, that the waves had become too high to allow him to turn his boat for shore without being swamped, and realized that he would be obliged to scull with all his might to prevent the wind from swinging him broadside. He settled down to his task of keeping the boat into the wind, in a methodical manner. He made his strokes as slow as possible in order not to waste his strength, and from time to time he shouted at the top of his voice in the hope that some one would hear him.

At the end of two hours' tiring work, Cap'n Joe sank to the bottom of his dory in utter exhaustion; all hope, for the moment, failed

him, but immediately the love of life exerted its influence and he struggled to his feet again, resolving, as he seized the oar, to keep up his courage as long as possible.

While this struggle was taking place on the sea, the man's friends on land were not idle. About half an hour after Cap'n Joe had left his shanty, Bill Hodgkins, an old ship-mate and companion came down to see him.

As Bill didn't find his old friend in the hut, he walked down to the shore expecting to meet him there. When he found the old fisherman's dory gone, and an unusually heavy sea running, he could not keep gloomy forebodings from his mind. Surely a man well trained in the ways of the sea could not have met with any mishap, yet why was Joe gone when such a storm was coming on.

As he walked slowly back past the hut and along the road, Hodgkins' fears increased instead of diminishing, and by the time he came to the house where the life-boat was kept, and where the men watched out for danger signals, he was very anxious and felt that something must have happened to Joe. Hodgkins was a man of quick action and it took him but a moment to decide on the course he wished to pursue. He would collect the life crew and man the boat. It was the last day of July and the gallant men so ready to risk their lives for others would not go on fall duty until midnight.

But Hodgkins was one of the crew and knew where the others could be found, and how willing each man would be to be of any service. He started on a run and by a piece of good fortune, found each brave fellow spending his last evening at home before going on duty, and in half an hour, all out of breath, Bill was hurrying back to the life station. The beach in front of the look-out tower was filled with people, for ill news spreads quickly among the simple fisher folks, and all the women and men of the settlement were standing looking silently over the noisy, roughened water, for Captain Joe was loved by everyone both young and old. Not a few in that gathering had given some loved one to the greedy sea; and the children in their noisy play, not realizing the cause of the disturbance, were furthest from their parents' thoughts.

Every noise was hushed as Captain Caleb of the life-boat crew called in his loud, bluff voice! "Steady, now; all together," and the life-boat was pulled down the run and into the water. Each man took his place and in a few minutes even the sound of the oars had died away and only the sounds made by those collecting firewood broke the stillness.

The men pulled evenly and strongly, heading the boat directly into the waves, as if they knew the precise course that Cap'n Joe had taken. For some time they rowed steadily on, and the creaking of the oars on their safety locks kept up a dismal cadence. "Listen," bellowed Captain Caleb, and for two or three seconds the crew ceased its exertions, but no answering shout greeted their halloos, and they took up their work again.

Again Caleb thought he heard a cry for help, and in a minute all heard a sound distinctly, although they could not make out just where it came from, but soon off in the blackness, rising on a wave and then lost in the trough, they saw a small black speck, and pulled hard towards it. But suddenly, crash! they had struck the unseen dory, and the black spot in the distance, must have been the wind-tossed buoy anchored in the outer bay. Sharp and clear came Caleb's voice, "Hold! two in the bow, drop your oars and see if you can see him."

There was a splash as the bow oar, Larry, a Swede, plunged into the water. For an instant he had seen Joe, thrown over by the jar of the boats striking together, and had dived after him.

In less time than it takes to tell it, ropes had been thrown, and saver and saved were on board.

The life-boat was headed for shore and while two of the crew tried to bring Cap'n Joe to consciousness, the others worked with a will at the oars.

The minute shore was near at hand, and the boat was out of danger in the cove, the good news of Joe's rescue was told, and a mighty shout came from the assembled gathering, "Hoorah for Cap'n Joe," and by the light of the bon-fire, Joe's hand could be seen feebly waving above the gunwale, and many rushed down to the edge of the water to welcome him.

EXCHANGES

Among a few of the exchanges, I notice a tendency toward backbiting—the "you-are-not-the-one-to-talk" spirit. "Why do you kick about this or that, when you do it yourself," we hear. "See that your own paper is all right before you try to pick holes in others." But is this the right spirit in which to take criticisms? I remember a story of a minister, who, preaching his first sermon in a new parish, urged the congregation not to copy him, but to try and follow out his preaching. This, doubtless, is the best method all through life, and in exchanges, too, for if we wait for a perfect teacher, there is little hope of our ever learning. Besides, we must remember that very often the editors of a paper may not agree on many points.

Oh! those *lovely* cuts, *Advance!!!*

If the business manager of the *Pinkerton Critic* would only wake up and hustle, it could afford to be a larger and better paper. Take example by the *Anvil, Bulletin, Solanian, Triangle* and others, *Critic*.

The *Distaff,* although good, gets rather too sentimental.

It is not a *home* "for aged and infirm plots" that we want, *HcM. Record,* it is a cemetery. Following Professor Osler's idea, do away with all those ancient, worn-out plots you speak of. Let us see the last of them. You, *Ilakawinn,* take notice, and please don't publish any more stuff such as on pages 5 and 16 of your December issue. We would far prefer to read your ads. I am sorry to say, though, that you are not by any means the only paper to commit this fault.

For really excellent stories, read the December issue of the *Penn Charter Magazine.* The January number, however, is altogether too blood-curdling. The *Triangle,* also, is fine this month (January).

The *Meteor* would do well to publish a story or some interesting article in each issue.

C. H. S. Mirror is composed too much of editorials.

Welcome back, *News.*

Your "Spec.," *Old Hughes,* who rambles about as if dazed, need not embellish his article by so much slang and bad English.

What is this we read about in the *Colby Academy Voice*—"the increasing density of water" at a depth of fifteen feet!! We must have our physics text-books revised.

The "Etchings" of the *Walking Leaf,* a new exchange, are very good, and likewise the poetry of the *Solanian* (new, also).

Ye Tattler suggests "that the boards of high-school papers, in conveniently situated sections, should form a sort of organization, which should hold annual meetings" to discuss matters of interest. It seems to us that little more could be gained by this than by the present method of exchange notes.

Besides those already mentioned, we have received the *Apokeepsian,* the *P. H. S. Argosy, H. S. Beacon,* the *Chandelier,* the *College Signal,* the *Herald,* the *Hermonite,* the *Junto,* the *Leavitt Angelus,* the *Milton Orange and Blue,* the *Panorama, Smith Academy Record,* the *Recorder,* the *Red and Blue,* the *M. H. S. Review, School Life,* the *Senior,* the *Southern Workman,* the *Briar Cliff Spectator;* the *Tattler,* the *Textile Journal* and the *Tripod.*

THE THIEF.

GEORGE F. DENNETT, R. M. T. S., '09.

"Hugh! them durned varmints," was Uncle Eb's peculiar exclamation of surprise as he unexpectedly stumbled onto the half-eaten, bloody carcass of a fine, large sheep that had been dragged over the leaves and lay half-hidden behind a small juniper on the border of the great pine forest.

Uncle Eb was a good old soul, whom every one knew and respected. He was lame, not being able to handle one of his lower limbs with ease. Thus handicapped, his only way of earning a livelihood for himself and wife, who was known as Aunt Marth, was by hunting and trapping. He had a comfortable cottage on a few acres of land, a small flock of hens, an old cow and a few sheep.

None could trap foxes as Uncle Eb could. Every spring he sent from two to three hundred dollars' worth of pelts to the large cities; a few mink, but for the most part valuable fox skins. Many are the fellows who have come to Uncle Eb with a five-dollar bill to make him talk, telling him that it was his would he disclose his secret method of baiting, setting and leaving a fox trap. Of course, Uncle Eb always complied, telling them all they required; but somehow their traps were unmolested by any fox.

Now Uncle Eb concluded at first glance that his sheep had been killed by neighboring dogs. Excepting the past two or three years, Uncle Eb had been sorely troubled by these marauders. His slow temper was thoroughly aroused as he stopped before the carcass. He determined to hunt the miscreant to its death.

Leaning his loaded rifle against the butt of a nearby tree, he very carefully examined the ground near the carcass. Failing to find tracks or other signs that would indicate the identity of the murderous thief, he completed the rounds, much perplexed.

That night a couple of inches of snow fell, and the next morning Uncle Eb had no difficulty in convincing himself that no dog had carried the remainder of the carcass into the woods, as the tracks indicated the thief to be a much larger animal. It was evidently hungry, or it would not have ventured this near to civilization.

Uncle Eb's investigation made his eyes grow large and sparkle. He stood and thought a minute. No, he'd let the thief work; it would get hungry, and knew where there was more food.

Going the rounds with a lightened step, he returned to the house earlier than usual.

"You don't say you've been to all your traps this morning, do you?" was Aunt Marth's greeting.

"I sartainly do," replied Uncle Eb, as he clambered up the creaky stairs into the old shed chamber. There he got out his largest steel trap, which had lain idle for many years.

He puttered around with his big trap all the afternoon, and dreamed the greater part of the night of his possible adventures and successful capture of the robber.

As Uncle Eb expected, another of his sheep was missing the next morning; hunting some time for the carcass, he at length found it in a small clearing. This was satisfactory. Taking great care not to molest the carcass, he set his trap with the sheep as bait, and ingeniously covered his tracks. If he should anchor his trap to a tree, the victim would gnaw his leg off and escape, so Uncle Eb wisely fastened his trap to a large drag,—a partly rotten log that lay near.

Everything complete and satisfactory, he stood by and chuckled.

"Bet he's a big one; but he won't go far with that," was his parting remark as he picked up his rifle and started for home.

"Thought 'twas putty nigh eatin' time," as he entered the kitchen, whose odors of cooking food aroused his already sharpened appetite.

"Eben," began Aunt Marth, "now you jest give an account of yerself. Where-ve you been all this time?"

"Sh! Sh! Mustn't ask questions."

"There, now you talk; what are you on the trail of now, a caribou?" was her good-natured taunt.

Occasionally the old man would burst out into a hearty laugh while eating his late meal. This always brought forth a renewed attack on him as to the meaning of the chuckle.

Poor Uncle Eb killed that thief in his sleep a dozen times, but no one ever knew of his dreams that long night. He was up unusually early the next morning, and had the fire burning briskly long before Aunt Marth appeared to prepare the morning meal. It was hastily eaten, and Uncle Eb made ready to visit his traps.

He shouldered his rifle, started a few rods, and came back for his axe, causing his good wife to inquire:

"What are you taking that axe for this morning, Eb?"

"Oh, kind er thought I might want it, perhaps," he answered, leaving Aunt Marth to ponder over his reply, and to thresh out the meaning of his unusual behavior of the past few days.

As Uncle Eb walked across the fields, he thought: Would his trap be unmolested, or was his prize there?

"Certainly he's there," and a broad grin would take possession of his weather-beaten countenance, and his slow, irregular pace would possibly be quickened a bit.

As he neared the place where the trap had been set, he stepped lighter, and assumed his peculiar crouch that is natural to all trappers, hunters and woodsmen. He slung his rifle across his forearm, a position from which he could be prepared to aim and fire a death bullet at a second's notice. He peered from behind the small fir into the little clearing,—and, where was the trap?

Certainly he set the trap on that spot with his own hands. But what had become of his fine, heavy, steel trap?

He boldly advanced into the clearing; the sheep's carcass was there before him, but the trap, with its cumbrous drag, had certainly disappeared.

Uncle Eb took in the situation immediately, and started on the unmistakable trail which some one or something had made with the trap and drag in tow. The tracks followed an old wood road, and he trailed them for some time before beginning to tire.

Surely he had tramped an eighth of a mile through the woods, and he was much perplexed as to the motive power of that trap. By the tracks he could see that the drag was still attached. The tracks began to grow plainer, and as he rounded a turn in the path, the sight which met his eyes stopped him as if shot in his tracks. There was his trap; but what was that huge black object attached to and dragging both trap and anchor?

For a short time, which seemed like many minutes, Uncle Eb stood perfectly still, dumbfounded.

"Hugh! ye would, would ye! Oh no, that trap's too heavy," burst out Uncle Eb, as he advanced toward the black, shaggy brute. But the bear, on seeing Uncle Eb approach, turned and made a ferocious rush at the old man; Bruin's strength was nearly gone, however, and this final rally for life was ended in his heavy fall to the ground with a bullet from "Old Trusty" between his eyes.

Uncle Eb left for home to secure a team and men to help him in removing his prize from the depths of that Maine forest.

RESOLUTIONS.

C. L. S. 1910.

WHEREAS, In his Divine Providence, it has seemed best to the Almighty to take away the father of our friend and classmate, Miss Minnette Neumann; be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1910 of the Cambridge Latin School, extend to her our sincere sympathy for her loss; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

C. E. H. S. 1910.

WHEREAS, By the will of the Divine Providence, our classmate, Clare Daly, has been deprived of her father, after a short illness; be it

Resolved, That we, the class of nineteen hundred and nine, of the English High School of Cambridge, do hereby extend to her our most sincere sympathy in her bereavement and sorrow; be it also

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of the class and be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

LATIN SCHOOL SENIOR DRAMA.

The class of 1907 gave a very successful drama, "Bachelor Hall," followed by a dance, at Newtowne Club Hall, the evening of Jan. 18. A large and evidently pleased audience was present. The cast:

Hon. Geoffrey Myrtleton...Arnold W. Lahee
Silas Jervis, Deacon.....Roger S. Hubbard
Elisha Bassett, Deacon..Herbert F. Boynton
Jack Meredith, acting under sealed orders
Edward W. Ellis
Pinkerton Case, amateur detective
Michael Corcoran
Vere Lee, author of "The Fatal Shot"
Edwin M. Chamberlin
Jasper, butler of "Bachelor Hall"
Henry E. Reeves
O'Rouke, a policeman..Edward H. Kittredge
Betty Vance, Myrtleton's ward
Marian Blackall
Polly Reynolds, an amateur actress
Laura M. Woodworth
Mrs. Van Styne, who has dramatic aspirations
Roxie Odiorne
Claire, her daughter, who has not
Mary E. Howe

Act I.—Bachelor Hall, Washington, residence of Congressman Myrtleton. Late afternoon. Arrival of Bassett and Jervis, deacons.

Act II.—Same scene. Evening of same day. The enactment of "The Fatal Shot."

Act III.—Bachelor Hall, the morning after.

If the true definition of *drama* be "action," "Bachelor Hall" answered every requirement. It was all action; action of the most rapid and farcical kind, which left you breathless amid the whirlwind complications of a plot involving congressmen, deacons, sailors, sleuths, policemen, Mephistos, Scotch clergymen, Columbines, and amateurs of all varieties. There was a trifle of dancing, a little love-making, a little shooting, a little acting and a great deal of complication. There was action, in and out of doors and windows, on stepladders, over chairs and under tables, until you involuntarily held on to your chair as at a pantomime, expecting to see Harlequin leap through the wall and join Mephisto and Columbine in their antics.

It is a relief to think that none of the previous classes have ever set up a standard of class drama requiring thought, either in the interpretation or the attention; otherwise "Bachelor Hall" (which title, by the way, had nothing to do with the plot) might have annoyed some few whose idea is that drama, like life, should have a little common sense in it. It would be absurd to say that the actors put any deep, sustained thought into the psychological interpretation of their parts. You could see they enjoyed it too much to take it seriously. Furthermore, there was nothing in the play on which they might waste thought. The program called it a comedy, which was an insult to Messrs. Meredith, Moliere & Co. Even farce, it is said, reasons sanely from insane premises. "Bachelor Hall" started with insane premises, then *worked* insanely from them.

Reasonableness there was not; coherence there was not; character drawing was nil. The plot remained,—an all-embracing, octopus-like plot, lost in its own complications after the first act. All you could do was to let your mentality go, and laugh! The listeners felt that. From the first curtain the actors held them, shrieking at the pure absurdity of it all, even the oldest and most staid of them. As a laugh-producer, it was an unqualified success, even though you thought it over next day and felt ashamed of yourself.

As the Hon. G. Myrtleton, the much-harassed statesman, Mr. Lahee, who took the part on rather short notice, did remarkably well. His make-up and general appearance were natural, and his acting, while perplexed and farcical enough to be funny, gave one of the few impressions of flesh-and-blood actuality in the piece.

The two deacons, Mr. Hubbard and Mr. Boynton, were well enough differentiated in temperament and stature to be very amusing; the tall, stiff, woeful-faced Jervis, whose remarks were as fragments from the old proph-

ets, and his more human friend, Bassett, who tried to be stern and couldn't, but who had a keen eye for a "hoop-la!" well executed. They were an excellent pair.

Mr. Ellis had a thankless part, one of these colorless, well-dressed, leading juveniles, which he struggled bravely with, and gave as much expression as it allowed.

Mr. Corcoran had a part in comparison with which a lunatic's would be intellectual; a good, fat part, with burlesque lines and costumes, and a "gag"! Mr. Corcoran threw his common sense to the winds and played it admirably. It was perhaps the comic success of the evening.

Vere Lee was rather colorless, too, but Mr. Chamberlin gave well the anguish and comic desperation of a young author in such circumstance. But why did he wear his whiskers in the last act?

Jasper, the butler, scored a hit for his evident restraint and quiet humor. The darkey dialect and chuckle are hard to get, and Mr. Reeves caught it admirably.

For the ten minutes in which he was on, Mr. Kittredge gave the most natural and convincing impersonation seen during the evening. There was not a bit of farce exaggeration in it. As a reproduction of an ordinary specimen of the genus *Policeman,* it was exquisite in its bearing, make-up, manner, and notably its accent. Would there had been more of it.

It was a pity the play should have been so strongly a man's play. The feminine parts were few and weak.

Miss Blackall had the best opportunities and seized them very naturally. Her Betty was eminently likeable, and her general comic despair at the course of things caught with the audience, as did her evident inability to hide her private amusement.

Miss Woodworth's Polly was a soubrette bit, played with the necessary lightness and piquancy to give it a somewhat Gallic air.

Miss Odiorne and Miss Howe entered well into the spirit of their rather weak parts. Miss Odiorne's stage manner was very good. Miss Howe's voice did not get quite far enough over the footlights to make her character real.

The stage management of Mr. Dugan is especially to be commended for its crispness, activity and ability to get things in on time. In a play requiring little thought and much complicated action, vivacity is necessary, and the ease with which the play moved is good evidence of the director's skill and the players' practice.

Mr. Church, as stage manager, had to handle and account for nearly a hundred small "properties," and the completeness of his arrangements deserves commendation. In short, "Most admirable fooling, i' faith!"

A TRAGEDY IN THE FOREST.

Up and down, back and forth, across the stream, rages the battle, a conflict between two powerful moose, a contest of kings. Fiercely they struggle, stamping down branches and grass, and coloring the brooklet a hideous crimson. The great trees groan and sway their branches sadly in the air. The earth rumbles like distant thunder before a storm. All animals, frightened, creep farther from the fray. The birds, awakened from their sleep, flutter noiselessly up among the topmost branches of the trees.

A pause! Has the conflict ceased? With redoubled impetuosity they come together. Advancing, retreating, striking and parrying —each, in his tremendous might, contending for the mastery.

Slowly their strength ebbs away; feebler grow their struggles; less fierce are their attacks, and less are they resisted. Their quivering sides are covered with blood and foam. Their exhausted legs can scarce bear up their bodies. One final charge; they sink to the ground, unconquered, unconquerable.

It is a ghastly scene—that little clearing in the heart of the forest, bespattered with blood and froth and bits of hair. An owl, perched on a dead tree, hoots a mournful requiem for the dead, and the wind sighs sadly through the bare branches; but raindrops patter down upon the earth, soon to wash away those awful stains of rage and hate.

A. W. L., 1907.

"HOW JIM SUCCEEDED."

A Story of the Mines.

WM. J. CULLITY, R. M. T. S. 1909.

Pennington, which is a little village in Pennsylvania, is noted for its coal mines. Situated in the heart of the richest coal district in the country, and easily accessible by railroads and water, it is naturally a flourishing place. A branch of a large river flows by it, and the people who are not engaged in mining busy themselves by becoming miniature monopolists in the ferry and river transportation business.

One evening, as the sun was sinking in the west and the tired miners were hurrying home, a little bright-eyed fellow, about fifteen years of age, could have been seen in the throng coming from Shaft 2. He was the son of John Fairfield, the former mine boss, who with eighty-five other men had been killed in a fire-damp explosion five months previous. His father, one of the best liked men in the mines, had hoped and prayed that his son might go to college, so as to become a mining engineer; indeed, before departing to work on that fatal morning of his death, he talked with Jim, and told him that if it were in his power, he would send him to a technical school of good repute. While he was superintending some work in the dangerous east passage, a tremendous volume of gas belched forth, ignited and exploded; with the result that the air was immediately cut off, and the miners suffered instantaneous death.

The news of this terrible calamity was tearfully received at the Fairfield home, and despite the pleadings of his mother and neighbors, Jim resolved to go to work as a mule boy in the mines. He found no difficulty in obtaining this position, and a week after he was driving the coal-laden cars. After staying about six months at this occupation, he was transferred, to assist Bill Smith, the timber boss. It seemed that Smith had been an ardent suitor of Jim's mother's, and on being rejected, he had declared his intention to get square. Tall, with the build of an athlete, he was a dangerous man physically. He had hated Jim's father, and when young Fairfield came to work under him, he gloated in evil delight and resolved to make it a perfect hell for the lad. But Jim had many sympathizers, and despite the worrying of his mother, he could not be forced away from the mine.

From the time Jim began to work for Smith, the timber boss detailed him to the hardest possible work, and discharged any of his men who interfered in the lad's behalf. Nothing was too difficult for him to give young Fairfield, and notwithstanding the objections of his men, he overworked the boy almost to death. Jim was not the same lad now. When he entered the mine he was erect, sturdy and rosy-cheeked; but now he was pale, hollow-chested, and his shoulders were beginning to be rounded. The hard work to which he was subjected was beginning to tell on him.

Some time after Jim had become assistant to the timber boss, Smith and his gang were busily engaged in timbering a dangerous place in the north passage. Further up, near the shaft, a few miners were blasting. Somehow or other, those in charge overestimated the dynamite, and on lighting the fuse a terrible explosion resulted. The men were instantly hurled to the earth, stunned and bruised. As the smoke cleared away, one of their number weakly arose and discovered that they were entombed, for the walls had caved in, and escape was utterly impossible. Running up to where Smith and his men were working, he told them of the fearful disaster. Huge beads of cold sweat stood out on the foreheads of the men on hearing this grewsome news. "Boys," said the timber boss, "we're goners unless we are rescued to-morrow or next day;" and not one of his listeners could muster enough courage to answer him. They were not thinking of themselves; they were thinking of the wives and children at home, who would surely die in privation unless they, the bread-winners, were fortunate enough to be rescued from their living tomb.

Going back to the scene of the explosion, they found it absolutely impossible to tunnel their way out. Huge timbers were intermingled with the earth in such a manner as to form a barrier, through which no man could

escape. Desperately they tried to force it; the fear of death, which stared in their faces, encouraging them to work on with doubled ardor. But their futile attempts failed to move the débris a fraction of an inch; nothing but a drill could be expected to force its way through that wall of death. At last, as night drew on, the men, wearied and exasperated by the failure of their repeated attempts to escape, lay down; but sleep was impossible. All night long most of them stirred restlessly, surmising and planning futile schemes for escape.

Jim, however, was not in the least discouraged, and soon he determined to make an exploration of the mine, to see if there was any possible means of escape. As all miners carry an extra supply of oil, Jim refilled his lamp and started on his quest. Looking to the right and left, he could discover no visible means of exit. Heartbroken, he started to retrace his steps back to his companions, when suddenly, as if by an act of God, his attention was attracted toward the numerous rats which played hide-and-seek in the mine. He stood dazed for a moment, for he was gazing at a spot where one of the countless underground streams was eddying around some jagged rocks. When he recovered from his momentary trance, he quickly recalled that once his father had told him that all underground streams were sure to have exits from the mines.

Inspired by a hope of rescue, he hurried back to where his unfortunate friends were. Breathlessly he told them of his discovery, and resolved that the next morning he would throw himself into the current to see if it would carry him into the opening, so that he could notify the outer world of the whereabouts of his companions. The miners unanimously agreed that Jim's scheme might be successfully carried out, but advised him not to risk death until there was no possibility of rescue from outside. The next morning Jim begged permission to try his hazardous plan, and succeeded in obtaining it. At first the men were loathe to let him go; but on seeing his earnestness, they could not detain him any longer. The miners shook hands and bade him good-by, little expecting to see him alive again; big Bill Smith hugged him, and asked forgiveness for all the wrongs he had done to the lad; and amidst the cries of "Good-by!" and "God bless you, lad!" Jim dove into the stream.

Immediately the running waters seized him, and he was carried on by the swift, turbulent stream. After what seemed an hour's time, he struck the rocks, and here the current resembled a miniature maelstrom. Jim was immediately sucked under the rocks, and it seemed that the demons were pulling him down. He felt a choking sensation in his throat; his head seemed to be bursting; his brain surged madly, and loud and beautiful bells rang in his ears. Oh! if he could only escape these torments. How he wished he was dead! At last these things stopped, and it seemed that he had drifted into a beautiful Paradise. He had lost consciousness.

When he recovered his senses, a crowd of his own people were standing over him, and he heard one of the by-standers remark: "He may thank his lucky stars that Jake Green pulled him out of the river, or he'd be a goner." "Yes," said another; "but he went in swimming sorter funny. Don't you think so?"

Could Jim believe his ears, or was he still dreaming? No, his scheme had been successful; and when he had told his story about his unfortunate friends, a body of miners were speedily lowered, and after six hours of work, succeeded in dragging out the buried men. How the people cheered the rescued ones as their heads showed above the shaft; how they kissed and hugged Jim, he who was responsible for their rescue! It was a happy reunion. Immediately Jim was seized and raised on the shoulders of Bill Smith and another miner, and with the bells ringing and everybody cheering, Jim was paraded about the town. That night was a better night, not only for Jim and the miners, but for all the inhabitants of the village, who were loud in their praises for the young hero.

The next day the superintendent of the mine had a long talk with Jim, and when he had heard his story, he offered, as a reward for his heroic act, to send him to Cornell and see that the Fairfield family was well-taken care of in the meantime. Now, Jim is an expert mining engineer, and if one happens to go through that village, he will be sure to hear how Jim Fairfield succeeded in spite of odds.

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The next number of the REVIEW will appear Thursday, March 14. All copy for that number must be in by Friday, March 1.

The senior class of the Rindge Manual Training School will present the college drama, "Half-back Sandy," at the Newtowne Club Hall, Friday evening, March 8, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents.

The Preparatory Track Meet will be held in the Newton Drill Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 26. The competing schools will be Cambridge Latin, Newton High and Brookline High. All go and help our team win the championship.

There will be a relay race between the Manual Training School and the Latin School at the School Boys' Games, Saturday, March 2. Let all go and make it interesting.

The supply of music played by the Recess Orchestra is limited. Those girls desiring new music may bring contributions to Miss Minnie H. Ketchum, first violin. All money received will be used to buy the latest pieces.

TROUBLE IN THE MORNING.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

"What are the School Board blowin' 'bout?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"Because the water's tainted," our Brush Broom Peter said.
"And wot o' that? An' wot o' that?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"It'll croak you if you drink o' it," old Brush Broom Peter said;
"For they've tested o' the water an' they find it's full o' germs;
They can see the wigglers wrigglin' an' the squirmin' o' the worms.
An' to think we been a-drinkin' o' that water now for terms!
For they've tested o' the water in the mornin'."

"What's them new things on spigots?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"Them's filters wot they jest put on," wise Brush Broom Peter said.
"What do they do? What do they do?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"They make the water fit to drink," wise Brush Broom Peter said.
"For they've found out that the water is jest a raisin' cain
In our innerds an' is causin' all sorts an' kinds o' pain,
An' they're cussin' an' they're swearin' at good old Lake Champlain,
For they tested of the water in the mornin'!"

"Wot makes you look so white, so white?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"I drunk a drop o' water!" good Brush Broom Peter said.
"An' won't you croak? An' won't you croak?" said Hallett-on-Parade.
"I'm skeert that I'm a-goin' to!" poor Brush Broom Peter said.
"For I've drunk a drop o' water an' I'm feelin' mighty glum,
An' I feel that 'fore to-morrow I'll be in kingdom come,
An' already I'm a-groanin' an' a-feelin' mighty bum,
For I drunk a drop o' water in the mornin'!"

"Good-by, good-by, Good Peter," said Hallett-on-Parade.
"Good-by, good-by, my dear old pal," poor Brush Broom Peter said.
"I'll attend your wake and funeral," said Hallett-on-Parade.
"Oh, let me shake your strong right hand," poor Brush Broom Peter said;
"For I've drunk a drop o' water. It's a-turning o' me gray,
An' I'm sure that I'll be dead, quite dead, before another day;
But I want to shake your hand, dear pal, before I pass away,
For I'm sure that I'll be dead before the morning."

Burlington High School Register.

GRADUATE DRAMA.

Following the custom established some years ago, the class of 1906 will this year give a drama and dance in aid of Latin School athletics. A new departure is to be made this year, in that two short plays will be given in place of one long one. On Friday evening, April 12, the class will present "Tommy's Wife," to be followed by the one-act comedy, "Cicely's Cavalier."

Tickets will be placed on sale shortly, and every one is urged to reserve this date and make a special effort to attend, as it is on the hearty coöperation of the undergraduates that the success of the affair depends.

DRAMA COMMITTEE, C. L. S., 1906.

Deaths.

1853.

William Wells Newell, A.B., D.B., A.M., at Wayland, Mass., on Jan. 21, 1907.

Marriages.

1894.

Hugh Bancroft to Jane Waldron Barron, at Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1907.

Notes.

1879.

Mary Stuart Anthony, for fifteen years a teacher at Bradford Academy, is teaching in a private school near Boston. She lives in Brookline.

1901

The class held a most enjoyable reunion Dec. 27, 1906, at the home of Harold C. Durrell, 17 Dana Street. The evening passed very pleasantly in reminiscences of members of the class and reports of their present whereabouts and activities. One member of the class is in the Philippines, one in Arizona, and a number of others are located at considerable distances from Cambridge. Games were played, refreshments were served, and the evening closed with singing. The present officers of the class were unanimously reëlected to serve another year, as follows: President, Harold Clarke Durrell; vice-president, Marguerite Lucile Beard; secretary and treasurer, Mabel Louise Boyer.

Philip Tripp Coolidge is in the Government Forestry Service. His present address is Flagstaff, Ariz.

1902.

The fifth annual reunion of the class was held at the home of Miss Winifred Howland Rogers, 55 Dana Street, on Dec. 29. About fifteen, including Mr. Bradbury, were present. The evening was spent in playing bridge whist. The following officers were elected: President, Arthur Burton; vice-president, Winifred Howland Rogers; treasurer, Theodore Halbert Wilson; secretary, Archibald Robertson Graustein.

Archibald Robertson Graustein, 1902, and Irving Nelson Linnell, 1901, passed the recent examinations for the state bar.

Robert Lawrence Smith, 1902, is in the lumber business with Stetson, Cutler & Co. His headquarters are in Sheridan, Me.

Clifford Milburn Holland, 1902, is in the employ of the New York Rapid Transit Company. He is one of the civil engineers located in the uncompleted tunnel under the North River.

The address of Rachel Orne Brooks, 1902, is Denver, Col.

1904.

The annual reunion of the class was held on Dec. 27. Fifteen were present. Different card games were enjoyed by all. The following officers were elected: President, Mason Thacher Rogers; vice-president, Hattie Frances La Pierre; treasurer, Ernest Westervelt Carman; secretary, Charlessie Ethelind M'Kinnon.

1906.

A cobweb party was the feature of the first reunion of the class, which was held on Dec. 29. Over forty were present, thus assuring the success of the social. The officers elected

were: President, Sidney Clarke Boyer; vice-president, Gertrude Marion Beard; treasurer, Thomas Lambert Small; secretary, Irene Leslie Ketchum.

The officers of the Radcliffe C. L. S. Club for the present year are: President, Lucetta Averill Upham, 1903; vice-president, Marion Bacon Alley, 1904; secretary, Leita Annis Kinsman, 1905; treasurer, Alice Adams, 1903.

Emily Storer Coolidge, 1904, is leader of the Radcliffe Mandolin Club. Other members are: Julia Mehitable Johnson, 1904; Alice Borden Huling, 1904, and Evelyn Thayer Derry, 1906.

Evelyn Thayer Derry, 1906, has been elected captain of the freshman basket-ball team at Radcliffe. She was also leader of the freshmen in the interclass meet held last month.

On Jan. 19, 1907, the C. L. S. Club at Radcliffe gave "The School for Scandal," by Sheridan, for their annual play. Marian Frances Gragg, 1906, excelled in the rôle of Lady Teazle.

THE TWO HEROES.

WALTER F. CAHIR, C. L. S. 1910.

The pupils of Winstead Academy were all excited, for the great football game with Hampton was but two weeks distant. Every day the team was put through signals, and every day were the players sworn at by the coaches. Every man on the team put his whole mind on what he was doing, and consequently the team was in a fairly good condition.

In the class room the boys often found themselves thinking more about the game than they did of their studies, and as a result there were many failures and poor recitations. Professor Redmond, principal of the Academy, and teacher of Latin, often said that it would be a good thing for both teachers and pupils when the game was over.

One morning Dick Burr and Bob Davidson, the star full-back of the eleven, were walking through the school yard and saw in front of them a young fellow with his arm full of books.

"Looks like a freshman, Bob," said Burr.

"Yes, you can always tell them; they act so frightened," answered his companion.

By this time they had caught up with the object of their remarks. Davidson, remembering his first day at Winstead, spoke kindly to him.

"My name is Davidson, Bob Davidson, full-back of the Winstead Academy eleven, at your service," said Bob laughing; "and this is my friend, Dick Burr, the literary light of the Academy," he continued.

"I thank you very much," said the freshman very timidly; "you see, I am a long way from home, and I don't know any one here. My name is Ronald Duncan."

The three boys shook hands. Burr did this not very heartily, it is true, but Davidson was always glad to make friends, and said truthfully, "I hope we shall meet again." By this time they had come to the school, and the three separated, Davidson and Burr going to a German recitation, and Duncan to receive his program.

When Duncan was out of sight, Burr turned to his companion and said: "See here, you're a regular fool; you no sooner see a new fellow than you march right up to him and shake hands. I wouldn't have noticed that little sissy if you hadn't made me."

"Now, see here, Dick," returned Davidson, "when you first came to Winstead you didn't have a very smooth path to walk on. When I first saw you, you were trying to climb the flag-pole with a crowd of sophomores cheering you on from the bottom of the pole. If I hadn't spoken to you, you would have left the Academy, disgusted with the world in general, but with Winstead Academy in particular."

"Well, I know that's true, but you've got that way of making people become your friends, whether they want to or not."

The next day Davidson was hurrying along to the football field and saw a crowd of townspeople standing near the ball grounds. Some fight, thought Davidson. Glancing over the shoulder of one of the men, he saw, lying on the ground, his glasses broken, and his hat and books clutched in his arm, his acquaintance of the day before, Ronald Duncan. Pushing through the crowd he seized him by the coat collar and pulled him out of the crowd.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked, when they had left the mob far behind.

"Oh!" answered Duncan, rather effeminately, "one of those rude boys pulled my books from under my arm, and when I asked him why, he said, 'For fun.' I told him that I didn't see the fun in it, and he knocked me down. I guess he would have killed me if you hadn't come along."

The big full-back could not help laughing at this, much to his companion's amazement, who muttered something about a queer sense of humor.

"Now, old man," he said, as soon as he had finished laughing, "you walk along with me; I'm going to practice now. Perhaps you would like to come and see the team that is going to beat Hampton next week. Now that you are in the Academy you want to brace up and be a man."

"Why, I thought I was," timidly answered his companion.

Duncan, out of politeness, refrained from telling him what he thought about it. By this time they had reached the ball ground, Davidson going to the locker room, and Duncan hurrying over to where the men were practicing. After about an hour's work, the men were dismissed, and Duncan walked back to the school with Davidson. Between these two there grew up a strong friendship. This was rather strange, because the two were so different. One was an athlete, who would leave his lessons any time to have some fun. The other was a fellow who spent all his time in studying, and who would never enter into athletics of any kind.

One day, while practicing, Davidson hurt his arm and was obliged to stay away from the field. While he stayed in his room, his constant companion was Duncan. Davidson's great fear was that perhaps he might not be able to play.

"If anything should happen that would prevent me from playing," he said one day, "it would drive me crazy."

"Oh, your arm will be all right in a day or two; I wouldn't worry about that."

"Yes, I suppose so; but you have no idea how much it means to me to play in that game."

Soon he was able to return to his position and went into the practice games with a determination to DO something. As a result, he almost always made a touchdown. The other players and spectators saw that he was a valuable man and that he would probably lead Winstead to victory. There were but two days left before the game. The team was going through signals, and the finishing touches were being added by the coaches.

In the class room the players showed signs of nervousness, and very often were startled from their reveries by hearing their name called. One day, in Professor Redmond's class, some one threw a note. Now, Professor Redmond prided himself upon his good discipline, and immediately delivered a lecture upon note throwing in class. He concluded by saying that hereafter should any one throw a note he would see that that person was properly punished.

The recitation went on. Davidson was thinking of the great game on the next day, and hardly heard a word the professor said. He wished to ask Joe Fullur some question about the next lesson. Scribbling it on a small piece of paper, he threw it across the aisle.

Professor Redmond heard it as it struck the floor. Just then the bell rang, and the class left the room. Walking down the aisle, he picked up the paper, and saw the initials R. D. signed to it.

Dick Burr and Joe Fullur, instead of going to their French recitation, directly after chapel, went fishing. Upon their return home they found a notice waiting them which was a polite invitation from the principal to visit him and explain their absence to him.

On their way to the office conversation drifted to the subject of Davidson.

"Wasn't he a fool," said Fullur, "to throw a note just after old Red had spoken about it."

"He didn't hear a word the professor said," answered the other; "Bob takes those day-dreams once in a while, and he doesn't hear a thing."

By this time they had reached the office and were told to wait in the ante-room, as Professor Redmond was busy with one of the students.

The student was no other but Ronald Duncan, who had been called to explain about the note. The professor knew that Duncan's initials were R. D., but didn't stop to think if there were any others. The partition separating the ante-room from the office was very thin, consequently the two lads could hear everything that was said.

The professor was speaking: "Duncan, are these your initials?"

Duncan saw through it all. Bob Davidson's note! If discovered, Davidson would not be allowed to play, and Winstead would surely lose. He remembered his conversation with Davidson. He even remembered Davidson's very words: "If anything should happen that would prevent me from playing in that game, it would drive me crazy." That settled it! He would save his friend.

While these thoughts were flying through Duncan's brain, the two lads in the ante-room were almost wild. Burr was the first to speak: "They both have the same initials, Duncan and Davidson, and Red has picked out the wrong one. That little sissy will tell, and then—well, good-by to whatever hopes we had of winning."

The professor spoke again: "Duncan, I have asked you if your initials are R. D.?"

"Yes, sir," answered Duncan, truthfully enough, for R. D. stood for Ronald Duncan as well as for Robert Davidson. The professor was so angry that he forgot to ask whether the boy before him actually wrote the note or not, but took it for granted that the statement about the initials and his hesitation was an actual confession of guilt.

"You heard what I said about note throwing, did you not?" continued the professor.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Duncan, I am very sorry that this has happened. You have never before been guilty of any breach of the rules, so your punishment will be lightened. Instead of suspension, you will be placed on bounds. That is all."

The two boys in the ante-room were almost dumbfounded. Burr seized Fullur by the hand. "Joe, if you ever hear me call that fellow a sissy, just punch me."

It was time for them to enter now. When they came out they prepared a plan of action. "Don't say a word to any one about this," said Fullur; "Davidson might hear of it, and he would not rest until he had gone and told everything. Of course we are all depending on him to do something to-morrow, and we can't afford to lose him now."

Ronald Duncan went to his room. "I simply told the truth," he argued to himself; "I didn't *say* I wrote the note."

Then he remembered how Davidson had helped him when he first came to Winstead Academy.

"Well," he said, addressing a book, "I am allowing Davidson to play to-morrow by not saying that I did not write the note. Winstead cannot win without him."

Davidson hadn't the least idea what a great sacrifice Duncan had made for him, and it must be said, in justice to him, that, had he known it, he would have gone at once to Professor Redmond and explained to him that it was not Duncan's note, but his.

The next day he played the game of his life, and fought for every inch of the ground. His arm hurt him, but he kept on, and succeeded in making the only touchdown of the game, and winning the game for Winstead.

That night there was a great celebration. The joy of the students knew no bounds. Fullur and Burr had told every one the story about Duncan. Davidson heard of it and went at once to Duncan's room.

"Behold, the conquering hero comes," said Duncan, as the big full-back entered.

"Hero nothing," cried Davidson; "what I did was nothing compared to you."

From below they could hear the crowd cheering. This time it was for Duncan. The two lads shook hands.

"You did all this for me," said Davidson huskily.

"For you—and for Winstead," was the answer.

Susan.

MARIAN BLACKALL, C. L. S. 1907.

We used to see her drive into the yard and stop at the back door for a chat with Aunty. Her name was Susan. Small and slender, with thin, dark hair brought down over her ears, a tight knot at the back, and a small, yellow face, very wrinkled. She stooped badly, and her hands were knotted by rheumatism and hardened by toil. She seemed like one who had worked hard; but behind it all, there was something that made her appear above the common—like one who has had some great experience that lightens the life and makes it brighter. One would think her fully sixty years old, though she was not more than fifty. She wore an old, gingham dress of a dark blue, and a decidedly shabby hat. The carriage she was in, and the horse she drove, were as shabby and worn out looking as herself. Such a bizarre, little creature she was that we unconsciously became interested in her. Her occasional visits were always full of business with Aunty and her diffident, retiring manner seemed to keep mere summer boarders, like ourselves, at a distance; but we felt a story, which had left its lines on her wrinkled brow, which piqued our interest and curiosity. Aunty could have told us the whole story, for she knew every one in the village, and for miles around, but the opportunity did not come until early in September, when we went with Aunty for a long drive up Garnet Hill, to call on Susan.

It was a perfect day. A few clouds were in the sky, but they were white fleecy ones, not the dark ones that bring rain. The golden-rod along the road was flinging forth all its bold beauty against the dark background of the pines and hemlocks. The roads were sandy and the hills many, so progress was not swift; but we did not mind; our way was a pleasant one and Aunty entertaining. As we were going to visit Susan, our thoughts naturally turned in her direction, and we asked Aunty many questions. Had she a hidden romance in her life? Had her life been any different from that of the ordinary New Hampshire farmer's wife? Had she any children? And then Aunty told us.

"Susan lives on a farm of moderate size on top of the hill from which there is a beautiful view. She does not visit me very often, only as she stops on her way to the mill or the creamery. And for the other questions—well, I might as well tell you the whole story.

"About a dozen years or so ago, old man Martin, with his wife and six children, lived up on that hill where Susan now lives. He was a large, honest, thrifty sort of a farmer; his children as nice as any in the village. His wife, a quiet, gentle woman, was a consumptive. We were not at all surprised when we heard that she had passed away. Every one was sorry, for she was a good woman; but those of a more practical turn of mind wondered what the old man would do without his wife, and with the care of those six children, the eldest of whom was a boy of nineteen, and as helpless as most boys of that age are. The children were a great care and Mr. Martin had no relatives to step in and do for him. There was no one in the village who could run the house—either they could not leave their own homes, or else they did not have the inclination to help him. So the old man had recourse to advertising—which surprised us very much. We never knew whether he had accepted any of the people who had answered his advertisement until the next fall—his wife had died in the spring.

"One nice, warm day in late September, I was down at the wharf to meet a city cousin of mine who was coming up to spend a week or two with me. I saw a timid, little woman get off the boat and look about in an expectant manner. She seemed to be waiting and looking for some one. As the person of her

search did not appear and I was about the only woman on the wharf who looked like a native, she came up to me and asked if I could tell her where Oliver Martin lived. Of course, I immediately knew that it was she who had answered the 'ad' and the one who had been accepted. I turned to show her the road to the house, and as I turned, I saw John Martin, the eldest son, come driving down at a furious speed.

"'Here comes his son, now,' I said. 'I guess he can tell you the way better than I.'

"She thanked me and turned to meet John. She was a woman of between thirty and forty, and from her words and movements I saw that she was smart and quick to learn. I was glad she wasn't too young. I saw John meet her, make himself known, and watched her get into the wagon beside him and go off up the hill. I could tell from the way they talked that they liked each other right away, and I thought to myself, 'Well, that's fortunate for John; I hope she'll take as kindly to the old man.'

"Yes—she was Susan. She fitted in beautifully; cared for the house and mothered the children too. She wasn't an ordinary servant—she was more than that. As years went on they came to love her as their own, and we village folk liked her too.

"After she had been with them for about eight years, the measles went round the village—and the Martins were sick too. John, who was then twenty-seven years old, was very sick. As you probably know, when older people have the measles they have it badly—much more so than children. During his sickness, Susan took entire care of him. By spring, thanks to Susan, the family was once more all right and everything running smoothly. Then it was that she told them that she couldn't stay any longer—that she must go away. You can just imagine there was consternation in the family. She gave no reason for going—simply that she did not want to stay. And then the old man decided that if he should ask her to marry him, she would stay. He was determined that she should stay, for she not only took good care of his children and ran the house well, but was also a good cook. Moreover, it was hard to get help of any kind in the country. So like the conceited man he was, he thought that if he offered himself to her, she could not possibly refuse. Well, he asked her, and to his amazement—she refused! Imagine it! She did not want to stay, even for him!

"Now, as I have said, when Susan first came, she was met by John. By this time John had grown to be a splendid-looking man—tall and strong. He had always loved Susan as his mother and when he thought seriously upon the matter that Susan was going, he decided that, although twenty years younger than she, she might care enough for him to marry him. Land sakes! if Susan didn't accept him! We were so surprised. Then, of course, we understood why she had wished to leave. They had a quiet wedding—only the family there. After the wedding the village folk began to jeer John whenever he appeared; but he made a decided stand and told them that Susan was his wife, and as such, should be respected. After that they not only respected her, but him.

"Land! if we're not here already. Really's quite good to tell a story or talk some way, it makes the time go faster, doesn't it? There's John in the field now—the one with the wide straw hat on; there, he's just pitching the hay at the right of the hay-rack."

With eager eyes we gazed upon this hero of the lowly, country romance. His back was turned towards us, but we could see that he worked with a will. Upon hearing the sound of wheels, John turned. His face lighted up in a broad smile and taking off his hat, he came forward to meet us, with hand extended.

"Won't you come into the house? You must be warm after your ride," he said. "My wife will be glad to see you."

So we alighted from the carriage and walked towards the house. Before we had reached the door, a little figure appeared, and upon seeing Aunty, rushed forward. Yes, it was Susan, and in the very same gingham dress she had worn every time she drove down to the village. She greeted us heartily and led the way into the best, front room.

It was a small room, as were all those of the house, and the two small windows but dimly lighted it up. The wall paper was of a greenish hue, representing a forest of trees, in the branches of which large birds of paradise looked sedately down upon the small boys and girls sailing boats in a pond. The whole effect was rather confused, and with its numerous figures and minute details, tended to make the room look even smaller. White, muslin curtains, were at the windows. In one corner of the room was a black, wooden "what-not"—on it were a few books, many odd shaped shells, one or two bottles with ships inside, a few photographs, and a small but beautiful vase. In the opposite corner stood a melodeon, and upon it, on a crocheted doiley, was a vase with everlastings—long ago dried, but still keeping their shape. Around the room were stiffly arranged chairs, and in the centre a round table with a small, yellow lamp. The room was in most respects, one typical of the country, but it showed a little more taste and refinement than is customary. But the one thing in the room that immediately attracted our attention was a great, rough, wood chair, the arms of which were at a very large angle with one another. The seat of the chair was half way turned about, so that two of the corners came directly in front and in back, respectively. The chair was large enough to hold comfortably two people of average size. When Susan saw us looking at it, she hastened to tell us all about it. That chair belonged to her father-in-law, who, under her gentle administeration and good cooking grew to such enormous size that ordinary chairs were not large enough for him; so this one was made.

"Jest ter let you see how big he was, I'll git you his trousers," said Susan, and disappeared. Presently she returned with a truly enormous pair of trousers. They were plainly home-made. Susan spread them out over the chair that we might see, I suppose, that her statements agreed.

"Waal, now, I'll tell you all about the old man's death, if you want me ter," said Susan. "I hope 'twon't bore you, but what I'm about ter say is rale int'resting.

"The fall before the old man died, he was took turrible sick. We hed the doctor in, and he said there warn't no hope—thet he'd only live a day or two more. We took fust rate care of him, and managed ter keep him alive until early January, when he had an unusual bad spell, and died. Course, we were sorry he died, but it rally was a relief I'm sure, not only ter us but also ter him, for he suffered agonies. The day he died, it began to snow for all 'twas worth and it kept right on until the morning two days after, when we were ter have the funeral. When it come time ter get the old man out o' the house and down the hill, we found we had more ter do than we hed bargained fur. Weighing three hundred as he did, he was no feather weight, and the snow made it so hard thet our horse could not pull him out. So we roughly made a large sled, placed the coffin on thet, and hitched the pair of oxen to it. Thus we got ter the cemetery. But I've always kept this chair and these trousers. I suppose I'm foolish, but I don't see why I shouldn't keep 'em. They're just as much objects of curiosity as thet there ship in the bottle on top of the 'what-not.'"

As may be imagined, my mother and I were much interested in all that she told us. But it was warm in the room and when I took out my handkerchief and gently fanned my face, she solicitously asked if we would not like a drink.

She led the way across the hall, into the kitchen, and up to what looked like a tall tub. She took down a dipper hanging on the wall and with it dipped out the clearest water it has ever been my chance to see. It was cool and refreshing. We peered over the edge to see if at the bottom of the tug was a spring. Only the end of a pipe with the water bubbling up, met our gaze. Susan's quick eye saw that we wanted to know where the water came from.

"I'll show you thet later," she said. "Wouldn't you like a bite o' cake?" and she led the way to the table with its snow-white cloth. As we sat down, round the table I noticed that it was set for four, and that one of those was evidently for a baby. I knew that John and Susan had no children and so I asked Aunty if Susan had adopted a child.

"Land! no," she replied. "Ask Susan; she'll tell you."

"Yes, yes, I'll tell you," said Susan. "Them places are fur John, my brother Dan, Jimmy and myself. Now, you're wondering who Jimmy is. Yes, I thought so. Waal, he's my brother-in-law. He died eight years ago, but I've always set a place fur him. I know it's a queer thing to do, but I've done it fur so long, thet neow I can't stop. Jimmy was the youngest in the family—and foolish. All the others in the household—'cept Jimmy and Dan either married and moved away, er went ter the city. Jimmy was as bright a little rascal as you could wish ter see, until one day, when he was seven, he fell and hit his head. After thet he was foolish. He never growed any older, and although he outgrowed this high-chair, yet he always insisted on using it. After his fall, though, he never was strong again like he used to be, and when he was fifteen, he died—I've always set a place fur him, 'cause he always seemed to be here."

As Susan finished speaking her husband appeared at the door.

"I thought perhaps the ladies would like ter see our blackberry vines and also our spring, which we think are the finest in this part of the state."

The prospect was pleasing to my mother and myself, but Aunty said she would stay where she was and transact her business with Susan—so we three went to see the berries. We crossed the field where the men were tossing the fragrant hay, and entered the cool pine woods beyond. A few minutes walk brought us to what looked like a small, gable-roofed shed. It was covered with green moss and had pipes leading from it, in the direction of the house. John opened the door. Inside, it was a mass of green-ferns and moss, and welling up from a sandy, white bottom were five or six springs in a group. They bubbled like miniature geysers. From the spring-house we went through the woods at right angles to the path by which we had come, and soon emerged upon a sunny, open spot covered with blackberry vines, enclosed by a fence covered with grape vines. John picked a large leaf from the grape vine, fastened it together with a few small twigs and filled it with ripe, juicy blackberries. They were truly beauties and we did not blame John in the least for being so proud of them.

We would fain have stayed there much longer, but the sinking sun told us that Aunty was probably awaiting us, so we hurried back to the house. As we feared, she had been waiting anxiously.

"I didn't know but what you had lost yourselves in the blackberry yard—it's a pretty nice place to be lost in, isn't it?"

With reluctance we climbed into the carriage and in the glow of the sunset rumbled down the hill towards home, while John and Susan stood in the doorway of their home waving us good-by. And as we looked back at them, one the embodiment of strength and vigor, the other weazened, stooping and showing decided signs of decreptitude, we realized that love is not always measured by the relation of years, and that the cheerful self-sacrifice of Susan's middle years was perhaps now being repaid by a sunset of life, made happy by tender care and devotion.

C. L. S. TRACK TEAM.

The prospects of the Track Team appear to be brighter than ever. The following candidates have reported and have been improving steadily: Huling, Close, Blackall, Peterson, Mahler, Reeves, Britten, Wheeler, Davies, Mason, Maricle, Corcoran, Gray (captain).

Relay Races have been arranged with Malden High at the C. G. A. Meet Feb. 11, Winchester High at the Lawrence Light Guards Feb. 21, and R. M. T. S. at the School Boys' Games March 2.

The Preparatory Meet, Newton High, Brookline High and Cambridge Latin, will be held at the Newton Drill Hall Feb. 26.

There are prospects of a dual meet with R. M. T. S. being held in the early part of March. Time trials have been held already, and the times made were better in almost every case than those made last year. All we want now is a lot of school spirit shown at the Preparatory Meet.

The following men have received hockey jerseys: Boynton, Close, Huling, Ellis, Robbins.

C. L. S., 0. Newton, 2.

On Jan. 11 we were defeated by Newton at Brae-Burn in the final game for the league championship. Latin School showed the lack of practice in a rink, and Newton took advantage of this.

The first half ended with no score and was very keenly contested. Newton came back with a rush in the second period and scored in the first two minutes. Later in the period Mellen caged the puck for the second time in a pretty pass.

Latin School's team play was a minus quantity, and we lost many chances by failure to pass at the right time. Good work by Robbins and Chase saved us from a worse defeat, while Sprague and Mellen excelled for Newton.

The line-up:

C. L. S.	Newton.
Ellis, l. w.	r. w., Wells
Goodale, l. c.	r. c., Drew, Burrage
Close, r. c.	l. c., Greenidge
Boynton, r. w.	l. w., Mellen
Huling, c. p.	c. p., Sprague
Robbins, p.	p., Jones
Chase, g.	g., Smart

Goals made by Mellen, 2.

Goodale, '09, has been elected captain of the hockey team for next year.

Training School, 25. Melrose High, 28.

In its first home game of basket-ball, Training School was defeated, on Jan. 10, by Melrose High by the score of 28 to 25. The game was fast and close, not being won until the last minute. The features were the playing of Hyland and Loveland for Melrose, and Churchill and Glennon for Training School.

Training School	Melrose High
Glennon, r. f. (Ireland)	l. b., Wentworth
Green, l. f.	r. b., Locke
Churchill, c.	c., Hyland
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Loveland
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Duren

Score: Melrose, 28; Training School, 25. Goals from floor: Glennon 3, Green, Churchill 5, Watkins, Hyland 5, Loveland 5, Duren 2. Goals from fouls: Watkins 5, Loveland 2. Referee, Robbins. Umpire, Vaitses. Timer, Harris. Time, 20-minute halves.

Training School, 13. Dorchester High, 20.

On Jan. 11 Dorchester High defeated Training School at basket-ball. The game was rather one-sided and uninteresting. For Training School, Glennon and MacKenzie played well, while Hoernle excelled for Dorchester.

Training School	Dorchester High
Glennon, r. f.	l. b., Riley
Green, l. f.	r. b., Sullivan
Churchill, c.	c., Clay (Delany)
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Hoernle
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Dailey

Score: Training School, 13; Dorchester, 20. Goals from floor: Glennon 2, Green, Churchill, Riley, Sullivan, Clay 2, Delaney, Daily, Hoernle 4. Goals from fouls: Watkins 5. Referee, Burleigh. Umpire, Robbins. Timer, Mr. Griffiths. Time, 20-minute halves.

Training School, 16. Watertown High, 24.

On Friday, Jan. 18, Training School played Watertown in the Newton Y. M. C. A., and lost after a fast and exciting contest. Glennon and Green played well for Training School, while Howard and Brown were the best men for Watertown.

Training School	Watertown High
Glennon, r. f.	l. b., Hartford
Green, l. f.	r. b., Dailey
Churchill, c.	c., Crawford
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Brown
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Howard

Score: Training School, 16; Watertown, 24. Goals from floor: Glennon 3, Green, Watkins 2, Howard 4, Brown 3. Goals from fouls: Watkins 4, Brown 10. Referee, Norcross. Umpire, James. Time, two 20-minute halves.

On the same afternoon Training School second team defeated Watertown second by the score of 13 to 9.

On Jan. 24 Training School basket-ball team played Ballou & Hobigand Preparatory School and lost by the close score of 19 to 14. The best work for Training School was done by Glennon and Watkins. For Ballou, Donavan excelled.

R. M. T. S.	B. & H.
Glennon, r. f.	l. b., Smith
Green, l. f.	r. b., Quinn
Churchill, c.	c., Chapman
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Henderson
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Donavon

Score: Training School, 14; B. & H., 19. Goals from floor: Glennon 2, Churchill, MacKenzie, Henderson 2, Donavon 2, Quinn 2. Goals on fouls: Watkins 6, Donavon 7. Referee, Coghlan. Time, two 15-minute halves.

Training School, 21. Medford H. S., 12.

On Jan. 31 Training School played Medford High at Cambridge Y. M. C. A. and finished a winner in a fast and interesting game. Training School took the lead at the beginning and was never in any danger of being beaten. Churchill, Watkins and Green played well for Training School, while Bray excelled for Medford.

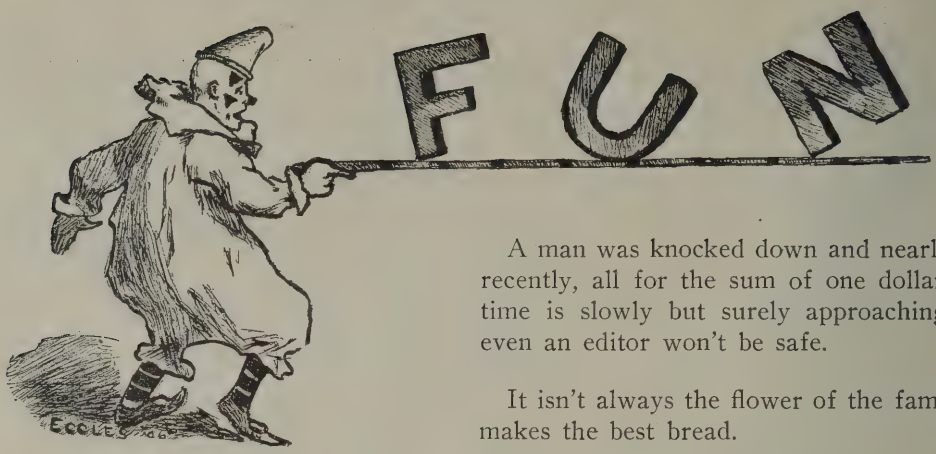
Training School	Medford H. S.
Glennon (Harrington), r. f.	l. b., Hall
Green, l. f.	r. b., Pray
Churchill, c.	c., Greenwood
Watkins, r. b.	r. f., Smith
MacKenzie, l. b.	l. f., Saukman

Score: Training School, 21*; Medford, 12. Goals from floor: Green 3, Churchill 2, Watkins 2, MacKenzie, Pray 4, Hall, Greenwood. Goals from fouls: Watkins 4. Referee, McNaul. Umpire, Mather. Time, two 15-minute halves.

On Jan. 16 trials were held for the positions on the track team, sixteen men reporting. As a result, the following men qualified to train for the coming meets: Captain Watkins, Miles, Kronenburg, Hayes, Smith, Ireland, H. K. James, Gozzaldi, Andrews, Cogswell, Hershon, Kaine, Lathrop.

The team is booked to race Dorchester at the meet of the Lawrence Lightguard A. A. on Feb. 21 and to run Cambridge Latin on March 2 at the B. A. A.

* School given one point for interference.



Mark Twain is constantly receiving letters and photographs from men who have been told that they look like him. The latest one is from Florida, and the likeness, as shown by the man's picture, is really remarkable,—so remarkable, indeed, that Mr. Clemens sent the following acknowledgment:

"My dear Sir:

"I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are certainly more like me than any other of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame, I could shave by you."

Everybody's.

To push a high-school paper
Is very little fun;
The worst is that subscribers
Will not remit the "mon."

Ex.

"I fear," said the postage stamp on the student's letter to his father, "that I am not sticking to facts."

"Can't you make any allowance for a man's being drunk?"

"Certainly," said the judge, "I'll allow you thirty days in the workhouse."

A man was knocked down and nearly killed recently, all for the sum of one dollar. The time is slowly but surely approaching when even an editor won't be safe.

It isn't always the flower of the family that makes the best bread.

Lawyer: "Do you solemnly swear that you know more than half this jury?"

His victim: "Yes, sir; and now that I've had a good look at them, I'll swear that I know more than all of them put together."

Bandit: "Your money or your life."

Wayfarer: "I'm just returning from a church fair."

Bandit: "Beg pardon. Here's a nickel for car-fare."

Brown: "They tell me you've had some money left you."

Jones: "Yes, it left me long ago."

A college president, attending a banquet in Boston, was surprised to see that the darky at the door gave no checks for the hats he took in.

"He has a most wonderful memory," a fellow-diner explained. "He's been doing that for years, and prides himself on never having made a mistake."

As the college president was leaving, the darky passed him his hat.

"How do you know this one is mine?"

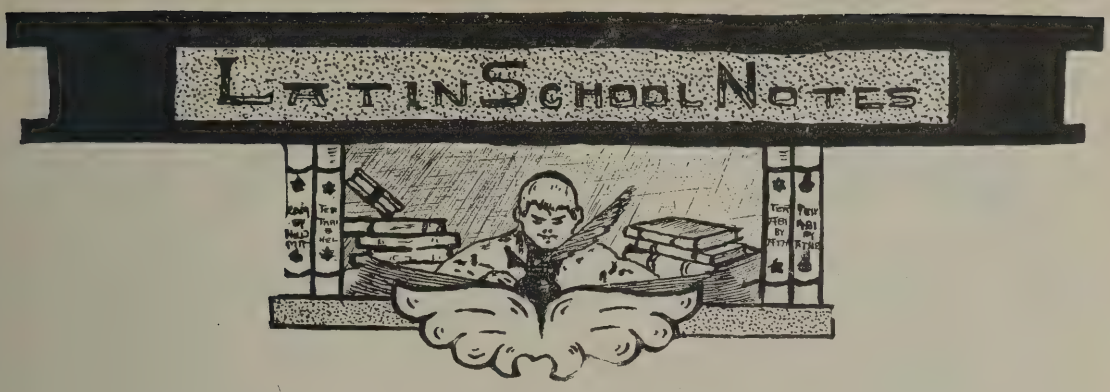
"I don't know it, sah," admitted the darky.

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"'Cause yo' gave it to me, sah."

Tommy: "Pa, what's a football coach?"

Mr. Figg: "The ambulance."



1907.

We wish to thank the boys and girls in our class for helping to make our senior drama a success.

There ought to be some in this class who can run well enough to come out for the track team. Show your spirit!

Did any one say that there was an '07 social committee?

Teacher (after lesson of ten originals): "This is only a short lesson; you'll get some hard ones later on."
See what you are coming to.

Heard in German:
"Seiner Grossmutter, der Königin"—"of his grandmother, the king."

"Hoc Aeneas tendit"—"Aeneas stretches this."

"There was a circus in the valley."

A common saying in Greek class: "I had that yesterday."

"Zeus, living on ether."

"The divine bronze."

B-y: "This word is doubtful in its meaning."

τέρεν δάκρυχέουσα — "shedding a delicate tear."

Teacher, explaining Virgil: "I've seen stars on a cloudy night."

Ulysses cheers up the soldiers:
"πῇ δὴ σύν" (pay day soon).

1908.

Memory is a rare article in the second class.

"Prima luce terram attigit"—"he touched the ground at daybreak."
Automobile or air-ship?

Miss S——: "Correction, Miss H-s?"
Miss H——: "He's got it twisted!"

"Rebeck"—"a kind of bird."
"Philomel"—"the moon."

L. W-r (translating): "His son and the son of his brother."
Teacher: "What relation was that?"
L. W-r: "His brother's son."

It isn't safe to get your Greek translation by hearing the others do it; some words sound so very much alike—"sides" and "scythes," for instance.

Miss —— of Room 2 is evidently unused to taking the "third book" into the hall on Thursdays.

According to S——, Wilhelm Tell was in the habit of taking home a mountain for the children to play with.

Miss T—— tells us in French class that she has to hide for eight hours every evening.

1909.

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss LaPierre on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 19.

We regret the long absence of several of our members with scarlet fever.

In Latin: "Fiery Laocoön rushed down from the highest part of the citadel, and at a distance shouted 'Hursh!' "

S—— had an extremely (?) bad headache the other day, which necessitated his going home at recess. Of course he stayed in bed the whole afternoon (?).

"What tyrant usurped the government of Athens at this time?"
"Er—er—his name begins with P!"

This is the last year we shall have mid-years in Latin School, for which let us be thankful.

There is a "horse"-thief in Room 12. The stolen animal is now, however, in the hands of the authorities, and there is some doubt as to whether it will be returned to its owner.

D-vies, whence come all those notes?

Never mind, Division III, Miss M-y-a-an will uphold the standard of the French class.

Teacher: "L-c-e, where are the stars?"
L-c-e: "In the sky."
Who would have thought it?

M-y-r, which did it hurt the most, the desk or your head?

1910.

Teacher: "Now, W-l-e, if you want to conduct the class, come right up here and do it."
Did he go?

Teacher: "If you don't see how we get this step, Miss B——, come to me *separately*."
How could she?

Teacher: "Who can do this line?"
P-rry wildly waves his hand and begins: "O conceited beings—"
He wonders why they laughed.

1911.

Seen on board: "Cuius equi pulchriores quam Marcus sunt?"

What do tin plates taste like? Ask Miss Sh-rm-n.

"Wake up, Balcolm!"

Teacher: "And her name was—"
Pupil: "Maud. Oh, no! Eleanor."

"Who was Matilda?"
"Son of Edgar."

"Who was Henry I?"
"Son of Henry II."

That algebra's an *easy* thing,
Please kindly *don't* remind us;
Division V does not know yet
If the sign was + or —.

M-cV-c-a-'s the lad that ate the peanut.

I wonder if the pipes were hot in Room 9 the other morning.

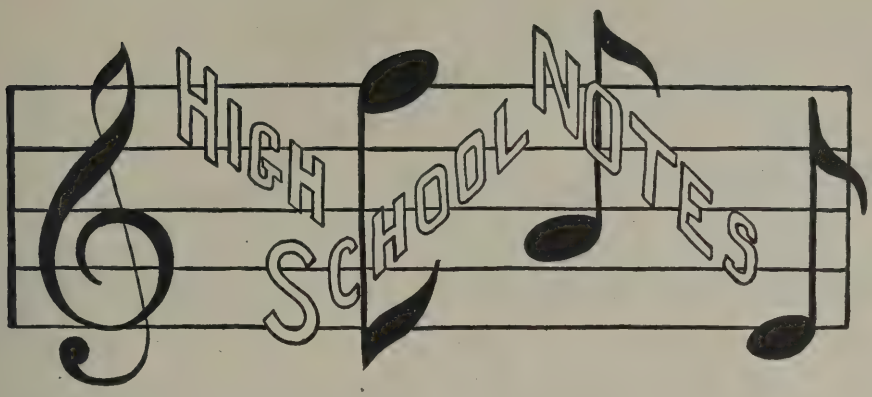
Teacher (in history): "McN-u-h-r, what do the barons, clergy and the common people form?"
McN-u-h-r: "Everybody."

We take pleasure in announcing that every one got perfectly *splendid* per cents in that little algebra test!

Who got sick the other day eating peppermint buttons the fourth hour? Miss J. G-a-s-t-n knows.

1911 is looking for a representative to send to Congress who will introduce a bill to muzzle the peanut.

If you got ten in algebra,
In Latin twenty-five,
How long, O youth, could you exist
In Latin School alive?



1907.

We hope that all survived the exams.

Come, Miss S-ll-v-n, stop your match-making.

"Add *cold* egg to *beaten* milk."

Ruth: "Mabelle, hold the stove!"

Who lost her "Hart" (heart) in the type-writing room?

M-r-on got a lemon in cooking.

Teacher: "Name another fish taken from Newfoundland waters beginning with h."
Pupil: "Lobster."

French: "Les femmes sont folles de nous" —The women are crazy over us.

Not many months more; let us make the most of them.

The motto of Room 13: Silence is golden.

Ho-n-by's password is "Sometimes."

"Run away, Ca-r-on."

"Which person did you meet this morning, Miss B-o-g-ton?"

We are informed that we do not eat sponges.

Heard in economics: "Did you say Colon?"

French:
Miss H-rr-n-t-n: "Shall I read the song?"
"Oh no! sing it."

Teacher: "James II lost his head and ran away."

Heard in cooking: "Who growled, or was it a sneeze?"

Ask W-l-h how he likes cooking the fourth hour.

1908.

Are you glad the mid-years are over?

Dues are due. Do not forget them!

A social was held at the home of Miss O'Connor Jan. 25. A great many were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

We are all glad to see Miss Stickney back after her illness.

Teacher: "No, 'pas' is not a noun. What is 'pas'?"
Miss R——: "Pa's a man."

Did you *cram* very hard?

Miss Brown (reading): "Hold my hand."

"A zephyr is an animal like a zebra."

When Miss De-h-n is generous with her candy, beware, girls! Red pepper is always hot!

Miss H-ll can't make I's (eyes) in German yet.

Ask Miss F-st-r if she and Miss A—— enjoyed themselves at the Saturday matinee.

Which is the Hoodoo Room?

Do you belong to the Humming Circle?

Why does —— think Miss Russell a genius?

How about the Drama and Dance Committee? Are they snowbound?

Miss C-nq-est (reading "Merchant of Venice"): "I tell thee what, Antonio, I love thee."
Co-n-rs was Antonio.

Carroll is a great shorthand writer under certain conditions.

Algebraic examples: S S + M K = ?
W C + M O = ?

We wonder why Hu-g-h-an is so quiet.

O-s-n and S-m-na-n are fine botanists.

Re-g-n seems to have grown lately.

Who is the bright boy chemist?

1909.

Class pins at last!

Ask Miss S-h-e-ing-r how to make fudge.

French: "Qu'elle baisse les yeux, qu'elle rougit"—She kissed his red eyes.

Teacher: "What does 'kirsch' mean?"
Miss L-rk-n: "I forget."

Ask Miss Ro-h-f-r if she knows how to spell "it."

French: "Et Victor est ravi"—Victor's raving (?).

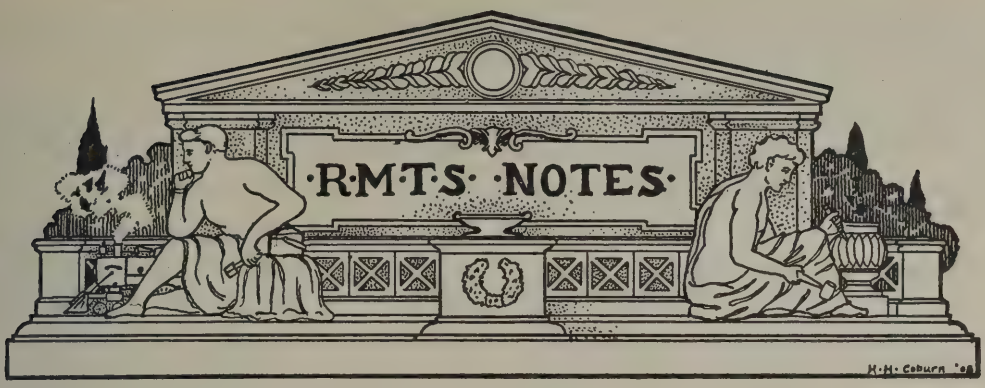
"What is 'Jamaica'?"
Answer: "Ginger."

1910.

Wake up, 1910, and write some class notes!

That green pencil must be worn out by this time.

Will some one teach Miss De-zln-n how to slide.



1907.

Speeches come and speeches go, but our school goes on forever. Rolland P. Lane spoke on "The Boston Post-office"; George H. Watkins, "Telephotography"; Edmund L. Hogan, Jr., "The American Navy"; Walter J. Olsen, "The Nobel Prize"; Stephen J. Conolly, "The Relation of Local Banks to Manufacturers"; Edward L. McAuliffe, "The Biggest, Best and Busiest Boston Bridge"; Frederick Albert Hayes, "A Duplex Pump"; John H. Powell, "The Life-saving Service"; Will T. Scranton, "The Puddling Furnace"; Harry Mason, "The Japanese in San Francisco."

Usually Training School shows surpass them all, and this one will be no exception.

Don't forget your flowers for our star actresses, but no cards will be received at the stage door. Please take notice!

"Dgeowkn is our Fesicks Teetscher."

Schoenfeld, after considerable thought, decides "it hurt him inside."

According to latest reports, Harry Reynolds has increased one-thirty-second of an inch in height.

MacPherson and Harrington are to couple up and go to dry-farming on their drama experience.

Mr. B—— speaks of a Christian's convincing another man by drowning him. After conviction the Christian tells his convert that he had better die.

He loves me, he loves me nit.

Puzzle: Who is our greatest and most unappreciated actor?

In addition to academic examination for assistant engineers, the fellows will have to show their physical development by assisting in the boiler room.

One word is very valuable sometimes. Of course Mr. B—— need not illustrate.

It seems to be the unanimous opinion that Secretary Taft is too big a man to run for the Presidency.

Wardwell is about to give up his Chinese-laundry check business. His writing is improving to such an extent that it will be impossible to call it Chinese.

A good piece of advice: "Always look behind the door, boys."

Has the expansion of kerosene ever been tabulated in this world?

Don't you think widthwise sounds countrified, neighbor Harrington?

"In this situation let us seriously and earnestly ponder."

"Scibby" Harrington tells Miss Ellis to ask some one else the difference between loving and loved. He doesn't know himself as well as we do.

1908.

The dance could not have been better, so say we all. Success is ours, and a great success, too.

Some Latin School fellows might learn a few manners at their own functions, so they would know how to behave on other occasions. It is a pity that such a successful evening should be spoiled by the actions of a few who know what is proper and do not act on their knowledge.

Will he ever get over his grin? Not yet, but soon.

Hello, John.

Civics mid-year was undoubtedly the *easiest* exam in the whole course, so they say.

John C. A. has extended an invitation through "Tim" to the fellows desiring to be waited on at the dining-room by "Laura" to come down to the ice-chest and see the ceremony performed.

Indeed, those lads from '10 need lessons in manners, for in the dining-room, if in no other place, they have something to learn. We recommend, as competent teachers, that noble lad, "Willy," and his neighbor, Charles, and perhaps Stephen, could help also.

Try again, fellows; you may get success without using a fishing line next time.

Lost.—A gray hair. Finder will kindly return the same to Ca-m-n.

Through the efforts of our beloved brother Edward, we have achieved the distinction of being the first civics class to live and abide by the constitution as written by Ekm-k.

Negotiations were carried on under the sink by the head of the department.

Watch and wait and you will be greatly relieved to see those marks increase as Weber looks at them. He is booked to make a 50 mark of his own, go up to 70, in ten minutes, on Friday, Feb. 15. He will lose $2.00 unless the feat is complete in the required time. He will then attend to other cases, in the order of application.

"Time and tide wait for man," says Strong.

Lemons are new features in our courses now, but a special course is no longer necessary in order to secure the declension of the said word.

We are greatly indebted to the fellows, who so pleasingly showed their class spirit in assisting at the dance. Without their aid, we should never have been able to succeed.

"Home Run" was in evidence all the evening at the dance.

The "Independent Glee Club" can be hired for any occasion, especially for Latin School functions, or at 1.30 P.M., after examinations.

I'd sell my shoes.

One of the teachers was greatly disturbed at the harmony which issued from the hall a short time ago.

1909.

The Arabs invented algebra and geometry. Down with 'em.

"If you are asked a question you can't answer, just say 'Pooh pooh' and look wise."

Teacher: "Le docteur Abernethy était bien connu par son laconisme."
B——: "Lack o' what?"

A "flask" is what the pattern-maker carries in his hip pocket.

"Oh," said the old man in silence.

"If it be mine, keep it not from me."

The signatures to a document granting divorce could be called the "parting line."

C-ll-ty is the man who has been running the stone. What stone? Why, the *grind* stone.

At Adam's request, Eve gave him the "core."

How do we like mid-years? Oh!!!

B-ll-ch- must have been cold to need a fire in his desk.

After pouring hot lead, you blow a "draft" on your fingers.

J-ffr- is amused by the efforts of the artist who uses his desk the preceding hour.

"Temper" is what you have after the sixth failure to make a good mould.

Heard in "geom": "Oh sumption."

F-ll-r is growing patent claws.

An alarm clock might well be called a "riser."

How is fishing in the pattern shop? Getting many bites?

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your money;" but all he got was sympathy.

The French Huguenots came about the time of "La Salle and them fellers."

A good example of "feeder head" is the nipple to a baby's nursing bottle.

A hair of Cæsar would be an heir (hair) loom.

1910.

1910 welcomes Mr. Bain and wishes Mr. Smith the best success in his new position.

Ask Borges of Division C whether the bride of Norman in the "Lady of the Lake" was "bonny" or "bony," and then ask the division whether it agrees with him.

For all the latest news from Montana, apply to Ho-e, IV E.

Fellows wishing to join the Nursery Club bring rattles and Teddy bears to Room N between 2 and 2.30 every day. A. Bruce has been elected president, and Armstrong is secretary and treasurer.

Bat-se is the would-be drawing critic of IV E.

The English room is highly decorated.

Peter Flynn is the best magician of 1910, it is claimed.
Is it right, Pete?

Teacher (after reading a stanza of "Lady of the Lake"): "What modern religion in the middle of that stanza?"
Pupil: "Holy Jumpers."

In English, second hour:
"What is a clause?"
"Something which depends on something else for support," answered Mat-ews, who was leaning on the desk.
"Are you one, then?"

For Rent.—A model. Apply to Mr. Richert.

Heard during recess:
"It seems a pity that those seniors should show their ignorance by calling us *fresh men.*"

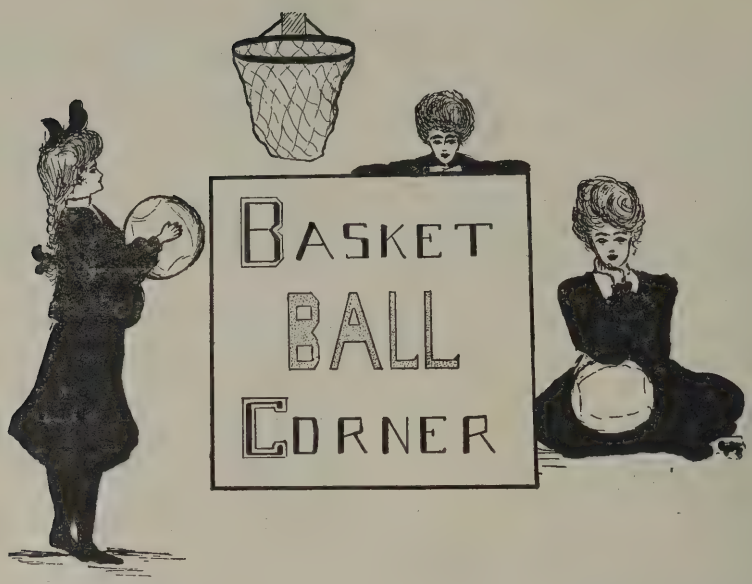
All is gloom in our camp. Mid-years are on.

Wait till the reports go home.

Mr. H——: "What is the last thing in the book?"
Bright one: "The cover."

We have just reached the stage where we can throw out our chest and say, "I'm an R. M. T. S. man."

Rock-d has certainly a fine pair of eyes.
Puzzle: Where did he get them?



LATIN SCHOOL.

C. L. S., 7. C. L. S. Alumnæ, 11.

A practice game was played with the Alumnæ, Monday, Jan. 7, in the Latin School Gymnasium. The game was well and closely contested.

The line-up:

C. L. S.	Alumnæ
Goals	Goals
Hubbard	Adams, '05
Howe	Piper, '05
Burrage	(Sullivan, E. H. S. '07)
Guards	Guards
E. Smith	Lothrop, '05
M. Smith	Huling, '04
Lawrence	Piper, '04
Centres	Centres
Pennell	Mason, '06
Telford	Kinsman, '05
Dougherty	(White, '08)

The score: C. L. S., 7; Alumnæ, 11. Goals: C. L. S., Howe 2 (one free), Hubbard, Burrage; Alumnæ, Sullivan 2, Adams 4.

Umpire, Miss Raymond; referee, Miss Howard; linesmen, Miss Ivers, E. H. S. '06, Miss Grebenstein, E. H. S. '07, Miss Huling, '07, Miss Claflin, '07.

HIGH SCHOOL.

C. E. H. S., 12. Alumnæ, 7.

On Friday, Jan. 18, our basket-ball team played their first game with the Alumnæ and won by the score of 12 to 7. The playing on both sides was very good, and the Alumnæ did exceptionally well, considering their lack of practice. The school was well represented.

The line-up:

Cambridge	Alumnæ
Goals.	
Miss Sullivan	Miss Ryan
Miss Purcell	Miss Furfey
Miss Higgins	Miss Batchelder
Centers.	
Miss Grebenstein	Miss Delvy
Miss Husband	Miss Holmberg
Miss Riley	Miss Church
Guards.	
Miss Russell	Miss Wentworth
Miss Porter	Miss Van Horne
Miss Kelleher	Miss G. Ivers

Referee.
Miss Howard.

Timesman.
Miss E. Quinn.

Radcliffe Sophomores, 14. C. H. S., 11.

On Tuesday, Jan. 22, the varsity played the Radcliffe Sophomores at the Radcliffe gymnasium. It was a very close game, and at the end of the first half the score was a tie, being 9 to 9; but at the finish it was 14 to 11, in favor of Radcliffe.

Radcliffe practically won their game on the fouls made by High School. On the whole, High School played a remarkably good game.

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Dakota. It was a hot day, and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town. A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. A long hour dragged by, and they met another rancher.

"How far to the next town?" they asked eagerly.

"Not far," was the encouraging answer; "only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "we're holding our own, anyhow."

Jones and his wife were always quarreling about their comparative talent for keeping a

PROOFS, NOT PROMISES.

A member of a large Boston firm telephoned us this week saying, "We have always applied to———(mentioning one of the representative Boston Business Schools) but the graduate we secured from you last year was so thoroughly trained that we wish another at once."

Many similar experiences are shown by our records and tell the story of our thorough training in a satisfactory way.

"**THE BEST** of everything for our students at lowest cost to them" is our policy. We are building on a permanent basis. The Cambridge Commercial College stands for the best in commercial education.

COLLEGE MEN IN DEMAND.

Search for 1907 men who will be in the market for positions next summer or fall is already on. This year we ran short of college men long before we had filled all the positions that came to us for them. Positions now open at each of our 12 offices for 1906 college and technical school graduates who are not yet permanently located. Well-known firms offer salaries of $500-$1000. Write us to-day.

HAPGOODS

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fire. She insisted that just so surely as he tried to rearrange the sticks with the tongs he put the fire out. One night the church bells sounded an alarm, and Jones sprang for his fire bucket, eager to rush to the conflagration. "Mr. Jones," cried his wife, as he reached the door, "Mr. Jones! take the tongs."

Principal parts of a familiar verb: flunco, fluncere, faculty, fire 'em.

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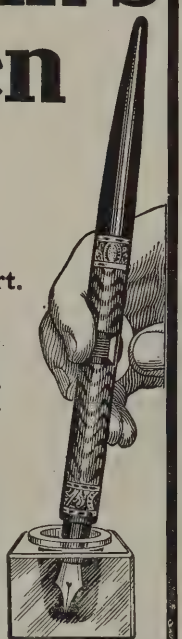

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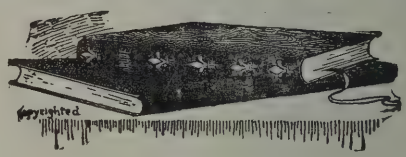

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No. 6.

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI **No. 6**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, March, 1907

EDITORIALS.

For the first time in many years death has fallen upon a teacher in a Cambridge high school. On Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, Mr. Edwin L. Sargent of the English High School, after a short illness, passed away at his home. He had been for years a teacher there and had made a remarkable record for ability and success. For a few months immediately after the retirement of Mr. Adams of the Latin School, Mr. Sargent taught there, so that many of the present Senior class of that school became acquainted with him and can sympathize with those who have more recently been under his charge at the English High School. He will be sorely missed, not only in the schools, but throughout the city as well. The School Committee adopted the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the School Committee of the city of Cambridge hereby gives expression to its sentiment of keen regret and deep sense of loss at the death, on Feb. 12, 1907, of Dr. Edwin Leroy Sargent, master in the English High School, and for over twenty-five years one of our most effective and successful educators.

"*Resolved*, That the School Committee hereby records its appreciation of his splendid self-sacrificing service, his lofty ideals, his inspiring leadership, and his earnest and heroic labor for the cause of education."

We have another loss to mention, a temporary one only, we hope. Miss Constance G. Alexander of the Latin School was seriously injured in a collision between an automobile and a carriage, in which she was riding, as long ago as the Christmas vacation. She was out of school for a number of weeks, but was at length thought able to return. After a few days it became evident that the exertion was causing her more trouble, and Miss Alexander was granted leave of absence for the rest of the year. We sincerely hope that next fall she will be back among us.

We must apologize for the lateness of the February number. A general conspiracy of circumstances, combined with delay on the part of our staff, partly due to the mid-year examinations, blocked the printing of the paper for almost a week. We were fortunate to get it as soon as we did. We will make every effort that it may not happen again.

In this connection we wish to say a few words to some of our contributors, and more particularly to some members of our staff. In the English language, as we understand it, m-u-s-t does not spell "may, if you happen to feel like it," and "Friday, Feb. 1," is not editorial slang for "Thursday, Feb. 7." If each one makes a determined effort to have his copy in on time, the REVIEW will come out when it is due, and much trouble and unpleasantness be saved.

We were sorry to feel compelled to make the remarks which we have made about smoking at the dramas. This is a practice which has been tolerated until recently,—why, we cannot imagine. Now, every one is entering into a crusade against it, and it has been nearly stopped. Such an exhibition as took place at the recent English High School drama does not, we are glad to say, occur very often. Of course, we do not mean that it was entirely High School boys who were responsible for the smoking; indeed, there was too much of it to warrant that idea. We do say, however, that the floor director and Drama Committee were to blame for allowing such a thing. It is within their power and is their duty to stop anything of the kind. Let us hope that there will be no more of it.

Because we have not offered another prize for stories, it does not follow that we have all the stories we want, or that we are not always glad to get more. We were much pleased with the prize stories, but they will not hold out forever. We should like to hear from the English High School. Its contributions in the way of stories are decidedly few. We are glad of the supply of stories from the Manual Training School and from one or two writers, chiefly of our own staff, at the Latin School. The recent article on the Charles River Dam was very acceptable. Such things as this, besides making very interesting reading, give us a little variety. We should be glad to print more of the Training School speeches or any short technical article.

This month is the twentieth anniversary of the starting of the REVIEW. In commemoration of this, we have secured two or three articles, in reference to the paper, from our alumni. Mr. Horace A. Davis, C. L. S., '87, the editor-in-chief for the first year, tells of the organization of the paper and of its life in the first year. Hon. Arthur P. Stone, C. L. S., '89, tells of the next two years, during which he was editor, and of the struggles to keep the paper alive. We print also a complete history of the REVIEW, written by Mr. A. C. Gove, C. L. S., '06. We desire to extend our warmest thanks to them for their kindness.

It certainly seems as if a "hoodoo" of some description had fallen upon the Latin School athletics this year. After a football team of which the less said the better, a hockey team which, although better than the football team, failed in its final game, and a basket-ball team which never was, the track team has followed the example set heretofore this year, and come out about as near the bottom of the ladder as it could get. It was the old, old story, with variations. Poor rank, outside business, ill health, all contributed to take from the team some of the best athletes. The result was that, after a defeat by Malden High in a relay race, we returned from the Preparatory League meet with *four* points to our credit. Strange to relate, we were *not* the winners.

The Latin School track team has never excited much interest. The candidates this year were few in number, and many of them, as we have said, were unable, for one reason or another, to compete. It is not yet certain whether or not there will be any track team next year, as it seems hardly worth the while. In the meantime, let us do all in our power to make the baseball team and the crew (if it rows) the champions in their respective lines of sport.

Two months ago we printed an editorial in regard to those who desire to try for the leading positions on the REVIEW next year. We shall briefly repeat the statements made at that time. The editor will be chosen for literary skill, good sense and general ability. That we may judge of these qualities in a candidate, it is desirable that we should receive from him contributions in some form. These may be stories, technical articles, editorials; in fact, almost anything. To try for the position of business manager, the candidate should secure all the advertisements possible. In this way, beside receiving liberal commissions, he will obtain experience and enable us to judge of his qualifications for running the paper as a whole. Our choice for successor will be announced in the June number.

BIRTH OF THE REVIEW.

HORACE A. DAVIS, C. L. S. '87

When we held that mass meeting one afternoon in February, 1887, not one of us, I will venture to say, dreamt that we were starting an enterprise so vital that twenty years afterward it would be not only alive, but stronger and better than ever before. Just whose idea it was I never knew, but I have a suspicion that Frank Batchelder, '88, the second editor-in-chief, is entitled to a part of the credit. At all events, the time was ripe, and the idea once broached met with an enthusiastic reception.

The meeting was held in one of the rooms of that miserable old building on Lee Street, where the Latin School had celebrated its birth. I remember that our wretched accommodations there inspired more than one article in the first volume of the REVIEW. Pretty much everybody turned out; and as all were in favor of establishing a paper, debate was dispensed with and the work of organization began. We voted to form a stock company, elected officers, and adjourned. We even issued certificates of stock, though just what they represented I won't venture at this late day to say. Certainly it was no share in the profits, for there were none; and it was no obligation to cover the deficit, which we feared more than once, but which, fortunately, did not come. Perhaps it was the opportunity to get the autograph of Louis Thompson, '88, which was considered desirable by the girls of that generation.

With the organization in working order and a board of editors elected, the next step was to choose a name for the magazine. It was strictly a Latin School publication at its start. The Manual Training School was not in existence, and the High School was not invited to join. And so the title, *Latin School Review,* was natural, and indeed almost inevitable. We also adopted a motto, *"Vita sine literis mors est,"* which I always thought particularly happy, and as it is about the only Latin I can now translate, I am glad it has not disappeared from the cover of the REVIEW. In general appearance we decided to model our magazine upon the *Harvard Advocate,* and figured that we could fill about nine pages with reading matter and two with advertisements. The printer we selected was Wheeler, in Harvard Square, who printed the *Advocate.*

Then we set about preparing copy. The two pages of advertisements came hard. We hunted up and down the Main Street of those days, now Massachusetts Avenue, and argued, usually in vain, with the obdurate tradesmen; but eventually we landed enough to make up the necessary space and funds, and turned our attention to the literary side. For a leading article we secured an interesting essay on the school days of Shakespeare from Mr. William J. Rolfe, once head-master of the High School. The editors contributed enough more to fill the bulk of the pages, and we received an unexpectedly large number of contributions from scholars not on the board. Proof-reading in the early days was a cross, and we had to begin our second number with an apology for misprints to Mr. Rolfe and one other contributor.

We had the usual editorial department and a separate department in lighter vein for free-lance editorial comment, which we called "Under the Table." What school news there was we collated at the end of each number; but the events worthy of publication were few in those days, compared to the athletic, dramatic and other records of recent years. The personal items, which now occupy many columns each month, we did not have. The main portion of the magazine was literary, and we tried to establish a high standard from the start. Mr. Bradbury was a generous contributor, and we also secured articles from former teachers and graduates. The board did its work conscientiously, and on the whole the editorial duties were the least of our troubles during the first year.

Our sales were disappointingly small, and after the first enthusiasm had worn off, we had some misgivings whether the school would really continue to support the REVIEW. But with the final number of Vol. I, we turned over the magazine to the '88 board, feeling that we had at least paved the way for a successful paper if the school wished for one; and the story of the following nineteen years proves that it did.

UNDER THE TRICOLOR.

CHARLES MERRILL ROGERS, JR., C. L. S. 1910.

The great French army stood on the battlefield of Borodino, the battle which it had won for its Emperor. Orderlies were dashing around with orders from their generals. Presently one rode up to a company captain, Beaumont, by name, and saluted:

"Marshal Ney orders you to take your company and march to the village of Smolensk and hold it till further orders." Beaumont nodded, and again saluting, the orderly rode away.

"Well, Philippe," the captain said, turning to his young lieutenant, Philippe de St. Pierre, "we have got more work before us, and nothing dull, I fancy, for the Russians will probably send troops to destroy those villages. Doubtless every village will have its quota of soldiers by to-night. This village is evidently one of some importance or Ney would not send a whole company. Order the men to obtain rations for three days from the commissary. We will march in half an hour."

Lieutenant de St. Pierre executed his order, and in half an hour the company was marching towards Smolensk, three miles distant.

In a short time they had reached the village. The company took up its quarters in the little church, which was situated on a knoll, its belfry commanding a view of the country around. Philippe climbed the belfry ladder, and looking towards the south, saw the camp fires of the French army. He also noticed with satisfaction that their position enabled them to see the Russians before they entered the village.

The necessary barricades were made, and after posting the sentries, Beaumont ordered the remainder of the company to lie down and get as much sleep as possible before the Russians attacked.

Adjoining the church stood the home of the aged priest of the little village. With him lived his small niece, Louise, who was barely seven years old. A servant, as old as the priest himself, had completed the household; but when the tide of war had neared the village, she went to live with her daughter, far away from the horrors of war. So only remained the priest and his niece.

That night the troops slept, but by ten o'clock the next morning the watcher in the belfry cried:

"The Russians! the Russians! They are coming! A regiment by the looks."

Startled by the size of the detachment, Captain Beaumont sprang up the rickety ladder that led to the belfry. He saw in a glance that the man's report was true.

"It's a regiment sure enough," he muttered; "the Russians must think that this village is very important to us, else they would not send a whole regiment. Sentry," he said, turning to the watcher, "remain here and keep me informed of the movements of the enemy."

"Yes, captain."

Beaumont climbed down the ladder and sought out Philippe.

"Lieutenant, order in the sentries. Place the men at the windows, four at each. Then serve out the ammunition. Divide it equally and divide it all."

"Yes, sir, I think we may be able to whip the Russians after all, even if there is a regiment. Vive la France," he concluded.

Half an hour passed. The shouts of the Russians entering the town could be plainly heard by the defenders of the church. Then the red, white and blue of the French flag attracted the Russians' attention, and with a cheer they marched towards it.

Captain Beaumont and Lieutenant de St. Pierre went among the men encouraging them to stand till the last. The Russians were rapidly approaching. The old priest, unseen by the rest, clambered up the belfry ladder. Waiting until the Russians had come within calling distance, he cried out in a pleading tone:

"Soldiers of the Russian army, why do ye come to destroy the peacefulness of our little village? Harm us not. We have done ye no

wrong. Stain not your hands with the blood of innocents. Desecrate not the church. But I warn ye" (and here his manner changed to one of menace) "if you fire as much as one of your bolts of death toward this church, the curse of—" A taunting laugh and a shot from the pistol of a Russian officer rang out, and the old priest fell forward—dead.

Then the attack began. Time and again did the Russians seek to carry the church by storm, but each time the defenders repulsed them. Finally, by the united efforts of the Russians, the hinges of the door broke, and the exultant attackers rushed in. The little band rallied round its officers, but Captain Beaumont was shot at the first volley. After two or three more volleys, Philippe, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, ordered his men to save themselves as best they could.

He himself turned swiftly, and unseen by the rest, dashed down a small staircase leading to the cellar. The cellar was dark, and the lieutenant stumbled on, fearful lest the Russians should find his retreat.

"Uncle, uncle," said a frightened voice, which Philippe recognized as that of the little niece of the old priest.

"Where are you, little girl?" he said.

"Here in the corner. Oh where is my uncle? What are they making all that noise about? I want my uncle. Oh where is he?"

"Never mind the noises, little girl, I'll get you out in a short while."

Going to one of the windows that lighted the cellar, he opened it softly. He saw that the Russians had forgotten to place guards at the back of the church. He took the little girl and put her up through the window, and then climbed up himself. He looked about again carefully, and then catching up the girl, sped for the little wood that lay behind the church. Looking back once more, he saw the little church in flames.

The Russians had attacked the church in spite of the warning of the old priest. Would his unfinished curse be visited upon them? While the lieutenant was watching, he saw the flag of Russia hoisted above the ruins, in place of the glorious tricolor of France. With a sigh he lifted the girl on his shoulder and turned towards the blazing camp-fires of Napoleon's army.

. . . . . .

Some months after the attack on the little church the French army was in retreat from Russia. The peerless army of the "Little Corporal" had been defeated and forced back. Impeded in their retreat by the attacks of the Russians and the gigantic wolves, and above all, the coldness of the climate, the soldiers of France had a hard time.

Once more the home of little Louise stood near the path of the army. After the death of her uncle she had taken up her home with a friend who had known her since a baby. One day, as Louise was walking through a small stretch of woods on some errand of her foster-mother, she heard several gruff voices talking loudly and excitedly. As hangers-on and deserters were frequent, she would not have thought anything of it had not her attention been caught by the name of Lieutenant de St. Pierre, spoken in loud, angry tones. She well remembered when that young officer had found her in the cellar of the church so shortly to be burned, rescued her and carried her safely to the French camp.

She crept towards the voices, and in a small opening she saw an officer and four or five ugly men dressed in French uniforms. One of the soldiers was speaking.

"I tell you, Lieutenant, this de St. Pierre is too strict. Why, only a week ago did he report me to the colonel for stealing food from a peasant's hut. I got twenty lashes for just that little thing. You saw me, Jacques," turning to one of his fellow-soldiers, "you saw me, in the sight of all the army, whipped until the blood ran. Twenty lashes, and for that offense. God knows we have little enough food."

"Right you are," joined in Jacques, "and I was put in the guard-house by this self-same scoundrel; without fire in that cold place, all because I fell asleep for five minutes on guard duty."

"That was not so very bad. The penalty for sleeping on duty is death, you know," another cut in; "you can count yourself lucky."

"Lucky," growled Jacques; "lucky to be

put in a cold place like that, half frozen to death, with no chance to warm myself by exercising. And yet you say I was lucky."

"Hark ye," said the officer, speaking for the first time; "I have a grudge against this Pierre with his aristocratic 'de' and 'St.' There I was senior lieutenant in our regiment. I have been in the army longer by years than he, and yet, when one of our captains was killed, this boy was promoted to be captain over my head. But to the point," he continued, in a lower tone, "many a straggling soldier has been killed by the Russians, and no inquiry made. I wonder if something like that couldn't happen to that upstart boy. Nothing would ever be found out, and then I would be captain. Do you understand?"

"Ay," the men growled.

"And can you be trusted for the job?" The men nodded.

"Very well," the officer said; "do it to-night, if possible. Jacques, I appoint you captain for to-night's work, and do you report to me when it is done. I will see that you profit by the job. Remember, to-night, and not a word to anybody."

He turned on his heel and walked away, leaving the soldiers to make their plans for the murder.

Louise rose with a scared face, for young as she was, she grasped the meaning of the plot. To-night the man had said they were going to kill her lieutenant, unless— Without finishing her thought, she turned towards her home, laid her basket down, and then ran as fast as she could towards the little cottage where Napoleon had established his headquarters.

In a chair at a table sat a rather short, stout man with a dejected air. He was writing in a listless way, that showed that he was not putting his mind to it. He, Napoleon, Emperor of France, and would-be emperor of all Europe, had been forced back from his goal. Finally wiping his pen viciously on his white knee breeches and flinging it across the room, the "Little Corporal of Ajaccio" began to consider the plans for his next campaign.

Five minutes passed, then the door opened softly. Napoleon glanced up and saw, standing in the doorway, a small girl dressed in a red cloak.

"What do you wish, my little girl?" he said.

"O sire," she said, running forward and taking his hand, "they are going to kill my lieutenant—some bad men. They are going to kill him, and my lieutenant won't come back any more," and she began to sob.

"Come, come, little girl," said Napoleon soothingly, "tell me what your name is and all about your lieutenant."

"My name's Louise," she said, "and Lieutenant de St. Pierre—"

"Captain de St. Pierre, you mean, do you not?" interrupted Napoleon.

"Yes, I think he is a captain, but I have always called him lieutenant. Well, anyway, a lot of bad men are going to kill him because —er—he doesn't do just as they want him to do. They are going to kill him to-night—oh! can't you save him, sire?"

"Yes, yes, little girl, of course," he said impatiently; "I know Captain de St. Pierre. He performed some special services for me one time. That's how he was made captain. How do you know him?" he broke off abruptly.

"He saved me from the Russians one time and carried me way back to the camp, where all the soldiers were, and I'll never forget it," she concluded.

"Of course not, Louise."

He touched a bell, and a staff officer came in.

"Captain, you are a personal friend of Captain de St. Pierre, are you not?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then order out a file of men and keep them within short distance of you to-night. You yourself keep near Captain de St. Pierre. There is a plan to murder him to-night. See that none of the fellows escape, but put them in the guard house. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sire."

"Then that is all." He waved his hand in token of dismissal.

"There, little girl, I guess your lieutenant will not be killed this time. We have fixed that, have we not?" said Napoleon gaily.

In answer, Louise dropped to one knee and kissed his hand, then left the room with a light heart. Her lieutenant would be saved.

TECHNICAL NOTES.

It is stated in the *Technical World Magazine* that the French government has made a successful trial of using the X-ray as a means of detecting "smuggled" goods, whether on the person or in packages.

In this trial one hundred and sixty-seven persons were examined in forty-five minutes, and all the articles hidden for the experiment were found concealed somewhere on the bodies of the "smugglers." One young man had a small jewelled locket concealed under his tongue; in the shoes of another were hidden card cases pressed flat against the feet, and rings were sewed in the hem of a woman's skirt. But the little X-ray discovered everything when once its penetrating ray was turned in the right direction.

Thus it may be seen that this little machine makes it possible for all passengers from foreign ports to be examined by the customs officials at less expense to the government and more successfully than in the old way.

Many people believe that boiled water is completely sterilized, but, according to a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris), this is not so. It seems that there are in the water certain spores which need a much higher temperature than that required to boil water to destroy them completely; that water must be heated under pressure, in specially prepared apparatus, to accomplish this end.

Besides the fact that certain germs still remain in the water after it has been boiled, there are various other reasons why it is not fit to drink, for in boiling it has given up the air it originally held in solution, thus making it indigestible.

Unusual activity in the construction of aëroplanes, air-ships and similar machines makes the study of air resistance very important.

Experience has shown that there is a law for the air resistance to moving bodies up to a rate of eight hundred feet per second, which is approximately true; above this rate of speed there seems to be no definite law.

Signor Canovetti, an Italian engineer, began in 1897 some very interesting, as well as useful, experiments along this line.

From the top of the Castle of Brescia, some two hundred and sixty feet high, a small steel cable was run to the ground at an angle of 10°. A two-wheeled carriage was made to run on this cable, and below the carriage were hung different shaped frameworks covered with canvas.

At a later date Signor Canovetti was aided by the Accademia dei Lincei in carrying out more experiments on a larger scale. A railroad track running up a mountain slope in Italy lay idle while repairs were made, and permission was obtained to perform experiments, similar to those just mentioned, on this track.

Now a four-wheeled carriage of stout steel tubing was built, and at the front of this was fastened a light bamboo frame covered with canvas, having an area of ten square yards. Near the middle of the carriage were two cylinder-shaped ballast carriers, each large enough to carry forty pounds of ballast.

The car was taken to the top of the incline and allowed to run down of its own accord until stopped at the bottom by a metallic network connected with springs, used to make the shock as slight as possible. Much attention was given to the size and shape of the frameworks placed on the front of the car, in order to learn to what shapes the air offered least resistance. Among other things, a conical-shaped, canvas-covered frame was tried, to see what effect is offered to bodies shaped like air-ships.

The position of the car on its way down the incline was shown by a double Morse register connected with contacts along the track. By means of this electrical device, when the car passed over a contact, an electric circuit was opened; this caused the relative position of the car to be pricked on a paper in the station at the bottom of the incline.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

M. G. MACULLAR.

The air had not yet cooled after the intense heat of the day. The leaves of the great eucalyptus trees were hanging motionless, with not a breath of wind to disturb their tranquillity. The depressive stillness of the night was broken only by the occasional screeching of the cockatoos and the snarling howls of some hungry wolves, prowling about in the forest below. The splashing of unseen waters, as they tumbled over the distant falls, lent an indefinable charm to the scene; while overhead the Southern Cross gleamed out brightly from the countless numbers of fainter stars. It was one of those nights when a man feels impelled to think over the events of his past life—and men think of such things, even down there in Australia.

John Ordway was thinking of them as he came slowly up from the lumber houses. When he reached the shade of the pines, on the west side of the house, he stopped and looked at the scene about him. His mood was not in harmony with such a night, and he tried to throw off the feeling of bitterness which filled his heart; but the secret hatred of years was not to be dispelled by the influence of one night. As he gazed at the great, low house, half hidden in the long shadows of the trees, his soul was filled with revulsion for the man who lived there alone with his servants; the man who owned all those vast miles of forest which lay about him; the man who had deliberately robbed him of success. But for Allan Moffet he would now be a rich man instead of a common lumberman, struggling day after day to maintain his very life.

Five years before, just after John Ordway had received his degree from his university, he had written to Allan Moffet, an old friend of his uncle's, for a position in his lumber mills in Australia. Moffet had answered favorably, offering him the desired opportunity, with the prospect of speedy advancement. To Ordway it was the chance of which he had been dreaming for the past four years. The lumber business was then booming, and its early success was predicted. So Ordway had broken all the ties which bound him to his Homeland, and in the autumn of the same year he had come to Australia.

He had found Allan Moffet to be a hardened, niggardly old man, jealous of his overseers, and apprehensive of the natives. After having worked in the mills and having gained an intelligent idea as to the way in which they were operated, Ordway had expected to be put in charge of some of the smaller ones. However, the advancement had not come. He had spoken to Moffet, who flatly refused it, on the ground that he could not afford it. Ordway had then determined to leave. He had written home to his friends for some sort of an opening, but no desirable offers came back, and he had not sufficient money for his passage back to America. He had begun to be discouraged and morose. Gradually he grew to hate the man who had so wretchedly deceived him, but he remained working for Moffet, because he could not starve.

As he stood looking at the low, rambling house he pictured himself always working for Allan Moffet in his mills and lumber yards, while the great schemes which he had planned came to naught, because he would never have the chance to let them materialize. He vowed vengeance upon him who had deprived him of the fulfillment of the hopes for which he had striven so eagerly, so earnestly. Over in the Quarters he could hear the squeaking of an old fiddle, as MacKenna, the white overseer, played some Scotch ballad. He wished MacKenna would stop playing, for the music seemed strangely out of place on a night like that.

Suddenly Ordway perceived a light over in a clump of bushes on the farther side of the house. He glanced at it thoughtlessly and then noticed that it was a tongue of flame darting out of the dry branches. He turned away with the thought that it would not amount to anything, having been started, in all probability, by the natives who had been secretly smoking the new tobacco leaves,

which they had smuggled up from the coast. Then the thought flashed upon him that the fire would spread. He started to give the alarm, but stepped back, as one paralyzed. Here was his chance for revenge! Should he take it? The trees were parched after the dry season and would catch easily. A light wind, which had suddenly come up, was blowing the flames over toward the forest. The fire could not be seen from the Quarters, and the house was entirely dark. Ordway knew that it was in his power alone to save or ruin Allan Moffet. Frantically he clapped his hands over his ears, as if to shut out the still, small voice which bade him give the alarm and summon the natives to help put out the flames. No, he would not be weak. Let the great miles of timber land be swept away. Why should he interfere with Allan Moffet's just punishment?

He glanced guiltily at the fire. The whole clump of bushes was now ablaze, lighting up the side of the yard so that Ordway had to draw back farther into the shadow of the pine trees. In a few more minutes it would begin its terrible work of devastation. The crackling of the twigs seemed deafening to him as he stood, a helpless victim of an uncontrollable desire for revenge. Suddenly, above the noise of the snapping branches, he could distinguish the squeaking tones of MacKenna's fiddle. He leaned forward and listened intently, seeking to divert his attention from the conflagration. He even tried to hum the lines of the tune, "Auld Lang Syne." Then there flashed upon him the words that they used to sing at college to the same tune, the words of his Alma Mater Hymn:

"Where'er in life thy sons may be,
They'll ne'er disgrace thy name."

He could recall no more, but stood motionless, repeating the two lines over and over. The cold perspiration stood out in drops upon his forehead. He thought of the old college. Was he not now daring a deed which would bring shame upon his Alma Mater? In an instant the spirit of the old days came back to him. He forgot his bitterness toward Allan Moffet. He forgot his shattered ideals and his ruined hopes, and he remembered the pledges he had made to honor his Alma Mater wherever he might be.

He wondered if it were too late to save the forests. Frantically he shouted the alarm. The natives came rushing up from the Quarters, half bewildered at the sudden confusion. With the desperation of a last hope, Ordway sent half of them to connect the great fire-hose with the water-falls, and urged the rest to cut away the few trees intervening between the flames and the forest.

The last tree fell not a moment too soon. A few sparks had already fallen on the pines at the forest's edge and were just beginning to break into flame when the natives rushed up with the hose, and the heavy stream of water soon entinguished the blaze. As the last flame sizzled and died out, Ordway turned and saw Allan Moffet standing upon the veranda, his drawn face appearing ashen in the darkness.

"John," he said in a trembling voice, "you have saved me."

"It is nothing," answered Ordway, as he started off toward the Quarters.

"Stop, John," he cried, "come back! Is it too late to ask your forgiveness? The realization of my selfishness and injustice has just come to me. I was wrong."

John Ordway turned and went up to the old man. "I forgave you a few moments ago," he said quietly, "and prevented your forests from burning. Thank Heaven, my forgiveness did not come too late."

Allan Moffet stepped forward and extended his hand to Ordway. "John," he said, "I make you my offer now. Will you accept a half share in my business in return for your five years of faithful service? I am getting old now and cannot manage the affairs much longer. I need a young man to step in and take the responsibility from my shoulders, and you are the man I need."

"I thank you," answered Ordway simply, "and I shall try to prevent your confidence in me from being misplaced."

As John Ordway went back to his Quarters that night, he whistled his old college hymn and blessed it for having saved him from dishonor. The happy spirit of the old days had returned once more, and Fortune, having delayed so long, was at last smiling upon him.

GETTING INTRODUCED.

She was a dazzling creation, a perfect dream, with dark hair, dark eyes, ruby lips, and all the other requisites of a perfect dream. It was on Pell's Pond that I first saw her. I was attempting to make a double three—impossible invention—when lo! could it be real or was it but a vision, that fairy-like creature? Now here, now there, she sped in bewitching curves. Threes, pigeon wings, brackets, rockers, pirouettes, all followed in quick succession.

I was rudely awakened from my trance by Ben.

"What's the matter, old chappie?" he cried. "Take care, or your eyes will fall out."

"Ah, Ben! Tell me, who is that nymph over there with the pink in her hat?"

"She? St. Claire," he answered, turning away. What disrepect!

"You know her?" I cried. "Ben, my boy, I love you! I'll be your friend forever! Introduce me, won't you?"

"How? All I can do is to paddle round and round the pond, and she doesn't like that. 'Fraid I can't, Tom."

"Yes, you can. Now don't forget, on the third time round I shall be over in that corner. Off! Quick!"

Angelic Ben! Now they have gone the first time round. What ages, and how my knees shake! Second round. But why do they stop? She goes to the bank! Ye gods! He has taken off her skates! Gone!

"Why didn't you come around the third time?" I roared as Ben came up. "Didn't she want to be introduced? Hurry up and tell me, you cockroach!"

"Now just wait a second. I was going to ask her, when she said she would have to go home. I told her I wanted her to meet you, but she couldn't stay. Why not ask Ruth to introduce you? She and Edith St. Claire are great friends, and both go to the Academy."

"Fine! I'll do it!"

Early next morning I was off to school, but as fate would have it, Ruth came late, so all I could do was to write her a note.

"If you want to do me a great favor," it ran, "introduce me to Edith St. Claire at recess."

"Be delighted to. Where will you be?" the answer came.

"I'll be down in the library getting some books, but I shall keep watch for you."

At last recess came, and I went to the library. After about ten minutes I saw them, Ruth and Edith St. Claire; but they were with a group of other girls, so I had to wait. A second time I caught sight of them. This time they were over in the other corner of the room with another group of girls. I signed to Ruth to bring Miss St. Claire nearer, and again turned to my work. But horrors! the bell rang, and recess was over.

On my way to the class-room I met Ruth.

"Well, why didn't you introduce us?" I demanded.

"We came close up, and I coughed till my throat was sore. I couldn't drag you out from the midst of that crowd of boys. But come along now," she added, seeing my care-worn and doleful countenance, "we'll get her yet."

"I'm on the track," thought I, as we ran.

We found her in the dressing-room, but Ruth couldn't persuade her to come out; so we had to depart, foiled again.

"I tell you what," said Ruth, "come here directly after school, and we can catch her before she goes home. She will have to come out then."

How the time lagged during those two last recitations! French seemed to take at least three hours and Latin four. As soon as the bell rang, however, I was out of my seat and away in half a wink.

"The track is getting very warm, very warm," I murmured, as I sped along.

Needless to say, I got to the trysting place first. After waiting two minutes I began to rage. Three minutes, and still no Ruth. Four minutes, and I could have eaten my head, when I saw my dream depart. Soon after, Ruth came.

I was on the pond at half-past two. Miss St. Claire came down two hours later. Immediately I asked another friend to do the job of introducing. Ben refused to try again. When, however, my friend found out the history of Ben's attempt, he flatly refused. I determined to try another girl.

When Helen had heard my doleful tale, she sympathized and promised me her aid.

"I'll keep an eye on you," I said, "and one on Miss St. Claire, and when I see you both alone I'll get you, and we'll make the attack."

A few minutes later my chance came. I saw Helen and Edith St. Claire *together* on the trunk of a tree at the other end of the pond. Without hesitation, I darted in a beeline directly for that spot. They saw me coming.

"Run to earth," I cried.

"Let me introduce you; Mr. Jackson, Miss St. Claire" (as if we didn't know it).

"Delighted to meet you, Miss St. Claire. May I have the pleasure of a little waltz?"

"I *love* to waltz!"

And then—*bliss!*

ALUMNI NOTES.

Deaths.

C. L. S.

1853.

Olive Amelia Richardson, at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 14, 1907.

1878.

McLaurin Jameson Pickering, A.B., at Northport, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1907.

C. H. S.

1865.

Helen Knight Bullard (Mrs. Charles F. Wyman), at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 23, 1907.

1897.

William Warren Garrett, S.B., at San Antonio, Tex., Jan. 15, 1907.

C. L. S. NOTES.

1889.

Roland Jessup Mulford has just resigned his position of head-master of the Cheshire School, Cheshire, Conn.

Mrs. Jessica Garretson Finch is principal of the newly founded Finch School for girls in New York City.

1899.

Florence Bryant Colby is teaching in Derby, Vt.

1904.

Carlisle Whitney Burton is to take the part of George, an apprentice, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the play soon to be given by the Delta Upsilon Society at Harvard.

The graduates of the school who are holders of scholarships at Harvard, are:

Group I.—William John Nagle, '04; Harold Morton Tillinghast, '07.

Group II.—Carlisle Whitney Burton, '04; Leslie Francis Ellsbree, '05; Louis Grandgent, '05; Lawrence Arnold Gale Miller, '04; Norman Burdett Nash, '05; Robert Emmons Rogers, '05; Theodore Halbert Wilson, '07.

Those in Group I were awarded deturs.

1904.

William John Nagle has won second-year honors in the classics.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

EDWARD J. HYLAND, R. M. T. S., '09.

"Pshaw," said Jim, as we met at the breakfast table one morning in July, "it's a shame that it is raining."

"Yes," I responded; "but it might clear up this afternoon."

"Well, it may," muttered Jim, and went on eating.

Neither of us spoke again until after breakfast, when Jim said, "What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I, "but I think I'll not go out in that heavy rain."

"Well, will you come down to Uncle 'Lisha's house with me this afternoon?" asked Jim.

I consented, and we decided to start as soon as dinner was over. After dinner we started for Uncle 'Lisha's, where we soon arrived. Jim rapped at the door, and Uncle 'Lisha came to the door and said: "How do you do, boys? Come in."

The house was the oldest in the town of Livingston. The second story projected over the first one, and in the walls were cut loopholes large enough to permit the muzzle of a gun to pass through.

We were led into the living-room. In one of the walls was a large fireplace, in which the logs crackled and the flames jumped. In front of the fire sat Aunt Matilda, knitting the foot of a stocking. When she saw us, she said: "I am awfully glad to see you, boys. Is it raining hard?"

"Yes, quite hard," we answered, almost together.

"Pull those two chairs close to the fire, sit down and make yourselves to home," said Uncle 'Lisha.

When we were all seated around the fire, Aunt 'Tildy took up her knitting, and everything was quiet, except the crackling of the wood.

Suddenly Jim broke the silence by saying, "Uncle 'Lisha, will you tell us a story?"

Uncle 'Lisha knitted his brows and said, "Well, I'll tell about an Indian raid on this town."

"That will be fine," interrupted Jim.

"As I was going to say," continued Uncle 'Lisha, "my great-grandsire was one of the party that tracked the Indians. In 1753 this town was only a settlement of eight houses, of which this was one.

"Early one fine June morning the Indians surprised the inhabitants, burnt three houses and carried off a boy about fifteen years old, whose name was Jacob Williams.

"The news of the raid spread rapidly, and early the next day a posse of twenty-four men, collected from the nearby settlements, started in pursuit of the Indians. Every man carried a gun, a blanket and food enough for a week. Headed by their leader, Samuel Lovell, a well-built man, who was well acquainted with the woods and the habits of the Indians, they struck into the woods and before long Sam's quick eye caught signs of a trail. They followed this trail that led through a wood, and on the other side there was a clearing. Here they saw a log cabin that had been burnt by the Indians. The party hurried to the ruins, where they found a man with a deep gash in his head. He said that the Indians had done this and had left him there for dead. One man was left to care for the man and take him back to the settlement, while the others pushed on.

"The clearing was crossed and again the men pushed into the woods. These woods covered a large hill. The trail was rough and rocky and very steep. The underbrush grew very thick, and in some places it was necessary for them to cut their way through. After a hard climb they reached the top, and just a little way down the other side the trail turned sharply to the north. The posse followed the trail down the hill into the thick woods again. At this point it led through a swamp that the party had a hard time crossing. Just as the last rays of the sun were falling, they arrived at the farther end of the swamp, but decided to push on, so as to get out of the dampness. At last they came upon a grove of pine trees; they decided to camp there. All were well tired from tramping and soon fell asleep.

"They started again before the sun was over the horizon. The trail pointed toward a mountain. After walking a long time, they reached the base of the mountain and imme-

diately began the ascent. It was very rugged and had a heavy growth of underbrush that made progress slow. The pursuers soon came to a turn in the trail. Following this new bend they came upon an old water-course. This was more thickly overgrown. By the water-course was a small clearing, and one of the men noticed the remains of a camp-fire. They examined the ground around very carefully, and one of the party found three arrows on the ground. As my great-grandsire was prowling around, he saw a piece of birch bark that he picked up and was about to throw down again, when he noticed something black on the back of it. He turned it over and found written in charred wood the words, 'Going to Canada, Jacob.' Spurred on by those words, the men started on with renewed vigor. They followed the trail through a stretch of woods, and they again struck the water-course. The men followed the water-course until it ended in a fine mountain lake, whose crystal waters sparkled in the sunshine. Here they refreshed themselves and filled their canteens.

"The party took up the trail and followed it to the summit of the mountain. It led down the other side for quite a long way, when it suddenly ended at the edge of a steep precipice. After searching for a short time, they again found the trail, that now led down a steep side. At the bottom of the steep part the trail divided, and the posse followed one for quite a distance, until it seemed to dwindle away. Not disheartened by this mishap, they took the other. This trail led to a stretch of woodland, in which the party had decided to camp; but they got the smell of smoke, and Sam thought that it was from the Indian camp-fire. After supper they decided to push on during the night. The night was very dark, and no moon shone through the trees to light their way. Lucky for them that the underbrush was very thin! Every moment the scent of smoke was getting stronger, and Sam called all the men to decide what steps should be taken. It seemed best for one of the party to go into the Indian camp at night, locate and rescue Jacob. Sam volunteered, and soon the plans were being carried out. The men were stationed in the woods, in order to help Sam if they were needed.

"When all was ready, Sam moved noiselessly through the woods. But when he was within sight of the camp he heard a slight crackling and snapping of twigs. He lay flat on the ground, and the slight sound of footsteps became louder and louder; then the outline of a boy could be seen against the gray sky. Sam was on his feet in an instant, took the boy up in his arms, and hurried back to the other men. The men wanted Jacob to tell them how he escaped, but Sam thought it best not to delay. He ordered them to retreat to an opening, where they might have the Indians at a disadvantage. They soon came to a clearing, and preparations were made to surprise the Indians, should they try to recapture Jacob. Sam placed six men on a rocky ledge on their left. This ledge of rock was twenty feet high and commanded the clearing. Then he stationed eight men in some thick underbrush on their right, and the remaining men were hidden in the woods back of the clearing.

"The party did not have long to wait, for from the woods came about fourteen Indians, straight for the hidden men in the woods. When they were within a short distance, the men fired and seven of the Indians dropped to the ground. The rest turned and ran as fast as their legs could carry them to the camp. There was a fierce war-cry, and from the direction of the camp came a large band of Indians, with their chief leading them. They headed straight for the place where Sam and his men were hidden. As they came between the ledge and the underbrush, the men in both places fired, and the Indians were staggered by the deadly fire poured into their midst. While the party on the ledge was reloading, those in the centre fired. Then the Indians made a dash for the ledge. The guns spoke, but still the Indians came on, firing at the men on the ledge. They were almost at the top when the men in the centre and right fired and brought most of the party to the ground; and this work was finished by the men on the ledge. The few remaining Indians took to the woods and were soon out of sight. Then the men came out of their hiding-places and after breakfast started for the settlement, carrying with them their three wounded men and Jacob."

"Who told you that story?" asked Jim.

"My grandsire told me that when I was a boy," answered Uncle 'Lisha.

We thanked Uncle 'Lisha and started for home.

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Candidates for the Latin School baseball team will be called out as soon as the snow is off the ground, as the Harvard cage could not be secured this year.

The next number of the REVIEW will appear Thursday, April 11. Copy, to appear in this number, *must* be handed to the editor, or placed in the REVIEW box, by Thursday, March 28. This is important, as the April vacation begins the following day.

The class of 1906, C. L. S., will present two dramas in aid of the Latin School athletics, Friday evening, April 5, at the Newtowne Club Hall. The dramas are entitled "Tommy's Wife" and "Cicely's Cavalier." All are urged to go and make the evening a success.

The members of the recess orchestra desire to express their thanks for the money which has been received for new music. The amount at present is about $3.00, which is not enough to purchase more than a few new pieces. They will be glad to receive subscriptions from any who have not yet contributed.

It is necessary that $20 be raised at once, in order that the crew may row. Every one should contribute to support it, for it has always been one of the Latin School's most successful forms of athletics. Bring money to A. H. Gray, captain, or W. H. Eckert, manager.

DR. EDWIN L. SARGENT.

The announcement of the death on Feb. 12, 1907, of Dr. Edwin Leroy Sargent, master at the Cambridge English High School, brought an unusual shock to a large circle of his acquaintances. He had been about his accustomed work and had seemed in his usual vigorous health within the previous week.

Dr. Sargent was born in Lynn some sixty-four years ago, the son of James M. and Lydia L. Sargent. His early education was in the public schools of his native city and in the Bridgewater Normal School, where he was graduated. He subsequently entered Harvard University and was graduated with honor in the class of 1868. Several years later he acquired the earned degree of Ph.D. from the College of the City of New York. He had also enjoyed the advantages of travel in Europe.

His first teaching was done in the schools of Lynn and in a private school in Boston. In the year 1882 he became a teacher in the Cambridge High School. Four years later, when that school was divided into the English High School and the Latin School, Dr. Sargent was assigned to the English High School and remained in that school, with a brief exception, for the remainder of his life. This exception was when, for parts of two years, he was transferred to the Latin School during the absence of Mr. Adams. At other times he had received leave of absence for travel and study.

The preëminent characteristics of Dr. Sargent were a scholarly mind, a faithful spirit and a genial disposition. These qualities marked him as an excellent companion and leader for young people of the high-school period. They won him the esteem of his colleagues and of his pupils alike, and the remembrance of them deepens the sense of loss which is felt very widely among those who have been associated with him in these last twenty-five years. His retiring disposition led him to avoid special prominence in educational or other circles, but made him an even more valued friend in the smaller circles of his associates. He found his chief enjoyment and stimulation in his home, his church and the library.

He was a member of the Pi Eta Society of Harvard, of the Harvard Union and of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters Club, and was a constant attendant of the services of the Third Universalist Church.

Dr. Sargent leaves a widow and one son, now in business.

RESOLUTIONS, C. E. H. S. 1908.

WHEREAS, By the Divine Providence, our classmate, Annie McGrory, has been deprived of her father, after a short illness; be it

Resolved, That we, the class of 1908 of the English High School of Cambridge, do hereby extend to her our sincere sympathy in her sorrow and loss; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REVIEW.

ARTHUR P. STONE, '89.

As the early history of the REVIEW has been written more than once for publication in these pages, it is not my purpose to tell it over again even in a different guise. There is, however, much about the starting of the REVIEW that is not generally known, and while other accounts have been accurate as far as they have gone, they have confined themselves to the obvious facts and have ignored, probably through lack of knowledge, certain incidents connected with the paper's origin.

The credit of starting the REVIEW belongs undoubtedly to the class of 1889 of the Cambridge Latin School. The paper was started in the winter of the year 1886-87, and I remember perfectly well the first informal conference in the old Lee Street building by members of the class of 1889, then the third class in the school, which resulted in the founding of the paper. Although the girls in the school have been valuable contributors and editors of the REVIEW since its establishment, they were not concerned in its beginnings, the first impetus coming from ten or a dozen of the boys of the class. At that time I was a member of the class of 1888, trying with little success to make up certain deficiencies, in order that I might enter college with that class. With the majority of the members of my class, I was not deeply impressed with the idea of a school paper, more especially, I think, because it was not started by us. At any rate, we threw cold water upon the project, and if it had not been for the third class, the paper would not have been started at that time. The first class in the school, the class of 1887, was one of the smallest in the history of the school, having but three boys in the class, and as far as the popularity of the paper went, would have had but little influence one way or the other. In spite of the opposition from the two upper classes, those first interested in starting the paper organized a company which issued certificates of membership, or, as we called them, certificates of stock at a par value of twenty-five cents. The response to this call for subscriptions was fairly generous throughout the school, and if I remember rightly, about $60 was raised, to guarantee the expenses of the new paper. The name for the paper and its motto, *"Vita sine literis mors est,"* were chosen by the original promoters of the enterprise; but with that exception, I think, they did but little to dictate or direct the subsequent policy of the paper. It is a little remarkable that, having provided the initiatory energy to start the paper, they should have been willing to surrender its care to the members of the upper class, who had certainly done but little to encourage them. According to the original plan, the officers of the Latin School Review Company and the editors of the *Latin School Review* were entirely independent of each other, and although the editor-in-chief of the paper was, as long as the company lasted, the president of the company, this was not a matter of necessity. The purpose of the company was to provide the funds for starting the paper and to divide the profits when they had accrued. The stockholders were never called upon to act in the second of these capacities.

The first editor-in-chief of the REVIEW was Horace Andrew Davis of the class of 1887, and under his management, to my mind, the REVIEW attained its highest degree of literary excellence. Without wishing to depreciate the services or ability of the long line of editors who have followed him, I think that I am justified in saying that the first editor of the REVIEW set a standard which has not been equalled by his successors. Davis was a boy of unusual maturity of thought and afterwards became an instructor in English in Harvard University. He modeled the paper after the *Harvard Advocate,* and its appearance for the first three or four years of its existence was almost identical with that of the *Advocate* during the same time. It was printed on heavy

linen paper with uncut edges, the cover being perfectly plain, except for the lettering in ordinary type. While I have never doubted the wisdom of the subsequent changes that have been made, I have no hesitation in saying that, from a purely artistic standpoint, the first issues of the REVIEW were as much superior in artistic appearance as they were in literary merit. The articles that appeared were of an unusually high character for boys and girls of the age that ordinarily attend high schools, and the paper compared favorably with the ordinary college publications. One of the departments of the paper—that conducted by S. F. Batchelder, and called "By the Way"—was of unusual merit, and these two men, Davis and Batchelder, stand out preëminently among the early editors of the REVIEW.

In spite of this excellence, the REVIEW was not successful from the very beginning, and the career of the paper during its first year came very near being disastrous, as far as that particular venture was concerned. While the paper had undoubted literary excellence, it was not a school paper. There were almost none of the school notes which now form an enjoyable part of the paper and which, even if they are of doubtful permanent interest and probably of but little literary merit, nevertheless serve to keep the entire school interested in the paper. Then again, the editors of the first year had but little interest in the athletics of the school, and, in fact, had but little interest in any of the school activities outside of the paper; and from the very first the interest which the formation of the paper had aroused was allowed to wane, and at the end of the year it seemed doubtful if the paper could be continued. The fund that had been raised to start it had disappeared, although the first two issues of the paper were financially successful and added to the amount of the original fund. At the end of the year, when the first Board of Editors retired, there was a small debt, probably not more than ten or fifteen dollars, and a lack of interest in the paper.

At that time the writer, who had had no connection with the paper whatsoever, was elected president of the Review Company and editor-in-chief. He was then a member of the class of 1889, and it is again somewhat remarkable that the members of that class, who had control of the REVIEW, should have passed over one of their original number and elected practically an outsider. The second year of the REVIEW was more disastrous than the first. Although one or two of the assistant and associate editors did their best to help out the editor-in-chief, there was really but little done outside of the work that fell immediately upon his shoulders. There was a lack of contributions, a lack of advertisements and, what was still worse, a lack of subscriptions. The size of the paper steadily diminished and still, even, the smaller paper was published at a loss. One issue practically had no support, and but sixteen copies of the paper were sold in the school. More than once the editors subscribed money to make up a deficit, in order that the printer might be induced to bring out the next number of the paper. At one time during this year it was seriously considered discontinuing the paper, and a meeting was called for that purpose. At this meeting some further help was promised the overburdened editors; they were induced to go ahead, and the paper appeared regularly for the balance of the year. But little can be said for the paper during this year. Its appearance was the same, but it suffered in every way, and the school was justified in not giving it better support. Probably the converse is also true: that the editors were justified and gave the school as good a paper as the school deserved. There was one bright exception to the general mediocrity of the paper. The contributions of Miss Constance G. Alexander, then an associate editor of the paper, and now teacher of English in the Latin School, were fully up to the high standard set by the editors of the previous year. The only credit that the writer can claim for the paper during this year lies in the fact that the paper did continue to exist. If it had not been for his perseverance in the face of difficulties, it is undoubtedly true that the REVIEW would not be in existence to-day. While the school would probably by this time have had a permanent and flourishing school paper, it would not have been the paper that was founded in 1887. The writer has a distinct recollection

of preparing one entire number of the REVIEW, and if the old files were consulted, there is one issue which is the sole work of the editor-in-chief, from the beginning of the title to the end of the last advertisement.

The beginning of the year 1889 was somewhat brighter. The writer was again elected editor-in-chief and president of the Review Company. A new business manager took hold of the paper, and through his energy the paper was placed on a comparatively sound financial basis. Another year had been added to the age of all the editors, and its effect was seen in the character of the contributions, and this third year was, on the whole, very successful. Too much credit cannot be given to Albert Mann, the business manager, during this year. He found the paper in debt, and by earnest work brought it, during the first two or three issues, to a paying basis. The editor-in-chief was relieved from a good deal of the care of getting the paper out and had more time to devote to what was more appropriately his duty. More attention was paid to the other interests of the school, and the school notes were largely increased. Additional pages were added to the paper, additional departments were inaugurated, and during the third year of its existence it was fully as good as the average of the school papers with which it exchanged, although it did not attain the high degree of literary excellence of the first volume. During this year the Review Company went out of existence. It became evident that the shares of stock originally issued were only a burden upon the paper. About half of the original stockholders had left the school and, of course, took but little interest in the venture. Accordingly, at a meeting of the company, held in the spring of 1889, the Review Company formally voted to go out of existence, and from that time it disappears. The paper was then conducted by the Board of Editors, and if the writer's recollection is correct, editors were elected at a mass meeting of the school. How long this custom continued, he is unprepared to say. At the end of the year the paper had a good subscription list, had paid all its back bills which had accumulated from the very beginning, had a small balance in the treasury, and a considerable number of advertisers. In this condition it was turned over to Adelbert Harding of the class of 1890, who was editor-in-chief during the fourth year of the paper's existence.

The subsequent history of the REVIEW is more familiar to others than to the writer, and it seems that any account of its origin can very properly stop here.

In closing this rather rambling article, I desire to impress upon the present generation the fact that the REVIEW was founded and carried on by the class of 1889, and that if it had not been for the members of that class, this particular paper, at any rate, would not be in existence. In some respects the early issues of the REVIEW do not compare favorably with the present paper. The present paper is undoubtedly a more interesting school paper, and fulfills far better the primary purpose of every publication which is to appeal to the people who read it. In some respects I do not think there has been improvement in the subsequent years, but any detailed comparison in that regard is at this time undesirable. The writer's own part in the history of the REVIEW, while important in one way, was rather inglorious. Not believing in the paper at the beginning, he became its editor during a period of depression in every particular, and can only claim credit for preserving its life under adverse circumstances.

Plagiarism is worthy of the severest punishment, just like any other form of robbery, yet in this age of magazines and short stories, literary theft is becoming altogether too prevalent. It should be stopped by law. Any schoolboy who does such a thing should be suspended; he should be branded as a fool and a liar. For what can be more foolish than to believe that the robbery can long remain undiscovered, what more deceitful than to steal another's thought? In the January number of the *High School Register* of Burlington, Vt., I regretted exceedingly to find a most flagrant example of plagiarism; namely, the story entitled "Why Manner Left the Range," copied, almost word for word, from a prize story published some time ago in the *Black Cat*. The title, however, had been changed from "A Few Chords in the Key of G." The culprit, who, we hope, *Register,* will receive his just deserts, did not, however, venture to sign even his initials, for very good reasons, since all stories in the *Black Cat* are copyrighted.

In the *Adelphian* we read: "At the head of this (the Exchange) column should be an acknowledgment of the receipt of such magazines as have been received since the previous issue," as "a matter of common courtesy." The *Distaff* and *Mirror* emphatically disapprove of this practice, calling it a "space-filler" and a "stuffing-device." This is certainly true, but still it *is* pleasing to see one's school paper noticed. The suggestion given by the *Distaff* is best, that "at the end of the year a complete list may very appropriately be given, as a catalogue, to which other papers may refer in extending their own lists of exchanges." This catalogue should also give the addresses. The mere exchange of papers, if dutifully attended to, should be acknowledgment sufficient.

The cut for "grinds" in the *Apokeepsian* is very good.

The exchange editor of the *Bulletin* works well.

It surprised me to receive the *Cutler Fortnightly* again after such a long absence since last year, and after I had tried in vain to exchange at the beginning of this.

The *Hackettstonian* is far superior this month to last in general appearance.

The story in the *Herald,* entitled "The Railroad Victim," is vile and should never have been published.

Although the *Prospect,* a new exchange, has some very good stories, the English of the editorials is poor. The cover is good.

The cover of the *Radiator* is excellent. I wish, *Radiator,* you would either exchange or not exchange. Do one or the other regularly.

The chief editor of the *English High School Record* supplies most of the reading-matter. This overwork seems to have made him pessimistic, for all his stories deal with the worst side of life.

The *Recorder* had to fill over a fourth of its contents with a story taken from another school paper! You must be laboring under difficulties, *Recorder.*

The *Register* has a fine cover.

CUPID AT MASCONOMO.

(Prize Story.)

MARGARET E. CUMMINGS, C. E. H. S., '07.

In about two minutes the sun would be lost to view below the horizon; but before he made his final dip, he was turning the silvery sands of Singing Beach into gold by long, slanting, mellow beams. He reached over the heads of the tall pines back of the beach and placed a momentary crown on the tip of Eagle Head and many tiny ones on each receding wave of the outgoing tide. The place was almost deserted, and except for the monotonous swish of the waves, all lay in the stillness and splendor of a summer sunset.

Blind to the beauty of the scene around him, however, was Thomas Ettinger, just returning from a stroll to Heminway Rocks, at the extreme end of the sands. He was a tall, sturdy, square-shouldered young fellow of twenty-two years. Thick light brown hair, merry hazel eyes, a strong nose and a firm mouth, which could be tender at times,—these were the outward characteristics of Tom Ettinger, all together forming an attractive personality.

At present, however, the hazel eyes had a bored look in them, and there were tired lines about his mouth.

"It's all nonsense, anyway!" he exclaimed, half aloud, kicking one foot impatiently in the loose sand, as he stood taking a final look at the ocean. "Wasting all my time lounging round here, when I ought to be back in New York making up for the time I lost by that precious accident. If only Barry or the others were here—I guess I'll go up to the hotel and see what's going on to-night. Got to have something to take up the time!" And suiting the action to the word, the young man turned on his heel and started briskly across the sand toward the road leading to the town.

Thomas Ettinger was the only son of Thomas Ettinger, Sr., a wealthy banker and financier of New York. Tom was a prominent player on the '05 football team of his college, and very much liked by all who knew him. Near the close of his Junior year he received a bad injury in an automobile accident, that laid him up for the rest of the term and into the summer months. On his recovery he didn't seem to improve as rapidly as was expected. He was listless, disinclined to eat, and gained very little.

At last his father said to him: "See here, Tom, at this rate you won't be fit to go back to college in the fall, or expect to play football. You've got to go away from the city somewhere and rusticate."

So that's how it happened that Tom and his mother were at Manchester-by-the-Sea that summer. They were both much taken with it and hired one of the pretty little cottages belonging to the Masconomo Hotel. They had been there the greater part of August, when this story begins. Tom had begun to chafe a good deal to be back in New York among his chums, when something occurred that pushed minor things out of his thoughts for a good while. To go back to Tom on the beach: that young man was scuffing his feet along the sand, to make it "sing," a peculiarity for which Singing Beach is noted and named. Suddenly he stopped.

"Hello! What's that?" he exclaimed, stooping and picking up a bright object, which proved to be one of those dainty little bead-work purses that were so popular among ladies. "I wonder to whom it belongs;" and Tom glanced up and down the beach, but perceived no one. "I'll take it up to the hotel and see if any one there owns it," he thought, walking along slowly, meanwhile opening the purse to see if there were any trace of the owner inside.

All he found was a handkerchief, a dainty lace affair, with the initial "F" embroidered in one corner, and a small photograph, which he looked at curiously. He immediately gave vent to a long-drawn-out whistle and a "Whew-w! but she's a stunner, all right!" much to the amusement of a small boy perched on the fence along the road, which he had now reached. The object of Tom's astonishment was a handsome young brunette, with abundant wavy hair and glorious dark eyes, that looked at him mischievously from the picture. She was bewitching, there was no denying, and as Tom put the picture away,—not back in the purse, but in his vest-pocket, with a

meaning smile,—he thought fervently to himself: "If that girl is the owner of this purse and is at the hotel, I guess this part of the country is good enough for me for a while."

He had no sooner reached the veranda of the hotel, dotted with pretty women in dainty gowns, when he was seized upon by a bevy of merry girls and fellows, one of the latter crying: "Hello, Ettinger, where *have* you been? We want you to make one of our golfing party out to the Essex Club to-morrow. Then, with Fairfax, the number will be even. Thought you would never turn up!"

"Of course I'll go! I was just wishing for some fun. How are you going? Autos? That's right. There are plenty in the garage."

"Oh, Mr. Ettinger," said a pretty fair-haired girl, "I want you to meet my friend, Miss Feldwing. She came only yesterday, but is going with us to-morrow."

Tom found himself bowing to a young lady with chestnut-colored wavy hair, mischievous dark brown eyes and an "adorable" mouth. How much she looked like that picture stowed away in his pocket! (He felt rather guilty at the thought of that cool theft.) And yet, there was a perceptible difference in the two faces; just what, Tom could not make out. Hm-m! Feldwing—why, there was the letter "F" on that handkerchief.

Tom suddenly realized that he was boldly staring at the young lady and still holding her hand! This would never do. He dropped the little hand rather unceremoniously and apologized for his lapse of manners, but was soon chatting away quite comfortably with the newcomer, who now and then regarded him with a covertly amused glance. There was dancing in the hall that evening to the music of the Masconomo Band, and Tom, between dances, became quite well acquainted with Miss Feldwing. As he was retiring that night, he made several silent comments on her, "Not one of your stuck-up girls who look down on a fellow as if he wasn't worth a row of pins," was his chief thought. He again took the little picture from his pocket and examined it closely, musing as he did so: "Such a strange likeness between the two. Wish I had asked Miss Feldwing if the bag was hers."

The next morning, bright and early, all was stir and commotion outside the hotel. Automobiles of all hues and sizes were puffing round, to the danger of all on foot. Groups of girls in bright golfing suits were flitting here and there, while peals of laughter frequently arose. Soon the party gathered together, and with much good-natured chaff and discussion as to the distribution of themselves among the four autos, they were ready to start.

Tom appeared a little late, as he had been delayed, but heard Miss Courtney, the fair-haired girl, calling, "Hurry up, Mr. Ettinger; here's room for you here in our auto, beside Miss Feldwing! Move over, Louise." And Tom, delighted enough at this arrangement, lost little time in taking the desired place.

"And now for the Essex Club!" cried one; and the four autos buzzed out of the drive, down a steep hill, and on to the Gloucester road.

Misfortune seemed to hover over the "Flyer" (Tom called it luck!), for once Miss Feldwing lost off her golf cap, a little crimson affair, that perched jauntily on her head; and Tom had to get off and rescue it, not from a watery, but a dusty, grave. But what mattered that to him, for was he not rewarded by the sweetest smile he had ever seen? Another time they nearly ran over several belated hens, which were wandering through a narrow woodsy road, and Miss Feldwing gave a little shriek and clung to Tom half-unconsciously for a minute, till she was assured that they hdn't "murdered the poor creatures!" Tom hoped fervently for more hens.

Finally they reached the golf grounds, and spent an enjoyable day. Tom secured Miss Feldwing for a partner, and together they beat Miss Courtney and Harry Long "out of sight," as Tom expressed it. As the party were coming home towards evening, and in a more subdued frame of mind, Tom learned that Miss Feldwing was the daughter of Lucius Feldwing of New York, and that she and her mother were just staying for a short time, for the latter's health.

"Why, that's where we're from and what I'm here for!" exclaimed Tom, rather vaguely; then, laughing at himself, explained a little more clearly.

Well, to make a long story short, Tom didn't leave Manchester as soon as he had been thinking of doing, but spent three very delightful

weeks, mostly in Miss Feldwing's company. They were together so much that some of the wise matrons at the hotel began to wag their heads and look wiser, if such a thing were possible. By using his ears and eyes judiciously and putting together fragments of sentences dropped now and then, Tom had discovered that the purse and its contents *did* belong to Miss Feldwing, as he had suspected. "I've had it so long now," argued he, "that I may as well keep it a little longer. It would be different if there had been money or jewelry in it. *Some time*, perhaps, I'll give it to her" —and here Tom would leave his thought unexpressed, picturing in his mind all sorts of pleasant things which the future might bring forth.

"It seems as if you were always going off somewhere, Tom," complained his mother, as her son started out of the cottage one lovely afternoon at about the same time he left it every day.

"Out for my health, Miladi Ettinger," explained Tom over his shoulder, already halfway down the walk; then chuckled wickedly to himself.

Later you might have seen a young man closely resembling Thomas Ettinger strolling along the beach toward the rocks at Eagle Head, in the company of a very pretty young lady, a "vision" in pink, and might have remarked that the two seemed much absorbed in each other. Tom was saying, "Come, Miss Feldwing, let's go up among the rocks, where it is cooler. There are some splendid niches around there, where we can sit and watch the waves, or you can sketch Eagle Head." He had discovered that Louise was clever at sketching.

"Miss Feldwing," began Tom, earnestly, when they were comfortably seated in an alluring little nook, and delightfully private, "I've been wishing to ask you something for a long time, and also to make a confession, but haven't had the courage to do either."

Then there was a silence, for Tom felt what courage he had oozing away rapidly. But how he did want this girl sitting beside him, and how he wanted to throw his arms around her! With difficulty he restrained himself, then took a sly peep at the face beside him. What he saw reassured him, and taking out of his pocket the long-lost purse, he laid it in her lap, saying, "Miss Feldwing, does that belong to you?"

"Why, Mr. Ettinger, where did you get that? I dropped that somewhere on the beach the very first day I came here and had long ago given it up for lost! Have you had it all this time? And why didn't you tell me?" cried Louise, all in one breath, looking at him quickly; then flushing under his gaze.

Tom stammered: "I—I found it in the sand a long time ago and meant to inquire about it at the hotel. There was a picture"—

"Yes," assented Louise, opening the purse, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "Why, where is it? It's gone!"

"I've got it," said poor Tom, thinking to himself "caught in the act," but bringing the picture reluctantly out of an inner pocket. "I didn't know whether it was you or not. It looks so much like you, and still it doesn't. I hoped it was, anyway. Is it?"

"No," said Louise, laughing merrily. "It's a picture that I snapped of my sister the day before her marriage, last June. I forgot and left it in my purse when I came to the beach, and felt terribly about losing it."

"I can imagine so; but, Louise, why I kept it so long after I met you, was because it looked so much like you, I hated to give it up. O Louise! you know—you must know how I love you, dear. Won't you"—

"Won't I what?" queried Louise, demurely.

"Won't you marry me? I know I'm not half good enough for you"—

"What about your college, Tom?"

She called him Tom! He threw his arms around her and cried joyfully, "Never mind about college—after *that?*"

The sun crept down below the horizon in exactly the same way it did in the first of my story, this time on two forms instead of one, but neither missed it. A year afterward, after Tom had graduated from his university, there was a fine wedding in New York, and the pretty sister, who looked so much like Louise that there was some danger of Tom marrying the wrong one in the excitement, declared there wasn't a finer looking pair in the country,—for which natural delusion she may be excused, of course.

THE REVIEW, 1887-1907.

ARCHIBALD C. GOVE, '06.

Very early in the 80's a few members of the High School wrote short stories which they passed around among their friends in manuscript form. The number of stories increased rapidly until the numerous authors overwhelmed the teachers with their literary efforts. Soon some brilliant mind conceived the idea of gathering these gems together and publishing them in the form of a magazine, and the *High School Monthly* was the result. For a short time the *Monthly* was successful, as nearly every member of the school subscribed; but the number of contributions fell off, until its downfall was assured. A rival paper was the immediate cause of its death. The *Echo,* at five cents a copy, appeared one Wednesday morning before school. It resembled the *Sunday Herald* in size and departmental contents, and every one purchased a copy. When the *Monthly* made its appearance at recess, it found no purchasers. As for the *Echo,* the second number never was issued. So perished the predecessors of the REVIEW.

Some years later—in 1887, to be exact—the REVIEW was established, not because of any special need of a school paper, but because it was fashionable. Other schools boasted of their magazines, and Cambridge pupils were not to be outdone. The capital to start the paper was raised by forming a stock company, with shares at 25 cents each. The articles for the initial number were written expressly for it. The *Harvard Advocate* was taken as a model, both as to size and stock, and its printer was employed. A Board of Directors was chosen by the school at a mass meeting. A Board of Editors completed the officers.

Mr. H. A. Davis, '87, was the first editor-in-chief of the *Latin School Review,* as it was called. He set a high literary standard, with articles by Mr. Bradbury, "The New Requisition for Harvard"; by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, "Shakespeare at School," and a third by Miss A. C. Brackett, a former teacher in the High School. In the first number was a play, entitled "Knights of Leisure," by S. F. Batchelder, making fun of the students who had offered their services to the Cambridge Railroad during its recent strike. The magazine was of the regulation size of ten pages, containing about eight hundred words each.

The second volume had for its editor Mr. Arthur P. Stone, now a well-known lawyer. It was practically the same as the year before. Mr. Stone had charge for two years. He published the first cut that ever appeared in the REVIEW. It was of the new English High School building that had just been proposed. He made the first prize offer—for the essay on one of a number of given subjects. Owing to the impossibility of inducing the students to attend a mass meeting, the Board of Directors elected its own successor, a practice that was followed thereafter. In the fourth volume the publication of a full-page engraving of the championship football team more than doubled the sale of that number. Some time later the school catalogue was published for the first time.

The REVIEW remained practically the same until the year 1892-93, when Mr. F. P. Bonney became editor-in-chief. Before school opened in the fall, he began work on what was almost a new paper. It was more than tripled in size, the number of pages being increased from ten to thirty-two; it was more profusely illustrated than before; new departments were added, and the name was changed to the *Latin and High School Review.* Many were skeptical of the success of the new venture. Former editors asked Mr. Bonney how much in debt he was. However, instead of deterioration, improvement was made during that year, and from that time on the REVIEW has ranked with the leaders of its class.

From Mr. Bonney's administration until 1900-01, the REVIEW pursued the even tenor of its way. In January, 1898, the Board of Directors, realizing its superfluity, had dropped out of existence, leaving an editor-in-chief and a business manager in control.

Now the editor appointed his associates, each of whom had some particular department in charge. That these associates never held meetings to discuss matters seemed wrong to one of the undergraduates. The editor was a czar. His word was law, and no one else had anything to say about the REVIEW's policy. The aforesaid undergraduate wrote a lengthy communication protesting against this condition and suggested radical changes. A discussion began, which continued through several numbers, but without result.

The next move forward was taken in 1904-05, when the Rindge Manual Training School was given a share. A second time the name was changed, this time to the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW, and again the size was increased, eight pages being added. This happened so recently that its success is not fully insured, but is by no means doubtful. Now there are not more than three or four school papers in the country that can truly claim superiority.

The financial side has varied. In its early life the REVIEW failed to be a monetary success, the deficit being made up by those in control, thus barring students who are not over-well endowed with this world's goods from office. Lately, however, it has paid for itself. The one great thing that has kept the REVIEW from being even better is the lack of solid support. A few in the Latin School, and even fewer in the other two schools, seem to take any interest in its welfare. Not more than a fifth subscribe, and perhaps a fifth buy by the month. Among the contributors the same names appear again and again. "Patronize the advertisers" has always been the plea of the manager. It is they who make the REVIEW possible, for without them it could not live four months. The feeling in the High and Training schools that it is a "Latin School paper" is an entirely mistaken one. Latin School has furnished the editors because the other schools have never put any one forward who has shown the necessary ability and interest. When they do, that complaint will be done away with. Personal experience has shown me that there are many in the Training School who could qualify for business manager if they would only try, and it will be one of the best things that have happened to the REVIEW for a long time when some one, other than a Latin School man, steps forward and earns either of the head positions. In closing, let me urge every one to subscribe and contribute, and make the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW the best school paper in the United States.

C. E. H. S. DRAMA.

The annual Senior drama of the English High School was given Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, at the Newtowne Club Hall. It was entitled "The Doctor" and was written by Charles Townsend. The cast was as follows:

Dillington Hopper, a New York Stock Broker
OSWALD HORNSBY
Thomas Picton, his Friend, ROY W. BEECHING
Crumly Chuggs, a Nice Old Man
WALTER F. CARROLL
Napoleon B. Plunker, an Inventor
ED. E. WILLIAMS
Mrs. Fanny Mayfair, a Dashing Widow
MARGARET PURCELL
Mrs. Anastasia Billowby, another Widow
ESTELLE H. HEARTZ
Effie Picton, Tom's Wife..MARY C. SULLIVAN

Time, midsummer.

ACT. I.—Thomas Picton's country house.
ACT. II.—A woodland glade.
ACT. III.—Same as Act. I.

"The Doctor," a comedy drama in three acts, is about on a par with the average of school dramas. While it presents nothing very spectacular, nothing particularly startling, it gives some chances for character drawing and some excellent comedy. It is not too heavy for its actors, and not so light as to be altogether foolish. In short, it is a very good drama for the average Senior class of the average high school.

In the leading part, "Dillington Hopper," the New York stock broker, who pretends to be a doctor, Mr. Hornsby gave a very pleasing representation. He had a long, hard part, being on the stage almost constantly; in short,

the whole play depended on him. He carried it well and was always reliable. His action was easy and natural, except in one or two places, and he could always be heard. He knew his lines thoroughly. We suggest, however, that it would have been better if he had not snapped his pistol, as that made it obvious that it was not loaded. His efforts to act like a doctor, and his struggles with learned names, were good, also his perplexity at being confronted with the pleasing prospect of three elopements at the same time.

Mr. Beeching's "Thomas Picton" was a typical young married man with a mother-in-law. It was well done, except a certain lack of ease at one or two points. He showed a blind faith in the powers of his friend "Hopper" and of his own good fortune to extricate himself from all predicaments, which was very amusing. His terror of his mother-in-law was the genuine comic-paper article, although the play is so written as to convey to the audience very little cause for any such fear. Perhaps Mr. Beeching's best bits were his comic efforts to grasp the workings of his friend's deep-laid plots, and his interested asides during "Hopper's" talking.

As "Crumly Chuggs," called in the program a "nice old man," Mr. Carroll accomplished what is seldom seen in a school drama,—the lifting of a minor part to a position of interest. He maintained his comic gravity and dignity at all times, trying as it must have been. Mr. Williams, also, although his part was not quite as good as Mr. Carroll's, was far from being the stiff "supe" that most subordinate characters become in such dramas. Their quarreling might have been more energetic, but their efforts at valor, both in challenging and duelling, could not have been much improved. Mr. Williams showed remarkable self-possession over the loss of his necktie, for the entire audience took it for a moustache, and was accordingly amused; Mr. Williams, however, coolly went on with his part, not in the least disturbed. He and Mr. Carroll made an excellent combination.

Miss Purcell made perhaps the hit of the evening. Her "Fanny Mayfair" met every requirement of the part, rather difficult though it was. It called for more action and more lively character work than almost any other part, and Miss Purcell was always "right there with the goods." To be sure, her first appearance, seen through the window, was hardly as precipitate as the lines spoken at the time indicated; yet after she was once on the stage, she was as much of a "dashing widow" as any one could desire, much to the horror of her more staid associate, "Mrs. Billowby." Her frantic appeals for vengeance upon the treacherous "Hopper," and her behavior toward that gentleman himself, showed real ability.

"Mrs. Anastasia Billowby" furnished a most admirable contrast to "Mrs. Mayfair." While a trifle mild and gentle for the real mother-in-law of the joke-books, she bordered more nearly upon the type which wins its battle by tears and hysterics. Although the play did not show much of her hectoring of her son-in-law, it gave many opportunities for her anxious care for her daughter, and Miss Heartz seized them all.

Miss Sullivan, as "Effie Picton," Tom's wife, had what was perhaps the most difficult part to make prominent. She was there less to act than to be acted upon. Notwithstanding a slight tendency to hurry her lines, she could always be understood and acted well.

The drama was coached by Mr. Walter J. Cowlishaw, and the performance certainly reflects great credit upon him. The music, which was furnished by Seymour's orchestra, of four pieces, was of excellent quality. The program, and more especially the dance order, were superior in execution to anything else we have seen this year. The management deserves great praise.

We desire to mention here one thing which marred the effect of the evening. We refer to the smoking in the corridor during the dancing. It seems as if, for a couple of hours, these boys who cannot get along without smoking, could restrain their desires, or, if they feel that their existence is imperilled by such forbearance, could at least show sense of decency enough to go outside. It is not in the least the part of a gentleman to smoke in such a place, where it is certain to annoy many of the ladies. We are very sorry that those in charge did not take steps to have it stopped.

Latin School Notes.

1907.

"In vain they strike many wounds at each other."

Intremuit malus—"The apple tree shook."

E——: "Do you want us to write our translations in poetry?"

ἀμείβετο δῖα γυναικῶν.
—"She answered through her hand-maidens."

"I entertained them and kept them in the hall."

"Hector, with quick plume."

"And he lifted up his hands and swore."

"Priam held the reins behind him."

ἀσπίδα πάντοσ' ἐίσην.
—"The well-fitting-on-all-sides shield."

"They prayed to the everlasting gods."

"And first he put on his legs."

"He placed his arms about his shoulders."

"The spear cut off the last end of his tongue."

"That triangle doesn't look much like an elbow."
"No, it's rather a funny-bone."

"Thin as smoke, he vanished into the air."

Teacher: "Explain the rainbow."
B-y: "Well, the bottom rainbow is lower down."

ἔρις = strife +.
κύων = dog.
∴ ἐρικυδός = dog-fight.

1908.

In English class: "Who was the avenging messenger of heaven?"
"Michael Angelo."

A very successful social was held at the home of Miss Anna Davis on the evening of Feb. 2. Several of the teachers were present.

"The kings of Latium had power to inflict life or death upon their subjects."

Miss S——: "In Virgil one should learn to read between the lines—*legitimately.*"
Why should she have added that last word?

Question: "In what cities besides Tiryns and Mycenæ are interesting ruins found?"
Answer: "Etc."

Miss H-e- thinks that "he cannot but die" means that he needn't die, but he'll do his best!

Miss "Beane" finds it necessary to go to the library to get warm these cold days.

We are all very sorry to lose Miss Alexander, but we are glad to have Miss Fawcett in her place.

Equitatus = horse-soldier.

Alas! we have had our first algebra exam.

Fuge, litus avarum—"Flee the shores of your grandfather."

Beware! Do not whisper the fourth hour in Room 24.

1909.

Division III has certainly bright pupils in mythology. R-v-es announces Jupiter as mother of Æneas, while Par-y tells us that Æneas has the shoulders and form of a goddess.

"G-st-n, what did you do to your hair?"

"A pencil, a pencil, my kingdom for a pencil!" saith C-hir.

1910.

Those who attended the Masquerade Social held Feb. 8, 1907, at 21 Lee Street, spent a very pleasant evening. About forty pupils were present. Mr. Bradbury and Miss Hardwick were the only teachers there.

Can a turkey change to devilled ham? It was so at the social.

Those who sit in Room 2 hereafter will miss the "circus" the fourth hour on Fridays, since English has been stopped.

We are all glad to see D. M. Lynch back in school again after his long illness.

Heard in German: *Auf den Ruf Ihrer Höflinge*—"On the roof of your courtiers."

One good turn deserves another, M-r-cle.

Ask D-v-s what *free* hostages are!

Who is Division V's best Latin translater? Ask B-k-r.

Was the floor soft, Miss W-nt-th?

Heard in German class:
Teacher: "Miss M-K-s-k, would you like another cup of tea?"
(We wonder if she took it.)

When is B-k-r's grammar going to be published?
Everybody in Division V will want a copy.

G-b-l, don't put your feet in Miss B——'s waste-basket!

Not yet, but soon.
"Good-by, geometry!"

Quite a number in Division V have adopted the reformed spelling.

Ask Miss H-l-s to translate *Ich früchte mich.*

Has any one seen a crocodile cry?

Miss K-t-h-m says that Adamson kept his eyes open with his eyes. He must have been a wonder.

Does your hair get frightened very often, Miss K-t-h-m?

1911.

Columbus was born at Rome; Miss M-rx says so.

Miss M-nn-x saw Hamlet played by Shakespeare.

Some one gets lost in algebra, Division V, every day. Funny!

1911's second social was held at the home of Miss Hilda Verity, 12 Mt. Vernon Street, on Thursday, Feb. 21. Miss Verity was an ideal hostess, and every one enjoyed the evening.

Class pins at last!

Pink ribbons come in handy, sometimes, don't they, Miss G-a-st-in?

Don't feel too safe. Though two examinations are over, *history* is coming.

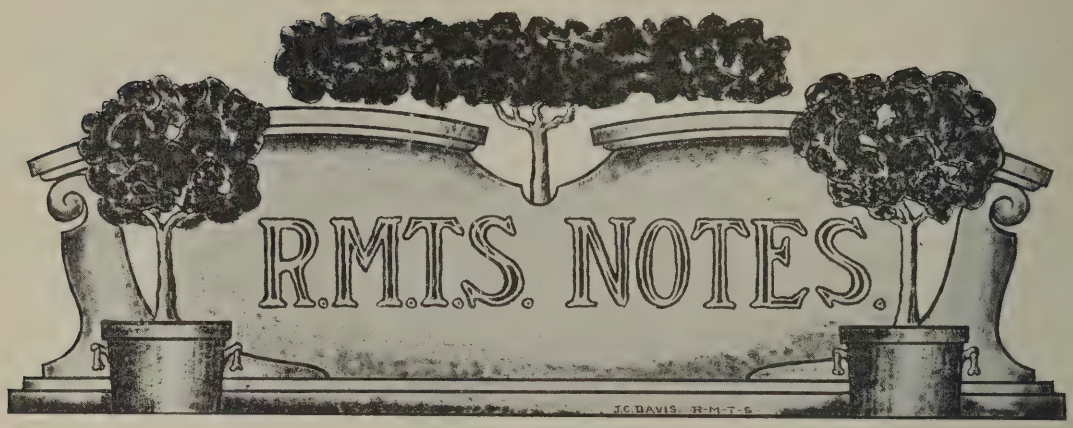
Room 8 must have a drowsy atmosphere, as Balcolm and Towne have both fallen asleep.

Miss B-wk-r, we'd like to hear ourselves think.

Anything to amuse the baby, Towne!

Heard in history: "What relation was Mortimer to the Percy's?"
"He was the wife of his daughter."

Who was eating salted peanuts the fourth hour?



1907.

Speeches: "San Jose Scale," Abraham Schoenfeld; "Electro-magnet for Hoisting Purposes," Harry Reynolds; "Copyrights," James J. Shea; "The State Militia," George S. Raymond; "The New York Water System," James J. Murphy; "The Rotary Snow-plow," Austin K. Wardwell; "The Metric System," Cloyes King; "The Single Tax," Leopold T. Quinn; "Patents," Walter T. Wassen, and "Arbitration," A. B. Richardson.

Nash got up at five this morning to study, but he went back to bed again.

Heard in geometry class:
Angle A E B = 23°.
Angle A.E.B. = Mr. Brown.
Mr. Brown = 23°.

Rather a suspicious coincidence: "Pinkie" Miles disappears and four notebooks vanish at the same time.

Hayes was absent lately. Explanations are that he got started on that perpetual trig. example the night before and hated to leave it.

When MacPherson goes up on a mountain, the temperature drops. Such a cold heart he must have.

One of the fellows informs us that Addison was educated at the Parker House; another says it was at Young's Hotel.

Keep the temperature of the room at a low degree. Nash melts at 57° absolute(ly).

Wiley makes a little go a great ways. Notice how tall he is?

When a swan is said to hand a wafer to a prince, it really bills it.

"A smile is a tickle inside."

Some fellows prefer liquid (we don't mean what you mean) to solid.

Little Π is the kind you get on tins.

(F) (E) Miles, with the emphasis on the F.

1908.

Question: What kind of a Senior class will we make another year?

Senate, while engaged in a commercial transaction between the poet and the stove-maker, appointed a new lawyer to take the place of "Dutchy."

The new combination, consisting of Carman and the watch-maker, was easily made in the argument brought forward by the latter.

"Say that the time has come and be off. Your money is in my pocket. It will be safe."

A striking witness to the belief that Linton is a singer of great renown is contained in the statement made by "Professor" Wright a short while ago.

All those who were present at "Professor" Wright's lecture NO DOUBT feel that they were AMPLY REPAID for going.

"The constitution provides that 'new members may be admitted by the council into the "Heathen Hobo Society."' And this is all that is said about it."

Heard in German: *Und sassen auf dem Rheine*—"And sat on the Rhine."

Kemp, the historian, was addressing the assembly most eloquently when suddenly something—broke.

To hear a recitation in II General B History is enough to make a man grow older.

Carman tells us of the career Napoleon led on paper.

"It is that I may get your view of the matter and correct it that I am proceeding thus."

Der Herzogin müturlicher Ahne—"The countess's motherly grandfather."—*Far-t-n.*

"Our noble lad" wishes to know what A "W. G." is? Could it be "Wise Guy," William?

"You poor, irresponsible little kid!"

Francis's German dictionary:
The wing—*"Der flapper."*
The supper—*"Der feed."*

Dunning's marcel wave is much admired.

"Professor" Thompson states that he will instruct pupils in "Jiu-Jitzu" (?) in the locker-room at recess. Terms very reasonable.

It is thought the council will prevail over certain individuals who hold the leather medals of the class to compete for the largest lemon tree in Room ——.

Charles tells us of the thrilling tale in connection with the peaceful village of Randolph, at which the Indian tribe of "Has Beens" declared war on the inhabitants.

1909.

From a theme: "He felt a sharp pain in his mouth, opened the door and entered."

Teacher: "When a fellow joins an organization, he has his beginning, his initiation"—
Voice: "Also his finish."

The latest thing in French is the wedding of Maud to Monsieur Martin.

Teacher: "If you could do a piece of work in five days, and a friend of yours could do it in six days, would it take you eleven days working together?"
Pupil: "Yes, I think it probably would."

Ir-l-nd was the only fellow who knew "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

C-ll-ty: "Burgoyne was to come down from Canada and *march* across Lake Champlain!"

If anything with feathers on is a bird, what is a woman with an ostrich hat?
It depends on who has the hat.

Ask L-ng the easiest way to smoke mosquitoes away.

Resolved, That our (B)bell is muffled.

Mr. B——: "I like a plain house best myself, but I like a porch on it"—
Voice: "And a roof."

B-ll-ch- and the window stick had a wrestling match up in the corner of Room 1 the other day. It was called a draw.

C-l-dg- is like the Irishman's flea; he's here and there, and we don't know where to find him.

One of our bright members couldn't see the difference between last night and this evening.

According to Mr. E——, B-ll-ch- is sadly in need of an impression like father used to make (out in the woodshed).

Heard in history: "Washington had trouble with his men."
Bright one, waking up: "Oh, he had trouble with the trade unions."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

There was a young man at Podunk,
Who thought that he never would flunk;
But the time quickly flew,
And he couldn't squeeze through. (Lemon!)
Now his hat-band's considerably shrunk.

Teacher: "What do you know about the Savannah River?"
Voice: "It's wet."

Heard in history: "What battles do you connect with the capture of Philadelphia?"
Bright one: "Brandywine and (pause)—Chinatown!"

Mr. B—— says that all we should say, when coming in contact with a hot stove, is "Ouch!" Let's hope so.

1910.

We wonder if all the 1910 fellows know where the REVIEW box is? If they do, why don't they use it?

Mr. H——: "Co-p, asleep again?"
Co-p: "No, just woke up."

Lost.—Division IV A, fourth hour. If found, please return to Room D.

McC-n-ey: "Please laugh."

Ask M-t-v-r if noisy is pronounced noisy or nosey.

According to Mr. Perry, the fourth-class boys can do second college A algebra.

1908, please stop knocking; although every knock is a boost, we want to climb.

In English:
Teacher: "If I compared Rockwood's strength with Stearns', what would that be?"
Pupil: "A joke."

IV G has christened Roberts Aunt Hannah. Is he deserving of that title?

Where did R-n-e- get the nabiscoes to treat the division?
Some say from Wa-a-'s pocket.

Is everybody happy? Ask Deshler.

Rowe should have brought in the powers of Houdini when he was locked in the closet the first hour.

Puzzle: Find who studies in Room A, fourth hour.

1907.

We all miss very deeply the pleasant face of Mr. Sargent.

What has happened to our Social Committee?

It is too bad that the alarm clock didn't work (cooking).

We wish to thank all those who helped to make our drama and dance such a success.

Ask Miss H-ll how she likes to explain certain phrases.

In certain gymnastics Miss Gr-b-n-te-n aims high (cook).

It isn't every one who can be taken home from school in a "pung," R-th.

Girls, how do you like pretending to be invalids? (Gruels!)

Teacher: "Why aren't dressmakers servants?"
Miss H-g-r: "Because they don't always please."

"Miss McNamara, erase Olson."

M-b-l G—— is *so* quiet!

Where is your *"momentum,"* Miss Churchill?

Ask B-r-ett what the attraction is in the school library.

We are very sorry to hear that Miss Stickney is ill again.

I guess the Social Committee is taking a vacation.

1908.

We congratulate 1907 on the success of their drama and dance.

A social was held at the home of Miss Williams Friday evening, Feb. 22. Everybody present spent an enjoyable evening.

We are very sorry to lose Mr. Bain, but, nevertheless, we are glad to welcome Mr. Benson.

"Thum people thay I lithp, but I don'th."

"Wake me up when the bell rings."

Come, 1908! Don't forget there is still a REVIEW box in the lower corridor, and *don't* make one person do all the work!

Who is our pet "Kuh"?

Can only *one* or *two* in our school write a story for the REVIEW?

Nobody can say *our* Social Committee is asleep!

"A lui" (Ah, Louis) seems a very familiar expression to Miss E-l-ott.

How is Sarkis, M-rg-r-t?

"Hot air, Miss E——!"

Again we say: "Class dues are due! Do not forget them!"

German:
Pupil: *"Drei?"* (dry?).
Miss W——: *"Ja."*

Nobody failed in geometry. Oh, no!

"Your Cassius has a lean and hungry look."
Miss F-rf-y was Cassius.

"Will every one in the room put their desk covers *down* and *study!"*

Originals! How we do like them!

Miss Rice takes her daily nap the fifth hour.

Some of the Sophomores were greatly shocked during the experiments in physics the other day.

"The flies looked like horses."
Horse-flies?

There is some very interesting material (books?) at the library, Miss F-e-br-th-r.

Poor Rawley! He is the only *little* boy in the class now, but his time is coming.

Miss Russell is very partial with her smiles.

Transcription in shorthand: "Did you ever stand and watch a *sausage train* start on its journey across the continent?"

1909.

"Did you pass in French?"

"Stop whispering, Mabel!"

Telephoning to Sk-l-on seems to be quite a fad.

Who got *23* in the geometry exam?

Did you say you liked Cubans, Miss Hu-l-y?

Who in Room 4 said that she was a second George Washington?

Miss D-ez, what is the attraction in your Latin class?

Ask the girls in Room 4 how much lemons are a piece.

Who has the book of "Christmas Stories," No. *23?*

"That verb was a 'Larkinism,' Miss Larkin."

Miss Sc-r-ie, how do you spend your fourth-hour study period?

1910.

Free lunch in Room 18 the second hour.

Teacher: "Give me an invention of the eighteenth century."
Miss S-ith: "Steam."

We are very sorry that you sprained your wrist, Miss Wh-te. Ladders are dangerous things.

French teacher: "Miss St-s, do you like feminine boys?"

Heard in the boys' dressing-room: "Aw don't hit him."

What is the trouble in Division III on Wednesdays, the last hour?

Miss Stanford: "May I have that pallet? I haven't any" (drawing).

Miss Di-s-lm-n, why do you come to school so early?

A common phrase in the Latin class: "Around front, Miss M-l-s-n."

LATIN SCHOOL TRACK TEAM.

At the C. G. A. meet, Feb. 11, the relay team lost its first race against Malden through a foul by Cox, Malden's last man. However, they redeemed themselves at the Lawrence Light Guards, Feb. 21, by defeating Winchester High School in very fast time.

The preparatory meet was not very successful, as far as we were concerned, Close being the only one to win points for Latin School.

At the schoolboys' games, March 2, came the most important race of the season, the relay with Training School, and Latin School succeeded in winning out by about three yards, after remarkable running by Close, our last man. At the start of the last relay, Training School had a lead of about twenty-five yards. Nevertheless, Close steadily cut down the distance, and in the last thirty yards passed his man and won out by a scant margin.

The relay team that defeated R. M. T. S. was composed of Blackall, Petterson, Pihl and Close; Pihl taking the place of Reeves, who was ill.

Frank Close, '09, was unanimously elected captain of the track team for next year.

TRAINING SCHOOL BASKET BALL.

Training School 22. Winthrop High 42.

On Friday evening, Feb. 1, Training School played Winthrop High at Winthrop and lost by the score of 42 to 22. For Training School, Green and Watkins played well, while Stockwell and Kimball excelled for Winthrop.

Training School.	Winthrop High.
Glennon, r.f.	l. b., Mahoney
Green, l. f.	r. b., Kimball
Churchill, c.	c., Anderson
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Sullivan
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Stockwell

Score: Training School 22, Winthrop 42. Goals from floor: Glennon 2, Green 3, Churchill 2, Watkins, Stockwell 6, Sullivan 5, Anderson, Kimball 6, Mahoney. Goals from fouls: Watkins 6, Anderson 4. Referee, Kaine. Time, two twenty-minute periods. Attendance, 200.

Training School 11. Malden High 32.

On Feb. 2 Malden High defeated Training School by the score of 32 to 11, in the Malden Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Churchill, MacKenzie and Glennon played well for Training School, while Thompson and MacCormack did fine work for Malden.

Training School.	Malden High.
Glennon, l. f.	r. b., Ellis
Miles, r. f.	l. b., MacCormack
Churchill, c.	c., Thompson
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Otis
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Gale

Score: Training School 11, Malden 32. Goals from floor: Glennon 2, Churchill 2, Otis 4, Gale, Thompson 5, MacCormack 6. Goals on fouls: Watkins 3. Referee, Kaine. Time, two twenty-minute halves. Attendance, 150.

Training School 16. C. Y. M. C. A. (2d) 23.

On the evening of Feb. 22 the basket-ball team played its second game of the day by playing the Cambridge Y. M. C. A., second team. They lost, 23 to 16.

The score at the end of the first half stood 8 to 4, in favor of Training School, but in the

second half the Y. M. C. A. team came strong and won out after a fast period. For Training School, Churchill and Watkins played well, while Clukas and Green did good work for the Y. M. C. A. team.

Training School.	Y. M. C. A. (2d).
Harrington, l. f.	r. b., F. Ramsey
Glennon, r. f.	l. b., M. Ramsey
Churchill, c.	c., Belding
MacKenzie, l. b.	r. f., Clukas
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., McNaul (Green)

Score: Training School 16, Cambridge Y. M. C. A., second, 23. Goals from floor: Glennon, Churchill 5, Watkins, M. Ramsey 2, McNaul, Green 3, Clukas 3, Belding 2. Goals from fouls: Watkins 2, F. Ramsey. Referee, Knox. Timer, H. Reynolds. Time, twenty-minute halves. Attendance, 200.

Training School 31. High School 10.

On Feb. 22 Training School played High School and won by the score of 31 to 10. For Training School the best work was done by Churchill, Harrington and Glennon, while Beeching and Regan did good work for the losers.

Training School.	High School.
Ireland (Glennon), l. f.	r. b., Crawford
Harrington, r. f.	l. b., Murray
Churchill, c.	c., Ruggles
Watkins, r. b.	l. f., Regan
MacKenzie (Robinson), l. b.	r. f., Beeching

Score: Training School 31, High 10. Goals from floor: Churchill 7, Harrington 3, Glennon 2, Watkins 2, Murray, Ruggles, Regan, Beeching 2. Goals from fouls: Watkins 3. Referee, Kaine. Umpire, Monahan. Time, two twenty-minute halves.

TRACK TEAM.

The second try-out for the track team was held on Feb. 11, and the following qualified: Ireland, Kronenberg, Smith and Watkins.

This team ran against Dorchester at the meet of the Lawrence Light Guards of Medford on Feb. 21 and won. Ireland led his man from the start, but Kronenberg lost on his start. However, he managed to pass his man after both had fallen, and made a slight lead, which Smith, the next man, held. In the final relay Watkins made a respectable gain, which his opponent failed to make up.

The victory of the relay team at Medford was not the only one by representatives of Training School. The other one was scored by Richard S. Gazzoldi, '09, who won the thirty-five-yard dash. There were some sixty starters, among whom were some prominent runners.

By winning this race, Gozzoldi received a handsome cup, of which he may well feel proud. We wish to congratulate Gozzoldi on his success and wish him good luck in his future work on the track.

On Feb. 25 a third try-out was held, in order that a team, to run against Latin School at the B. A. A. schoolboy meet on Saturday, March 2, might be chosen. Miles, '07, Kronenberg, '09, Watkins, '07, and Hayes, '07, made the team, while Ireland, '09, was given the position of substitute.

BASEBALL.

Manager Percy Keays of the baseball team announces the following schedule of games. It includes six games which will be played in Cambridge, all of which ought to be well attended.

Wednesday, April 3, Roxbury Latin. Cambridge.

Saturday, April 6, Medford High. Medford.

Wednesday, April 10, Ballou & Hobigand Preparatory School. Cambridge.

Saturday, April 13, Melrose High. Melrose.

Friday, April 19, Somerville High. Broadway Field.

Saturday, April 20, Technology, '10. Tech Field.

Thursday, April 25, Newton High. Newton.

Saturday, April 27, Harvard Freshmen. Soldiers Field.

Thursday, May 2, Arlington High. Arlington.

Saturday, May 4, Boston English High. Boston.*

Wednesday, May 8, Boston College High. Cambridge.

Saturday, May 11, Groton School. Groton.

Wednesday, May 15, Boston English High. Dunbar Avenue, Dorchester.*

Saturday, May 18. Dorchester High. Dunbar Avenue.*

Monday, May 20, Waltham High. Cambridge.

Saturday, May 25, Somerville High. Broadway Field.*

Monday, May 27, Cambridge Latin. Cambridge.†

Saturday, June 1, Gloucester High. Gloucester.

Wednesday, June 5, Brockton High. Brockton.

Saturday, June 8, Bridgewater Normal School. Bridgewater.

Wednesday, June 12, Boston University. Cambridge.

Saturday, June 15, Dorchester High. Dorchester.*

Monday, June 17, Wakefield High. Wakefield.

Saturday, June 22, Somerville High. Broadway Field.

*Interscholastic League Games.
†Triangular League Games.

FUN.

Chauncey: "Are you quite sure she has money?"

Algy: "Positively. When I told her I loved her for herself alone, she yawned."

"Did Harold call on you this morning, papa?"

"Yes, but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home and told him to write it out."

Mr. X asked some time ago: "If it takes a man a week to eat a ham, how long will it take him to eat a hammer?"

One of his readers sends him the following perfectly horrible reply: "To eat a ham he must certainly chew it. The time occupied in eating a hammer must therefore depend entirely on whether the man were a professional or an *'ammer-chew'r.*"

Parson Johnson of the Blackville church paused after examining the contributions, and

Cambridge Commercial College

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING
Central Square
Cambridge, Mass.

A HARVARD MAN

whom we placed with a large publishing house a year ago has just been advanced to the managership of an important department. He's only one of the 1500 college men placed in satisfactory positions last year. In each of our offices is a department exclusively for college men. Each man's case receives personal attention and our employment experts find for him the position in business, in teaching or in technical work which he is best fitted to fill. Write us to-day and we will tell you what we can do for you.

HAPGOODS

The National Organization of Brain Brokers

Broadway & Duane St., New York

then said: "Will de brudder who dropped a five-dollar gold piece in de box by mistake fo' a suspender button, please step forward an' git his money?"

Ten men stepped toward the pulpit. Looking at them closely, the parson said: "I'se sorry, but dar wuz no gold piece in de box. I only wanted to find out who put in dem ten suspender buttons. I will now pray fo' your souls."

Professor (to a young lady student): "Your marks are very few, and you have only just passed."

Young lady: "Oh, I am so glad!"
Professor (surprised): "Why?"
Young lady: "I do so love a tight squeeze."

Cholly: "So the maid who answered the door didn't know me with my moustache off?"

Ethel: "No. She said there was a strange chap at the door, who looked like a gentleman, but who had one of your cards."

"Where's your pa?"
"Out ter the barn, shinglin'."
"The barn?"
"Naw, Billy."—*Ex.*

"Well," remarked a young M.D. just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location and then wait for something to do, like 'patience on a monument.'"

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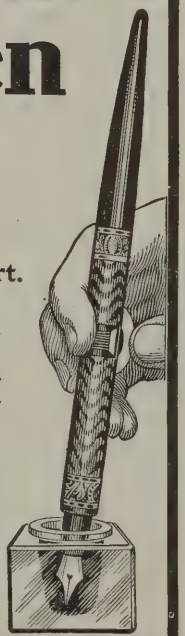

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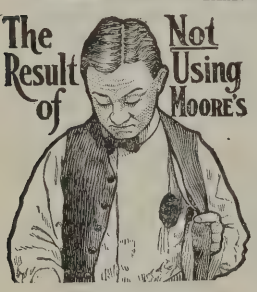

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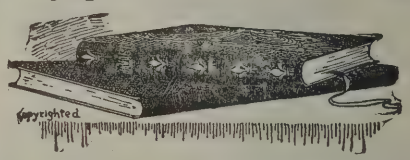

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS. APRIL, 1907

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Edgar Smith 1900

Number 7

Volume XXI

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI **No. 7**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April, 1907

EDITORIALS.

The April vacation is over, and we have entered upon the spring term,—for some of us the last term in school. While it will of necessity be broken up by examinations and other things, yet it offers a last opportunity for effort on the part of those whose fate for next year is still in the balance. Many in the upper classes are now preparing for the college examinations in June. May these last three months be months of steady, persistent effort, and may we close the year with the feeling that we have earned a ten weeks' rest.

Last month we published an editorial which spoke pessimistically, perhaps too much so, about the Latin School track team. We are sorry that the article was so generally misunderstood. When we spoke in somewhat slighting terms of the *track team,* we referred to the team as a whole, which competed in the Preparatory League meet only, and which, principally on account of illness, was unable to make a very good showing there. The *relay* team, which existed practically as an independent team for some time after, was much more successful, meeting with only one defeat, and that through a foul. The picture of this relay team will probably be printed in the next number.

The Senior drama of the Training School was presented, March 8, before one of the largest crowds of the season. The management was so well satisfied with the success that it requested permission to have made, at its expense, a large cut of the drama cast, to be printed with the review of the drama. We therefore print in this number both the review of the drama and the cut of the cast.

Within a short time a letter has been received from the debating society of the Newton High School, asking if there was a similar society in the Cambridge Latin School, and desiring that, if there were, a joint debate might be arranged. It is strange that when there are three good-sized high schools in a city, particularly in a city where there is as much college debating as there is in Cambridge, not one of these schools is able to maintain a successful debating society. As far as we know, nothing of the kind has ever been attempted at the Training School, at least in recent years. The Latin School Debating Society was in existence for several years, and was fairly large and efficient until about two years ago, when lack of support by the upper classes caused a lapse in attendance and interest. The society was carried along after a fashion until early in the present year, when the disturbance and disorder in the meetings rendered it advisable that they should be discontinued. We should like to see the movement revived, under direct faculty supervision, if necessary. Cambridge has always been able to hold its own in almost everything else, and certainly ought to have at least one strong school debating society.

The Training School drama was entirely free from the objectionable smoking which we mentioned last month. This proves that it is perfectly possible for a committee to prevent it if they set themselves to the task, and shows that anything of the kind hereafter will take place only with the connivance or on account of the negligence of those in charge.

We were a little surprised at our friends from Somerville on the evening of the drama. We should think that any school which gave a school cheer in a place like that would have enough sense of the fitness of things to cheer for the school which was giving the drama, without requiring such open prompting as our boys gave them. To be sure, they repeated their cheer, with "Training School" on the end, but only after the Training School fellows had cheered them. They showed neither courtesy nor good taste to cheer in the way they did.

The baseball teams have begun practice. It is too early yet to say much about the candidates individually, or to hazard any guess as to the probable success or failure of the teams. One thing we strongly hope is that successful candidates will not allow their athletics to usurp time which should be devoted to school work, thereby injuring themselves and their teams. This subject is perhaps old and threadbare, but it is one which deserves all the emphasis which can possibly be laid upon it. The eligibility rules are more searching than ever before. A boy who is below in his studies cannot play now, even in practice games, and present marks are for or against him next year. The baseball teams have long, hard schedules, and it will call for considerable extra effort on the part of each player, when he is tired by a game, to prepare his lessons for the next day, so as to maintain a passing mark in every subject. There is not a boy, however, who *cannot* do it, if he is willing to try. Put in a little more work, and let us go through the season with the proud record of not a man dropped from the squad on account of poor rank.

The Latin School crew, after many vicissitudes, is at last an accomplished fact. Undaunted by an increase in the price of the boathouse, the candidates and their classmates and friends furnished enough money to make the crew possible. In all, about twenty-five candidates have reported three times a week for some weeks for the drill in the gymnasium, and over fifteen were taken to the boathouse on April 1. They have certainly had enough troubles and done enough hard work to deserve victory in their races, and we hope most sincerely that they may gain it.

We were very glad to receive drawings for several new department headings, of which three appear in the March number. Our headings, while some of them are excellent, are very limited in number. It is very tiresome for us to print the same ones time after time, and it must be very monotonous for our readers to keep seeing them. As a case in point: the cut which appears at the head of the announcement column on page 16 has been in that particular place in every issue this year, simply because it is our only heading of the size. We might not get a better heading, but we might get one which we have not seen so often. We wish some of our artists would make a design for a cut to fill a space of that size and shape.

It is important that all candidates for the two chief positions on the REVIEW next year, especially candidates for the business managership, should get to work at once and work as hard as possible during the short time which now remains. The final number of the REVIEW will appear the first week in June, and it is imperative that advertisements for that number should be handed to the business manager by the 24th of May. The June number, which is to be half as large again as the ordinary numbers, involves a great deal of work on the part of the editor and of the business manager, and everything for that issue must be attended to *promptly* at the time set.

PROFESSOR HYDE'S THEORY.

J. GORDON GILKEY, C. L. S., '08.

One evening, as I was seated in my library, glancing over the evening papers, a queer advertisement caught my attention. It read as follows:

"*Wanted.*—A young man, in excellent health, who is willing to devote his life to science. Apply to 15 St. George Street, City."

My curiosity was very much excited by this advertisement, and I began to puzzle over it, wondering what was meant by the phrase, "to devote his life to science." "It must mean," I at length concluded, "that some old professor wants an assistant to help him in his more difficult experiments, and instead of saying 'to clean my apparatus,' has dignified this work by saying 'to devote his life to science.' At any rate, it is not worth my while to puzzle over such a trifle," and, putting down the paper, I picked up a book. But as I did so a gruesome thought flashed across my mind, and with feverish haste I seized the newspaper again. "Can it mean," I wondered, as I hunted for the advertisement, "that an experiment demands a human subject?" Then I noticed the words, "in excellent health." I drew a long breath and said to myself, "That must be the explanation. Some professor has evolved a mad theory and wants to make a trial of it on a young man, and not finding any one of his friends who is willing to be 'dosed,' has advertised for some one 'to devote his life to science.' If that is so, I think I can find an agreeable diversion by applying in answer to the advertisement." And that is what I determined to do.

So the next afternoon I found my way to St. George Street, which led out of one of the more thinly populated parts of the city. Looking across a broad field, I could see a lonely house, behind which several tall pine trees stood. Although I was a little excited by the strange appearance of the place, I approached the house, which, as I expected, proved to be No. 15. Hurriedly mounting the steps, I raised the heavy iron knocker on the door, and let it fall with a dull thud. Almost immediately I heard a slow step approaching, and presently the door was opened by an old man, about sixty years of age, with long, gray hair and very sharp eyes.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said. "Will you step in?" And he led me into what I judged was his parlor. In the corner of the room I could see a broken and dusty hornets' nest; on the walls hung a few old-fashioned pictures and diagrams of engines, and in a half-opened closet I could see the proverbial skeleton.

"I have come, sir," said I, "in answer to your advertisement in last night's paper. What are the duties of the position?" The old man's eyes took on a more kindly expression, and he answered: "I am delighted to have an applicant so quickly, and I can easily tell you what I want. For a number of years I have been carrying on experiments in hypnotism, and at last I have evolved a theory which, if successful, will make man immortal." "Another crazy scheme," I muttered. "Of course," the old man went on, "I must test my theory before I can give it to the world. The subject of my experiment must consent to take a large dose of poison during the course of the experiment, but I feel confident that I can restore him to life."

To say I was dumbfounded, is putting it mildly. The perspiration rolled from my forehead, and my heart thumped wildly for a moment. Here was a man offering me the position of poison-eater in his experiments. This was what was meant by "to devote his life to science!" Clearly, I had gone too far. Rising hastily, I said: "I am afraid, sir, I dare not undergo the risk, for my life is quite valuable to me just at present. So I cannot consider your proposition for an instant."

"Well," replied the old man, "of course that rests entirely with yourself. At any rate, let us exchange our cards, in case you might wish to call on me again." "Yes, yes," I said mechanically, drawing a card from my pocket, as he handed me his. "I am sorry I cannot be of service to you." And hastily putting on my hat, I hurried down the steps. Only when

I reached the end of the street did I dare look back at that gloomy house. That reminded me of the card that the old man had given me, which I now drew from my pocket. It bore the name, "Professor Hyde."

But as the days went by, my dread of the whole affair vanished, and I began to be curious about the strange theory the professor had spoken of. One evening my curiosity became too much for me, and so I wrote a brief note to the professor, requesting that, as I was interested in such things, he would explain his theory to me some evening. With a great deal of interest, I awaited his answer. Imagine my surprise on receiving a note from him stating that a candidate had consented to undergo the experiment on the following evening, when I would be very welcome.

All the next day my curiosity fought a hard battle with my feeling of duty. Could I go and consent to see a young man poisoned during a wild experiment? If it failed, and the subject died, would not I be held as a partaker in the crime? Although I firmly resolved not to implicate myself in the trouble, as night drew on, my curiosity became so unbearable, that, with a strange mixture of excitement, expectation and abhorrence in my heart, I started.

Professor Hyde met me at the door and conducted me to his laboratory, on the second floor. "I have invited several friends here to-night," said the professor, as he introduced me to several gentlemen who were chatting there, "and I will leave you to talk with them for a moment or two." Quickly forgetting my fears, I began to converse with the other members of the party. Naturally the candidate for the experiment was the centre of the conversation. He told us that he was perfectly willing to submit himself to Professor Hyde's experiments, inasmuch as by doing so he could establish a wonderful theory that would make men immortal. "I feel perfectly confident," he concluded, "that I shall suffer no harm from this experiment, and, as for myself, I believe thoroughly in Professor Hyde's theory."

At this point Professor Hyde approached us, saying: "Gentlemen, if you will step to the other end of the laboratory and be seated, I will explain my theory to you, leaving it to your honor not to reveal my secret if it is successful.

"Several years ago I became interested in hypnotism and carried on a great many experiments in it. I will not discuss that subject now; suffice it to say, that, when a person is hypnotized, he is the absolute slave of the one who exerts the hypnotic influence over him. One day I and my assistant were experimenting with some very deadly poisons. In some way or other, my helper got a few grains of poison into a cut in his hand, and almost immediately fell to the floor in agony. I tried every means of relieving his suffering, but without avail. At last I thought of hypnotism, and after some trouble succeeding in hypnotizing him. Of course all his suffering ceased then, and he lay perfectly quiet. But in a few moments the poison completed its work, and he died. As I was preparing to call an undertaker, the thought came to me, 'What would happen if I released him now from the hypnotic spell?' This gruesome thought would not leave me, and so I prepared to unhypnotize him. What was my unspeakable horror on doing so, to see the man open his eyes and hear him breathe! Ultimately he completely recovered. So I have evolved this theory from that incident. Since a person, when hypnotized, has absolutely no power of his own, but is at the command of another, he cannot make the slightest movement without the consent of the one who hypnotized him. You all know that if such a person is told not to move his arm, he is powerless to do so. Now why is he not equally powerless to give up his last spark of life, if he is not allowed to by the one who holds him under the hypnotic spell? Poison can do its worst, or any injury can, but it cannot take away the last spark of life from a person who is hypnotized, because he cannot release his hold on life without the consent of the one who hypnotized him. This theory, when developed, will make men immortal, for whenever they are dying, if they are hypnotized, they can be kept until all danger is past, and then released from the spell to live again."

I was thunderstruck. My mind recoiled from this wild scheme, yet I could see no reason why it was not feasible. How can a

man give up what he does not possess, or have it taken from him? Then how can any one who is hypnotized give up his life, or die, when he has given his life and will into the hands of the one who hypnotized him? His life belongs to another while he is hypnotized, and so he cannot give it up without the consent of that one. Surely this was good logic. If not, where was the flaw? And so at last we all accepted Professor Hyde's theory.

Then the professor prepared to make the experiment, seating the young man in a chair, in plain sight of all. "Now," he continued, "I have here a tablet which contains enough poison to render life extinct in precisely ten minutes. Are you willing to take this tablet and swallow it, or shall we discontinue the experiment?" I glanced at the pale faces of the different men, and then at the subject of the experiment. Without a word, the latter put the tablet in his mouth and quickly swallowed it. Immediately the professor bent over him, and soon succeeded in hypnotizing him perfectly.

We remained perfectly quiet as the clock slowly ticked off the moments, and watched the young man who lay apparently lifeless in his chair. Already the color had begun to leave his face, and his hands appeared ghastly as the poison worked. "In fifteen minutes," the professor murmured, "after the poison has completed its work, I will release him, and he will come back to life."

But as he said this a hideous thought crossed my mind. I staggered to my feet and cried: "Professor, when you release that spell, will he not immediately die? During those fifteen minutes the poison is working slowly, and just before it extinguishes his life completely, its power is checked, because you hold that young man under the hypnotic spell. But when you release him from your power, there is nothing to prevent the poison from completing its work, and in an instant it will do so, and the young man will die."

The professor turned pale and sank back into his chair. Then suddenly he snatched a bottle from a table nearby and emptied its contents down the young man's throat. "It is an antidote," he gasped, "and as the poison has only been working for six minutes, perhaps it will save him."

But the young man seemed beyond all aid, lying like a corpse, in his chair. In an agony of suspense we waited to see if the antidote would neutralize the effects of the poison. After ages, it seemed, the color came back to his cheeks, and the warmth to his body. Then, finally, the professor released him from the hypnotic spell, fearing lest he would immediately die. But no; slowly opening his eyes, he smiled at us, crowding around him. He was saved.

"Now how do you suppose," asked the professor of us later, "my assistant came to life before when he had the same poison?" "Because," I answered, "he never died. You said he only had a grain or two of poison, and when you hypnotized him he lay so still, and the effects of the poison were so evident, you thought he was dead. But all that time he was recovering from the effects of such a small amount of poison, and so, of course, when you released him from the hypnotic spell, he began to move, as all subjects do."

"Well," said the professor, "I guess you're right. If we were immortal, we would always be making these mistakes, and so I guess it's just as well my theory doesn't work."

NEWTOWNE CLUB HOUSE
FRIDAY EVE MAR
K

R. M. T. S. DRAMA.

As a general rule, high school drama committees select for a play something which they are sure is within the ability of their actors, and govern their expenditures by a strict sense of economy. The Senior class of the Manual Training School, in choosing and producing "Half-back Sandy," subordinated both these rules to their desire to give a performance which should conform to their ideals of a first-class drama. As a result, the play reached and exceeded the expectations of all concerned, both dramatically and financially, and delighted the audience in a degree which few dramas have ever done. We cannot speak too highly in commendation of the play itself and the manner of its production.

Throughout the forenoon of March 8, the day of the drama, there was a snowstorm, and the weather remained cloudy during the afternoon. The evening, however, was pleasant and cool,—ideal for a drama. Such was evidently the feeling of over five hundred people, who filled the Newtowne Club Hall to overflowing, until the box office had to be shut down some time before the play opened.

The cast, which was an unusually large one for a school drama, was as follows:

"SANDY" SMITH, a Half-back
RONALD F. DAVIS
JOSIAH KROP, his Uncle
CHARLES H. HARRINGTON
PHILIP KROP, his Cousin, of Queenstown College.....MARTIN J. GLENNON
BILL SHORT, Phil's Friend of Queenstown College.....WARREN S. HENDERSON
KENNETH SUMNER, of Kingston College
WILL F. SCRANTON
PERCY GORDON, Captain of Kingston Football Team.....FREDERICK B. JAMES
J. BOOTH MacREADY, a Retired Actor
RAYMOND A. FITZGERALD
DICK HART, a Sophomore
RAYMOND A. FITZGERALD
JOE FLEETWOOD, the College Sport
GEORGE H. WATKINS
PROFESSOR DRYDEN, Authority on Ancient History.....H. HUDSON SMITH
BABE VAN TWILLER, a Freshman
WILLIAM E. ALLEN
FRED JONES, a Student
HAROLD B. ALLISON
MABEL SUMNER, Sister to Kenneth
MAURICE MACPHERSON
SUE, a Young Colored Girl
CHARLES J. O'BRIEN
College Students, etc.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Exterior of Krop's house in the Adirondack Mountains.

ACT II.—A student's bungalow at Kingston on the eve of the great football game between Kingston and Queenstown.

ACT III.—Professor Dryden's recitation-room, overlooking Kingston's athletic field, the afternoon of the game.

Fourteen months elapse between Acts I and II.

In the title part, "'Sandy' Smith," a half-back, Mr. Davis gave a very pleasing exhibition. His part called for considerable dramatic action, which it is difficult to render without overdoing. Mr. Davis did this, although he appeared uncertain at times. His love-making in the first act was very properly embarrassed and countrified, as was also his behavior when talking with "Rosalie." In the second and third acts his attitude at such times was enough different to show his development under changed surroundings. He managed to be kidnapped in very good shape, although this is a piece of action requiring much skillful handling.

"Josiah Krop" was a regulation farmer part, with few speeches and fewer opportunities to show dramatic ability. For the short time that he was on the stage, Mr. Harrington showed that he could do well in a larger part. He spoke distinctly and maintained his

character-playing throughout. We should have been glad if he had had a better opportunity of showing his skill.

As "Philip Krop," the villain of the piece, Mr. Glennon had a rather miscellaneous part. He changed from white man to black girl at frequent intervals throughout the second and third acts, and always managed to "connect" where he belonged. His make-up to imitate "Sue" was perfect, and the effect of the two, side by side, was very funny. Mr. Glennon's dialect was a little shaky at times, but his voice caried well, and he was always understood.

Mr. Henderson had, with the possible exception of "Sue," the best part in the play. As "Bill Short," alias "Rosalie," he had full scope for all his imagination and all his ability. In his love scenes in the first act, first with "Sandy," and later with "Kenneth," and in his endeavors to remember his carefully prepared love-speech, he had a rare opportunity, which he improved in a manner which marked him as one of the best. It was unfortunate that this scene came so early in the play, as some in the audience did not appear to have grasped the fact that "Kenneth" was the manager of the *other* football team, and so did not appreciate the absurdity of the situation. Mr. Henderson's quick changes from "Short," the wild partisan of Queenstown, to "Rosalie," the airy young lady who had "left her pocketbook on the pianola," were exceptionally well rendered.

"Kenneth Sumner" was rather a subordinate character, although he was on the stage a good deal. Mr. Scranton gave an excellent depicting of the college football manager and his tragic despair when things go wrong. His proselyting, though certainly queer in method, was well shown, and his excitement and rage at his captain's folly were very real,—real, in fact, almost to the point of confusing his words. His joking with "Sue," also, was well done.

"Percy Gordon," the captain of the Kingston football team, was another type. He was the regular plucky, hot-tempered, jealous captain. Mr. James, while from his school experience his sympathies may have been more with the manager, played his part with life-like energy. He was savage enough with "Sandy," but showed later how even a captain must eat humble-pie when the manager attacks him. He fought, as we have seen players fight, when he was carried from the field, and then sank into a stupor, to be roused by news from the game.

Mr. Fitzgerald had two parts, "MacReady" and "Hart." Both were rather insignificant parts, calling rather for the knowledge of the lines than for acting. As "Hart," he spoke distinctly; but as "MacReady," his efforts at a stage voice were rather fatal to clear enunciation.

It is always a little dangerous to introduce a "drunk" into a play of this kind, as it is likely to be overdone and, in fact, is difficult to handle otherwise. Mr. Watkins, however, managed this difficult business in good shape, and got through his tipsy scene with just about the right treatment of his part. His by-play out the window of the class-room, and his abrupt invitation to "Rosalie," showed skill in author and actor as well. His exit by the window was precipitate enough to be characteristic.

In "Professor Dryden," Mr. Smith found a great store of amusement for the audience. He was on the stage for a short time only, but his pompous dignity and his efforts to preserve it under trying circumstances made a hit at once. We may be inclined to wonder how Mr. Smith survived some of his jaw-breaking words, but perhaps he is used to them. His discipline, if such it might be called, was exactly what might have been expected under the circumstances.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Allison had two small parts as students. All either had to do was to make one speech, join in general remarks, and throw things at other speakers. In all of these, especially the last, they showed themselves skillful and well trained.

Every play must have a heroine; therefore "Mabel Sumner." She was not very important, except as the only eligible candidate for heroine and as one of the two *genuine* girls in the play. Mr. Macpherson made a stunning girl and handled himself very well in his unaccustomed situation. His voice was a

little deep for the part, but he managed to keep it "low and sweet."

"Sue, a young colored girl." We stop and laugh as we write it. This was one of the best parts in the whole play, for fun, for character work, for dialect, for make-up. Mr. O'Brien grasped the part with a full understanding, and yet with a keen perception of details, which made it really the hit of the evening. His dialect, while pronounced, was not enough to render his words indistinct, and his delight, both at his own jokes and at those of the others, was irrepressible. He had a long, hard part, but he carried it without a slip. Altogether, he was the comic success of the evening.

After the drama, dancing was enjoyed until one o'clock. We say enjoyed, although the hall was rather crowded for the best dancing. The music, which was furnished by Pierce's Orchestra, was excellent, both during the drama and during the dancing. The souvenir program was good and was one of the neatest jobs of printing which we have seen this year. The cover was especially good, being printed in black and gold, on heavy brown paper. We congratulate the class on its success, which it certainly deserved.

EXCHANGES.

"April, No. 7." That means we are getting on toward the end of the school year, and that my duties as exchange editor are nearly finished. This is the seventh time that I have poured forth my sage advice for the benefit of our worthy exchanges. I wonder whether they have profited by it. At any rate, the first step toward improvement is the knowledge of what one's faults are, so that, for instance, although the Milton *Orange and Blue,* the *Vindex* and some others still refuse to recognize the importance of a good exchange column, we hope it may be added some time in the near future.

In one of the school papers the editor apologizes for not criticising all his exchanges. This, it seems to me, is superfluous, for only those papers can be criticised that have something preëminently good or bad about them. I mean, the criticisms should not be forced, a mediocre story called good merely in order to mention the paper it is in.

The *Cherry and White* is spoiled by execrable typesetting.

The *Calendar's* "Hash" is very good.

The *Ilakawinn* manages to get the most marvelous covers of any of our exchanges. You can almost hear them.

"The Coming of Lady Gray-gown," in *Ingleside Sparks,* is a quaint little story.

The *News* for February is good.

"To the Rescue," in *Oak Leaves,* is absolutely ridiculous.

The *Panorama* has certainly made an enormous improvement in appearance. Of the exchange column, however, which complains of lack of space, we find over half wasted in jokes as old as the hills.

The editor of the *Red and Blue* has no cause for complaint on account of lack of good articles this month.

It gave me quite a surprise to read in the *Newton Review* that they "regret not to see the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW." At the beginning of the year we attempted three times to exchange with them, but without success. If your previous numbers are as excellent as the March issue, we sincerely regret our failure. The story, "The Return of Anthony Bliss," is a most remarkably original story; my only regret, when I read Ex-Governor Long's address, is that I didn't hear it. The cover is no less excellent than the reading-matter. Welcome, and come again, *Review.*

The *Smith Academy Record* would be good were it not for the flaring ads let loose in the reading-matter.

The *Vindex* for February is a great disappointment.

The literary department of the *Voice* is large and good.

JAMES *alias* JOHN.

HENRY FARWELL, R. M. T. S., '09.

Now it happened as I was sitting in the touring car outside of R. H. White's, waiting for May, my sister, who always had a weakness for bargain sales, that a young lady suddenly opened the door of the car, stepped in and said, "To Filene's now, John." Without thinking, I released the brake and threw over the clutch.

John, I thought, John. My real name is James Harrington, but that seems to alter itself according to who is using it. My business acquaintances know me as Mr. Harrington; mother calls me James; sister, Jimmie, while the fellows, Jim. But John; this was entirely new. In a couple of minutes we reached Filene's, and, as I jumped to the ground to assist her out, I took more than a glance at her. She was slim, I noticed, had a pretty face,—very pretty in fact,—and as she extended a hand to me I noticed how small it was. "Wait till I return," she said. I looked once again and noticed how perfectly she was dressed, from her small feet to her head.

I returned to the auto when I suddenly saw a friend's face in the crowd. "Well, you are a lucky one," he cried, "riding around with Miss Barnes."

"That's right," I answered. "See you to-night."

So she was Miss Barnes, Miss Alice Barnes, with whom May had gone to school, and with whom she was still so chummy. Instantly I remembered her address, for future use, 222 Commonwealth Avenue; but I had no time for further thoughts, as she was coming toward me again.

When she was seated once more, she said, "Home now." How I mentally blessed that friend of mine who had given me the key to the secret. Left to my own thoughts and to the tending of the car, I decided to buy John, whoever he was, off, and keep up the deception. It had been my luck to meet many pretty girls, but this one seemed different from the rest. There was something about her that made me feel that all May's praise of her was insufficient.

In leaving, she said, "Come at eleven to-morrow." I drove up to the next house and waited for John. Several minutes later, I thought, I was looking into a looking-glass, for down the street came my double. The car was the same, the face was the same, and even the clothes were the same. Everything was the same between us, except the driving; and you may think something is the matter with me if I say that John was either trying to see how many curves he could get in between the two curbstones, or else trying roller skating in a baby carriage. But it was so.

At first I thought he was going to walk right into the front door, auto and all, but I showed him a five, and he kind of sobered down. I got him to follow me home, and after some bargaining we had it all settled. John was to lie low and keep inside of my house until further orders, at the same salary that he drew from the Barnes'. From him I found out where I was supposed to live, and that I was to report at 10.30 every morning, etc. This done, we got John to bed; then I took the car to the garage, and went to my new lodgings to think it over.

During the next week my mistress grew more friendly with me, and on Saturday she said, "I guess you are not so intemperate, John, as you used to be." "No," I replied, "and I think that you are the cause." I said this looking into her eyes, and she blushed, and I did not catch what she said.

On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Barnes went out, and I nearly fainted when Mr. Barnes climbed into the seat beside me. I had hoped that Alice would occupy it; for try as I would, I could not put her out of my thoughts. We had a pleasant day, all but myself; but I kept worrying, for I was afraid that Mr. Barnes would ask me some questions which would make me disclose who I was. But nothing

happened, and Monday morning I was busy again, driving Miss Barnes around.

Finally, spring came, and I was not discovered. By this time, I was deeply in love with Alice, and wondered how I could tell her so. I almost had a chance to do so when, on the 19th of April, the whole family took a trip to Concord. We had gotten by Lexington on the way home when the gasoline ran out, and I was unable to catch it, but I kept on trying. The sky got cloudy; it started to sprinkle, when just then a rube came along in a one-horse-power, one-seated buggy. When I returned, after an exciting chase after the gasoline, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Barnes had decided to go to a nearby farmhouse, about ten minutes' drive, then the rube was to come back after Alice.

When the old folks had gone, I hiked it back up the road to where I had caught the gasoline in a little country store, with drugs on one side, shoes on the other, and the gasoline in the back in a barrel marked molasses. I returned to the car, and soon had the engine started. "Just see, John," Alice said. "It's all clearing off, and there's just a lovely apple tree over there in that field." So it happened that when, half an hour later, we saw her parents coming back in the buggy we were very comfortably seated "in the shade of the old apple tree." We hastily returned to the auto, and on the way home Mrs. Barnes eyed me suspiciously and said, "How long were you two young people over there while we were gone?" Alice stammered out, "Not very long." And as I was watching her out of the corner of my eye, I saw her confusion and shoved on full speed, thus making further conversation impossible.

The next morning, when I saw Johnny, his nose was unusually red, and so I judged by appearances; and when he said to me, "I ain't—hi—goin' to stay away—hi—from home any longer," I was not surprised. I argued that idea out of his head before I left; but when I came back that evening, and knowing Johnny's chief habit by this time, I immediately set out on a tour of all the bar-rooms of the city. In the third one I found him spending all of my hard-earned money. When I told him dinner was ready, he went home with me. When I got him home, I took him between the back of the neck and the cellar stairs, and when I let go of him he landed at the bottom of them. About three-quarters of an hour later I heard a rumbling sound, then a crash, and all the time an incessant honk-honking, like the noise of an auto horn in the basement.

The noise continued, and at last I ran down stairs and found that Johnny had imbibed some of the contents of a forgotten cider barrel. The barrel itself he had placed on an old auto truck he had found there, that had two lights and a number on it. In the bung of the barrel he had placed a rod with a wheel on one end. He would start at one end of the cellar, give his machine a push, hop on, whirl the wheel and holler honk-konk, as the horn he had was broken. He gravely explained to me that he was trying a new kind of a steering gear, and that there was lots of money in the invention. I tried to get him to go to bed, but he refused, saying that he had two lights, a number and a horn, and that I couldn't pinch him. I locked the door and went to bed, figuring that Johnny had enough food and cider to last him a couple of days.

The next evening I had to take Alice to a ball; and as she had no time to spare, we raced along as quickly as the car would go. At the door she said, "Thank you." What a sweet voice she said it in. What lovely eyes she had. She seemed more charming in that moment than she had ever been before. Later, on the way home, she said to me: "John, do you think I could ever learn to run an auto. I would like so much to know how."

"Yes," I replied. "You can try to steer to-night if you want to."

She decided to try, so she took the wheel; and as I wanted to get home safely, I held it also, and by accident (of course) my hands fell on hers. She did not say anything, and from that on I began to like giving lessons.

The next morning she said, "John—er—would you mind if I rode on the front seat —er—with you?"

"Not in the slightest," I replied, hardly believing my ears.

"Out in the country anywhere," she said.

We got about twenty miles out, just over a bridge that crossed a shallow river, when the chain broke. "O dear," Alice cried, "I will not be back in time to go to a reception." Something in her appealing voice touched me; and getting up my courage, I said: "Miss Barnes, Alice, I am not John that you take me for; I am James Harrington. You went to school with my sister May; you have known me for some time—er—er—do you think you like me well enough—er—er—er—will you—er—er—O say, I am trying to propose—will you marry me?"

She did not raise her eyes, and I could not hear her reply, but it sounded as though it commenced with y. I took her in my arms, and—never mind what happened. We were startled by the wild honk-konking as an auto tore down the hill on the other side of the bridge. "Why, it's John," Alice exclaimed. And John it surely was. He had evidently taken too much of the cider, broken out of the cellar, and found and started my auto. When he got to the bridge, he seemed to shy on one side, and went through the rail, auto and all. We ran to the place where he had gone over, and there stood my machine, in water up to the body, with Johnny lying back on the front seat, a bottle in one hand, a smile on his eye, and a twinkle in his face.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

JUDSON POTTER, R. M. T. S., '10.

"They can't be found," said Tom. "They have been lost fifty years, and it is too late to think of finding them now."

"There is no harm trying," said Ned, "when we have got a clue, too."

Ned Nickerson's great-grandfather had been an overseer in a diamond mine and had had a lot of valuable diamonds, which had been stolen from him. He had not found them when he died, and his son had kept up the hunt until his death, when it came to be Ned's father's turn. He had caught diphtheria and died, leaving the task for young Ned, who was but sixteen years of age. Ned had taken into his confidence Tom Morris, his chum, who was about his own age.

Mrs. Nickerson had a whole box full of old letters concerning the hunt for the diamonds, which she had allowed Ned and Tom to look over. Ned's house, which was a very large one, was situated on the top of a high hill in a small town on the bank of the Hudson River in the northern part of New York state. They had found out from the letters that the thief, whose name was Howard Jenkins, had, after stealing the diamonds, crossed the river. He was pursued and shot at, but was lost sight of in the darkness near the edge of the forest, where there were two or three farmhouses. The surrounding country was scoured, but no trace of him was found.

"I wish my uncle was here," said Ned; "he could give us some good advice, for he helped my father in the hunt, and he might know something about it, too."

After this conversation the boys went out of doors, met another crowd of fellows, and started for the baseball field to have a little game; but as the ground was too muddy, they did not play. Instead, they went down to the place where Jenkins was supposed to have crossed the river, got a boat and started to row across.

"Ned," said one of the fellows, "he might have jumped into the river when he was shot at, rather than be caught."

"Even if he did," said Ned, "he probably would have dropped the bag of diamonds; and if he did, the bag has rotted and the diamonds have been carried down the river."

So they kept on rowing until they reached the shore. They hunted all around, but they could find no clue. When they entered the old farmhouse nearest the forest, they found the

leg bone of a human being. They thought nothing of this, for the Indians had killed many people at the time of the robbery. After a while they started home again, and after a long row crossed the river in safety.

The next morning Ned got up early and went over to Tom's house and whistled. In a moment Tom appeared at the window and later came out.

"Tom," said Ned, "you know that leg bone we found over in the old farmhouse?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"You know whose it is?" said Ned.

"No," said Tom.

"Well, it is Howard Jenkin's," said Ned.

"How do you know?" asked Tom.

"I don't know, I only think that it is," said Ned.

"Well," said Tom, "what makes you think so?"

"We found that bone at the bottom of that big chimney, where all the clay bricks had crumbled to pieces and fallen out," said Ned.

"I know it," said Tom; "but what of it?"

"Well, it is this," said Ned; "I think that my great-grandfather's diamonds are in that chimney and that Howard Jenkins was wounded when they shot at him, and that he crept in there and died."

"Come on," said Tom.

Then the boys started off for the old farmhouse. When they got there they tried to take off the iron door which covered the fireplace, but it was rusted on. At last, however, they got a log and broke it in. There, to their amazement, was a human skeleton.

"It is Howard Jenkins!" gasped Ned.

Then the boys spied a pile of pebbles which looked like common stones, but they were none other than the lost diamonds.

"Pick them up quick, Ned," said Tom, as he started to gather them up in his hat.

Then the boys took them home to Ned's mother, who immediately gave part of them to Tom to carry to his mother.

The next day Ned's mother paid the mortgage on their house, which she had been worrying about for many a year. Later she sent Ned to an engineering school, where he graduated and became a great man.

DAS LIED ZIMMERS DREI UND ZWANZIG.

(Tune, "Lorelei.")

Es sitzt ein kleines Mädchen
In Zimmer 23,
Das spielt sehr gern mit t-d-B-n,
Damit wir all lachen.

In Klasse französisch' sie sitzt
Dort über an der Wand;
Als dies' macht keinen Unterschied—
Sie wispert wenn sie will.

Und wer dies' kleine Madchen sei,
Fast jemand dir kann sagen.
Sie eignet noch das grösste Tier
In unserm Tiergarten.

Now if you don't believe me,
And say this isn't true,
Just come up any time and see
What fun we have in school.

(The reader will of course recognize the fact that any grammatical irregularity in these lines is amply covered by poetical license.)

THE
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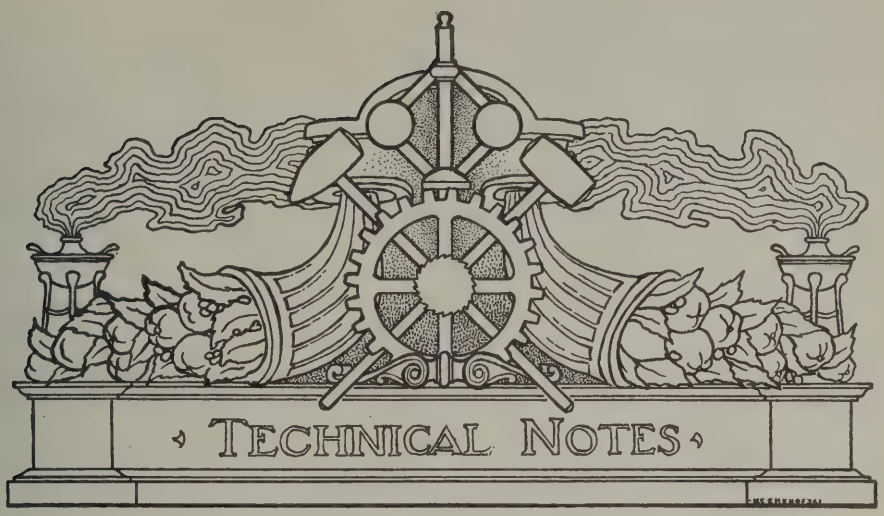
The next number of the REVIEW will be issued, bar accidents, Thursday, May 9. All copy for that number must be placed in the hands of the editor, or in one of the REVIEW boxes, before the close of school, Friday, April 26.

The June issue will appear during the first week in June. It will be of extra size and will contain class hits, class groups, etc., of the Senior classes. There will be a great deal of work in it for the editor, and copy must be handed in with unusual promptness, on a date which will be announced in this column next month.

Saturday, April 13, there will be a baseball game between R. M. T. S. and Melrose High at Melrose. Friday, April 19, R. M. T. S. will play an exhibition game with Somerville High on Broadway Field.

The C. H. S. Club will hold its dance in Newtowne Club Hall Friday evening, April 12, 1907.

The class of 1908, C. L. S., will give a dance on Friday night, April 26, at the Colonial Club. Tickets, 50 cents.



For twenty-five years past the Edison incandescent lamp has been considered the standard in efficiency for all electric lamps, but if we are to believe a writer in the *Technical World Magazine,* this light will soon be a thing of the past.

According to this writer, a real sunlight-producing lamp has been invented by two men, Herschell C. Parker, professor of physics in Columbia University, and Walter G. Clark of New York. For seven years these men have been striving to produce an electric light better and cheaper than the Edison incandescent lamp. They have found that a filament, consisting chiefly of silicon, and similar in size and shape to the carbon filaments in ordinary lamps, may be made to give off a dazzling light, containing all the colors of the spectrum. This filament is fastened in a glass bulb like those which incase the carbon filaments in common incandescent lamps.

In the best incandescent lights five per cent of the electricity is transformed into light, while the other ninety-five per cent is turned into heat. From some of the recent experiments at Columbia University it has been found that by the "Helion" method a light representing one thousand candle-power burning an hour costs about twenty-five cents, whereas an equal amount of light from Edison lamps would cost seventy-five cents.

Having accomplished so much, the inventors of this Helion light, so named from the color of its rays, believe that in a short time they will be able to produce a twenty candle-power light from a twenty-watt lamp. This is far greater than the efficiency of any electric incandescent lamp now known.

A most interesting fact regarding this invention is that these same men have discovered or invented another filament, which need not be kept in a vacuum. This filament is confined in fused quartz and gives off its powerful rays, in spite of great disturbances around it, which would break any incandescent lamp. Some of these lights were tried on board a battle-ship while heavy firing was going on near them. All the incandescent lamps in the vicinity were broken, but the Helion lights suffered no damage.

The writer goes on to say that in another test at the University a Helion and an Edison lamp were connected with the same current, which had a voltage of ninety; the Edison lamp gave off a sixteen candle-power light, and the Helion an eighty-two candle-power.

If this is true, it may readily be seen that this new light surpasses any artificial light in existence, even the new thirty-two candle-power lamp which the Edison people have lately put on the market.

FATED TO LIVE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY A. W. L., '07.

"Ah!" said my gloomy fellow-traveler with a cynical smile, "this terrible hairbreadth escape of yours in the wild and woolly West was, I suppose, a most exciting incident. But," he continued, after a short pause, "you would think it a mere nothing had you passed through a few of the experiences that I have had."

Again there was silence as he puffed spasmodically at his brier pipe, a silence which I didn't trouble to break, since I was greatly nettled by his lofty indifference to my thrilling narative.

"I was married," he at last jerked out between the puffs, "at the early age of sixteen—a mere boy, and too immature, as you will say, to know my own mind about such matters. So it turned out. In less than six months we separated. This took place just thirty-seven years ago, yet ever since then my wife's sole object in life has been to persecute me, to drive me to suicide. In the distant North and in the hot and pestilential South, in the old world and in the new, in wars, on the seas, on American railroads, I have sought in vain for death. In vain, I say, for while others have fallen on my right and on my left, I—*I*, who live but to die—still survive every calamity.

"But I was going to tell you one of my experiences that came to my mind while you were speaking.

"About twenty years ago I was employed at a certain ranch out West, at a village rejoicing in the name of 'Bloody Creek.' This was a place noted, as its name indicates, for its blood-curdling murders and fights of almost daily occurrence. There, surely, I thought I might gain my wish.

"So it really seemed, for after I had been there a month, I had a fierce quarrel with a half-breed Indian. We came to blows, and, doubtless, had not the boss interfered, one or other of us would have turned up his toes. As we separated, however, the half-breed swore he would fill me with lead as soon as the chance turned up.

"The dispute had already passed out of my mind when one day the boss ordered me to round up some cattle grazing about twelve miles away. Without delay, I flung myself on my bronco and galloped off.

"I had scarcely gone two miles when I heard the thud of hoofs behind me. I glanced over my shoulder, and—just try to imagine my feelings—it was the half-breed. He was in the very act of drawing his revolver, that famous shooting-iron which had never missed its man. I clapped my hand to my holster. I was unarmed! Very foolishly, for no one in that part of the country ever went without weapons, I had neglected to take my gun.

"But then the thought flashed through my mind, 'This is just the chance of death that you have been so long praying for.'

"I turned forward and rode steadily on, expecting every moment to be my last.

"Minute after minute passed, each one an eternity. Would he never shoot? On, on I rode. Still he galloped after. I was like one in a dream, a frightful nightmare. Yet even to this day I remember vividly every stone, every bush we passed; the torpid snake which, as we rushed onward, lazily squirmed its slippery coil to one side of the pathway; the cracked and dried-up bed of a brooklet—all quivering in the heat.

"On! On! My God, what torture! It was the devil incarnate who pursued. I seemed to feel his very breath upon my neck. I tried to shout, yet my parched tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. The cold perspiration ran in streams down my face, and the veins upon my arms stood out like purple cords. My head reeled with dizziness, and I swayed helplessly to and fro in my saddle.

"As we coursed along thus, closing my eye-

lids over the throbbing balls, I wondered vaguely how many hoof-beats I could count before I died.

"We passed a deserted shanty that showed we had gone ten miles from the ranch. For nearly an hour I had endured the awful strain. Now I could stand it no longer. I reined in my horse. The half-breed slackened his pace. Twice I attempted to turn in my saddle. Twice I strove to speak. At length, after a struggle, my tongue was loosened.

"'Well,' I groaned in a hollow, unnatural voice, 'why don't you do it?'

"'I couldn't,' he answered hoarsely. 'I couldn't! Once, you remember, when I was hurt you bound the wound.'

"And so, my friend," concluded the traveler, "I lived on, for my hour had not yet come."

ARBITRATION.

ARTHUR B. RICHARDSON, R. M. T. S., '07.

Three thousand and odd years ago, about as far back as it is possible for the human mind to conceive, nations were ever in a stage of struggle and conflict. Gradually wearing itself away, as a stream of water wears its course through the mountains into a larger body, and finally out into the ocean, has this terrible hindrance to the increase of civilization worked itself to its present state. This change has been only step by step, from continual warfare to wars of a few years' duration, until now they are almost entirely done away.

No doubt, you all realize that everything has its opposite; light, its darkness, and wealth, its poverty, for example. And so long as the world exists will there be an opposite to peace; but let us hope that hereafter it will simply be debate. There is no reason on earth why we should degrade ourselves into the animal kingdom or fall back into our infancy; but this is just what we have been doing right along. Beasts and children fight because they have not the power to reason out their errors.

The evidences of decrease of war are so well fixed in the minds of us all that mere mention will bring us to our realization of them. First the fact that in ancient times there have been seven years' wars, thirty years' wars and even hundred years' wars, brings out the great stride toward universal peace. Then, too, if there were as much friction between the nations now as there used to be, they would not even think of adopting this universal language, entitled Esperanto, or of making universal the metric system, the advantages of which have been lately discussed. In the third place, Germany and France, which are much older countries than the United States, have begun their national anthems by speaking of the "clash of swords" and "To arms," whereas there is nothing of this nature mentioned in "America." Besides these evidences, we observe how much honor the world pays to the famous workers for peace and to great authors, such as Channing and Longfellow, more than that paid to brave warriors, like Napoleon.

This great decline is due to arbitration. From now on, all international disputes will be settled at the Peace Congress to be held in the Hague at the Temple of Peace provided by Mr. Carnegie. The proposal which resulted in this conference came from Russia. It will consist of statesmen and jurists of the highest rank from all the great nations,—men who have distinguished themselves before the world by their equity and wisdom in public affairs. The honor of being parties to the first general arbitration treaty belongs to England and France; but arbitration treaties between the various nations will now multiply rapidly. In this movement the United States, whose course in connection with the Hague Conference and the Hague Tribunal has been so noble and efficient, will surely not be slow.

An essential part of the prosperity and success of the United States as a nation is the system by which questions between the states are adjusted. Many a contest between neigh-

boring and rival states has been settled by the Supreme Court, while most of the citizens of each state did not even know that there was any dispute. Thus the Supreme Court adjusted a boundary question between Massachusetts and Rhode Island of more importance than many boundary questions which have plunged Europe into war, and it would be fair to say half the people of both states did not know that there had been any controversy.

Just lately England has settled questions in Venezuela, and the United States in the Philippines, by means of arbitration. President Roosevelt, who knows what war is by actual experience, is doing much toward the promotion of peace. In 1905 he was instrumental in bringing the war between Russia and Japan to an end, and he was accordingly awarded, at the hands of the Norwegian authorities, the Nobel prize of $40,000.

Now picture in your mind how well we are situated in case of war, the only country on earth, with the exception of Russia, with the broad Atlantic on one side, and the peaceful Pacific on the other. No doubt, we could win from any nation, but what would that show? War does not determine which nation is right, but simply which is stronger, for justice does not imply success. The stronger always wins; but what is the use of fighting when things can be settled just as well peaceably? Here we are paying over $6,000,000 for a first-class battleship, which is more than the valuation of all the land and the ninety-five buildings of Harvard University; and then, new inventions force a battleship out of service in thirteen years. Not only this, but it is simply human nature, when one nation builds a new battleship, for the others to follow suit and try to surpass it if possible. At the very present time, what would the money Russia paid out in her late war do for the thousands who are now starving there? Fortunately the business world recognizes that we have come to the economic age when we are trying our very best, at every point, to save waste; and war is awful waste.

However, we must remember that we are fighting against prejudices inveterate for centuries. The change would, no doubt, bring up several questions. Some will ask, "What will all the soldiers and sailors do?" They will say that armies and navies are useful in giving employment; for that matter, so is a Baltimore fire, a Maryland railroad wreck or a Kingston earthquake. The murder of President McKinley gave work to doctors, bands, undertakers, florists and reporters, and it would be no more illogical to say that these things are good for the world, than to say that war is. Others will say that barrack drill educates slovenly peasants into clean, well-disciplined men. However, if there were no armies, hundreds of millions more dollars every year could be turned into schools, with proper physical training, and eventually there would be no ill-fed, slovenly classes left. Some will even say that war kills off surplus population; but there is none. The earth is so sparsely settled that its total population could be put in Texas and allow a half acre to each family.

There is one kind of war that really does determine something, and that is, struggles on the gridiron. Think of our battle with Somerville!

"This was the most unkindest cut of all;
That is, of those we had last fall."

That did decide that Somerville had a little better team than Rindge, but by no means did it decide that it was a better school, for there is no school in Massachusetts or in the whole country that can even compare with Rindge Manual Training School.

RESOLUTION, C. E. H. S.

WHEREAS, In his Divine Providence, it has seemed best to the Almighty to take away the father of our much-loved teacher, Miss Lillian C. Rogers; be it

Resolved, That we, the English High School, extend to her our sincere sympathy for her loss; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

A St. Louis lawyer attempted to conduct a case the other day while he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him, saying, "No lawyer can practice at two bars at the same time."

Two men were disputing about a proposed new graveyard.

One remarked: "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live!"

"What an obstinate man!" said the other. "If my life is spared, I will."

One of a party of friends, referring to an exquisite musical composition, said, "That song always carries me away when I hear it."

"Can anybody sing it?" asked another of the company.

Boarder: "What large chickens these are!"

Landlady: "Yes, chickens are larger than they used to be; ten years ago we couldn't pretend to get chickens as large as these."

Boarder (innocently): "No, I suppose not; these must have grown a good deal in that time."

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"A friend," was the answer.

"What do you want?"

"I want to stay here all night."

"All right; stay there, by all means," was the benevolent reply.

Item in a local newspaper: "Mr. Frederick Smith is out after a ten weeks' illness."

Query: Will he get it?

Captain: "Do you see that captain on the bridge five miles away?"

Tar: "Aye, aye, sir."

Captain: "Let him have one of those twelve-inch shells in the eye."

Tar: "Which eye, sir?"

"Man is not yet in a position to abolish war," Elihu Root once said. "There is still too much of the animal in him. Even when he seems most mild and good, he may have cruel, bestial thoughts revolving in his mind. An illustration:

"A prison chaplain one day found a convict feeding a rat.

" 'Aha!' the chaplain said, 'so you have a pet, eh?'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the convict, his hoarse voice softening, and a gentle smile illumining his hard face. 'I feed him every day. I think more of this here rat, sir, than I do of any other livin' creature.'

"The chaplain laid his hand on the convict's shoulder.

" 'In every man,' he said, 'there is something of the angel, if we can but find it. How came you to take such a fancy to this rat?'

" 'It bit the jailer, sir.' "—*Everybody's.*

"Yes, he was killed by a blow from a policeman's club."

"Sort of a hard wood finish."

A REWARD WELL EARNED.

C. T. BANKS, R. M. T. S.

Shortly after one, on a gloomy winter afternoon, the "Western Limited" shot into view around a sudden bend in the road, and swinging noisily into the little red station of Johnsville, Nev., stopped with a jerk as the brakes were released. No sooner had two passengers gotten off and deposited their handful of belongings on the little platform, than the big engine and train started wheezing out of the station again.

There they were, all alone. Nothing could have been more discouraging to Helen Dupont than this, but looking up at Jack's manly face, she said, as bravely as she could, "Let us be moving, Jack." She knew what was behind those honest gray eyes of her brother's, and she dared not speak to him while he was in his present mood.

"Well, little girl, this is where our father started in to make himself of use to the world and his family. May we succeed, following in his path."

The elder John Dupont, father of this John, had started as a young office boy in the town of Johnsville, Nev., continuing his stay there until his widowed mother died. He then felt the need of an education, but having nothing but his scant $4.00 a week and about $15 which his mother had left him, he saw but little chance for ever gaining much more than a common-school training, such as the little town school afforded. Accordingly he set to work with a will and worked in spare hours, at a town about five miles from his old home, earning barely enough to get his bread and clothes. After struggling like this for a number of years, he left this town and worked his way to a distant place, of which his friends had often spoken. Here he found work in the mines. After working at this new occupation, John Dupont became engaged and soon after married.

Two weeks previous to the starting of my story, John, who now had a son of nineteen, and a daughter of sixteen, had been working hard all day in the mines and was about to stop work when a sudden feeling overcame him, like the sweat of a man in a heavy fever. He fell and was carried home, only to die that night. The poor man had lent money here and there and had none to leave his family. Jack, accordingly, knowing his father's past life, gave up his school, from which he was that year going to graduate, and providing for his mother with what little money he got together, took his sister, as sad as they were to go, and went to the town where their father had done so much years ago.

Now to return to my starting. Jack took his belongings and those of his sister and started for a small buggy, which was standing near the platform, inquiring of the driver as to where he could find Mr. Ward. The driver, looking the lad over from head to foot, said: "Your a purty fair lookin' youngster. I guess you can get right in this here keeridge and I'll help yer to find him; but just give me yer money. Me charge is fifty cints a head, so now fork over."

Jack looked at the man and told him plainly that he could not afford it, and that he would walk.

"All right; I'm thinkin' yer'll git all ther walkin' yer want; it's goin' ter storm soon, too."

Turning to the station master, the man said: "That there boy has the looks uv old John Dupont. Poor John; I heard he was dead and left two children; d'spose they'll be comin' down to this yer place soon cause John didn't leave no money to speak uv."

The two travelers had been seen on the road by a number of townspeople, who seemed to see a likeness of the father in Jack's face. They were now nearing the wooded portion of the town, through which they must go to reach Tilden Lake, for which they were aiming. As they came to the last section of woods, horses were heard ap-

proaching from behind, and they saw a fashionable sleigh, containing a coachman and an elderly lady, whose countenance was grave, but pleasing to look at. On perceiving the two strangers, she inquired of them if they were such, and on receiving their answer she asked them politely if she might assist them. Jack immediately asked if she could tell them where Mr. Ward resided. She could not help noticing the firm lines of the young man's face, and she thought to herself, as she glanced at the fair, but white and tired little face at his side, that they must be in trouble; but what could they want to see her husband for? Suddenly a thought came to her to ask what they might want. She wondered if she dare? Yes, she would, and she did. Jack could not take offence at such a kind looking woman, so he told her of his plight in as few words as possible. They were in the sleigh now and were approaching the home of kind Mrs. Ward, who told them that she and her husband were, at one time, great friends of their father, and that Mr. Ward would be very surprised and grieved to hear of his old friend's death. The lady was visibly affected as she led the way into the library and ordered a servant to take the valises upstairs. She herself removed her wraps and went quickly to her husband's room. She found him in deep thought, and before she could say anything he told her he had news.

He told of the death of his old friend and how the little family had been left, saying, as he shaded his eyes with his palm: "We will send for the children, of course, immediately. They shall live under my roof, for as that man, John Dupont, did for me, so will I do to those he held dear."

Mrs. Ward had almost fainted, and she broke down with crying, at the same time trying to tell her husband of the afternoon's meeting. The old gentleman was overjoyed, and immediately went to receive his guests, telling them of the protection they were to have, and in turn making them feel as though Providence had done them a favor beyond belief.

Jack told Mr. Ward of his plans, to make a living for his mother, whom he could not bring with him, and that his sister was to extend her education if he could make enough; but at present she was to help him. Jack had very little money, but he knew he had the deacon's aid, as he said. The deacon, however, dismissed any idea of work for the present, for he saw how much the two travelers needed rest; he accordingly got them supper and turned them over to his wife's care. He promised, however, that he would see the influential men who had all known Mr. Dupont and were willing to help any who were his. After spending a very pleasant evening with Mrs. Dupont, the two young people retired.

During the night a howling snowstorm arose, and in the midst of it an alarm rang. It sounded very near and like the chapel bell at home; so much so, that Jack, on awakening, had to stop and think where he was. He went to the window, where his glance was immediately attracted by a glare not a quarter of a mile away. The lad had been on the volunteer department in his own town, so it was no new thing for him to hurry into his clothes and slip noiselessly out of the house and run rapidly down the lane.

On reaching the blaze he perceived an open window in the third story, from which a woman was frantically waving her arms for help. Jack, seeing that the raging wind and storm would soon turn the flames that way, rushed into their midst, up two flights of stairs, and putting his whole force to a hall door, broke it open, to find no one there. Going to the next room, he found the woman tying up a paper. She told him to save it, and then dropped limp to the floor. Jack stuffed the paper into his pocket, and catching the woman up in his arms, rushed to a rear window, from which he got out upon a roof and descended rapidly. He saw that the woman was cared for and waited around until there was nothing further for him to do. He then went back to the house and started to retire, once more, when he found the papers which he had forgotten to leave with the woman. He could not help seeing what was on the front, and as it did not appear to him to be of much importance, he read it. To his surprise, it was addressed

with his father's name. He broke it open and read:

"Mr. Dupont,

"Dear Sir:—When your father died he left a small sum. Francis Dupont had never posed as a rich man, but he had left some money in the care of Hastings Johnson, his partner. He directed him to give it to you when you became of age if you had worked hard and kept your mother provided for, to the best of your ability.

"When your mother died, you of course went away, and I, who have had the papers in regard to your father's will, could not trace you until a short while ago. It has taken me a long time to secure the original papers, which were deposited in the 'Old Vault,' as we called it, but I have them now. You will find them enclosed, and on presenting them in person at the 'Old Vault,' you may get what rightfully is yours.

"Yours truly,

"Charles Henry Burns."

Jack was bewildered. What could it all mean? It was addressed to his father, who was dead. He had not intended to read it, but of course it was the only thing to do, he had thought. He asked himself what he could do. It couldn't be much money his grandfather had left, but he must find out.

Jack lay on his bed, but could not sleep. He would get up and pace the floor, wondering what to do. It soon became light, so he went down stairs and sat in the library, where Mr. Ward soon put in his appearance.

"Well, my boy, you are up early, but you look tired."

"Mr. Ward, I have something of vital importance to speak about."

"Well, my boy, go ahead; I hope it isn't anything very serious."

Jack related his experience of the preceding night. Through all, the old gentleman had listened attentively, and he now examined the papers which Jack handed him. He of course saw at a glance the situation, and after breakfast he started out for the town with Jack by his side. The boy did not say much, as he was deep in thought.

After a short walk they arrived at the "Old Vault." Mr. Ward, after holding a consultation with one of the men, turned to Jack, saying that they were to go into the private office. When the president came in, he had with him a number of papers, old and yellow, which pertained to the case. It was soon discovered that the money was still in the keeping of the bank. Jack was asked numerous questions and was told that it would not be necessary to have a lawyer, for the case was thoroughly understood. The gentleman assured him that the matter would be looked into, and the money would probably be put into his possession within a week. It would be hard to tell how overjoyed Jack and his sister were at this good news, for they had come to the town with anything but expectancy in their hearts.

While Jack had been away, a gentleman had called, leaving word that the young man who so bravely saved his wife from almost sure death the night before was wanted by Mrs. Warren.

Jack arrived in a short while at the house of the neighbor who was caring for the unfortunate ones. Mrs. Warren had learned his identity, and gladly welcomed him. After talking about himself, she told him that he was to be rewarded for his courageous undertaking of the last night. "The fire has ruined our beautiful home, but it is still within our power to help you." The paper which Jack had got from the house was written by Mrs. Warren's father, Mr. Burns.

"You and your sister are to finish your educations, and the land where the old house stood is to be yours," she said.

Jack was unable to thank Mrs. Warren, so overcome was he. He did say, however, he knew of nothing which they could appreciate as much as this, which she was to give them.

Five days later Mrs. Dupont and her two children, or, rather, a young man and woman, walked out of the "Old Vault" with a comfortable sum, which they were to invest in a home on the land given them by Mrs. Warren.

THE LAST ACT.

G. R. ELLIOTT, R. M. T. S., '09.

The footlights brightened, a hush fell over the audience. The orchestra began a catchy air, while the curtain rose slowly for the last act. The ten-year-old bootblack beside me ceased munching his peanuts and devoted his entire attention to the stage.

The setting was the interior of a cave. Hewn from the solid rock, which somehow had an appearance of an oil painting on canvas, was a fireplace. From this, the flickering light of the gas logs shed a weird glow upon the black walls. Beside the fireplace stood a rude cupboard, in and about which lay a number of elementary cooking utensils and eatables. On the floor in front stood two improvised chairs of the soap-box type, but not a soul was yet in view.

After a few hour-like seconds of profound silence, during which the bootblack kept shifting impatiently, a rattling was heard outside the iron door, which formed the only entrance to the cavern. The door swung. Two figures entered. One of them locked it again.

The spotlight fell upon the couple who had entered. It was with a frown that my young neighbor recognized the dark burly individual as the villain. But the other? The youth could barely suppress his wrath when he discovered whose was the frail body that the brute dragged. It was the beautiful heroine!

She was bound and gagged. The villain placed her upon one of the seats. Stock-still he stood until the buzz in the audience had stopped. Then he advanced and bent to whisper in her ear. All necks craned; all listened intently.

"Now, me beauty," he puffed triumphantly, "I'm goin' ter take dis rag outern yer trap, but mind yer, ef yer yell"— He motioned significantly at the nine-inch bowie and pair of Colts protruding from his rawhide belt.

Such a forlorn look in her eyes, yet concealed behind them was a gleam of defiance. The bootblack's eyes bulged; they seemed glued to the scene. He muttered something that sounded like "Well!"

The villain broke the calm and drawled out in a chaffing voice:

"Though I'se hed ter kill tree men ter do it, I got yer in me power-r et las-st!" The final words he hissed between closed teeth; he was growing fiercer. "En I'm derter-mined," he continued, "ter make yer marry me, er become me wife, er mebbe both."

"You cowardly scoundrel! You"—she was about to say more, but checked herself. Perhaps she had cracked her voice.

On my young neighbor's brow stood beads of perspiration. So tightly were his fists clenched, that I would not have been surprised to have seen his nails sticking through the backs of his hands. As she concluded her outburst, he ejected an "Ah-h," and a faint smile appeared upon his glowing countenance.

The heroine glared at her fiendish captor with feminine contempt. The villain only grinned widely, showing his ugly, fang-like teeth. With mock commiseration, making a wretched attempt to speak consolingly to his helpless prisoner, he went on, ignoring her outburst.

"I berlieves en treatin' er gent's perspective, well, er—kinder white, et least, en—ah, er scheme!" He dashed to the cupboard. The poor heroine tugged and tugged at her bonds, but they held fast. She lifted her face piteously, aye, appealingly, to the assembly. Her earnest features and soft eyes begged for aid. The bootblack's hand dived into his hip pocket. Out it came, clutching a rusty jack-knife. Before I could interpose, it was flying toward the stage. It struck the floor with a clatter, causing the villain to give a start. The disturbance aroused the onlookers from their absorption; some snickered. As for the boy, he shrunk back in shame.

The merriment abated, the stage again claimed undivided attention. The villain reproached the girl. In one hand he held a paper and pencil; in the other a plate of doughnuts. He placed both on the box before

her. The girl looked perplexed, as did the beholders.

The monster untied her. They stood face to face; not even a sound of breathing disturbed the almost tangible silence which prevailed. The bootblack had forgotten his disgrace and leaned forward, holding grimly to the rail, now more absorbed than ever. All waited breathlessly for the fatal speech. Every eye was riveted to the hideous visage upon which the green spotlight rested. The villain's lips moved.

"I will not force yer ter marry me," he hissed. "There," pointing, "is a marriage ergreement—also, a plate uv doughnuts. I made them myself. Sign the paper or eat the doughnuts!"

The spectators were horror-stricken at this blood-curdling threat. My bootblack was nearly paralyzed; his face was deathly white; every hair on his head pointed heavenward. His mouth stood ajar.

The terrified damsel shrunk from the raving fiend. However, she quickly regained courage, composed herself, and with scorn written upon every feature, prepared to meet her awful ordeal. She drew up her Venus-like form arrogantly. Mustering all her maidenly dignity, she cried with consummate loathing:

"Marry *you!* You uncouth barbarian! *You?* Never! I'll eat the doughnuts!"

At this declaration a murmur of approbation arose from the spectators.

"Then eat them!" thundered the villain.

A clever idea struck her with staggering violence. She would devour only the holes, leaving the remainder intact. She lifted a sinker to her dainty mouth. Then the rouge left her cheeks. She exclaimed despondently:

"Alas! If I eat only the holes, I shall have eaten nothing; it is impossible to eat nothing and survive. Then again, if I eat nothing, I shall not have eaten the doughnuts. Failure to do this will result in my marriage to this malicious scoundrel, which is worse than death. Ah, if I but had a dagger or a pistol to end this miserable life of mine in peace! Any death or torture but this! Oh, my lover, that thou wert here! Lionel, Lionel, where art thou?"

By some unseen power, the gas fire was at that moment extinguished. From the fireplace emerged the dashing young hero.

Bang! The villain pitched forward, dead.

"Lionel!"

"Gwendolyn!"

The asbestos dropped 'mid frantic applause from pit and gallery, which drowned even the crashing of the orchestra and the thunder of a passing "L" train.

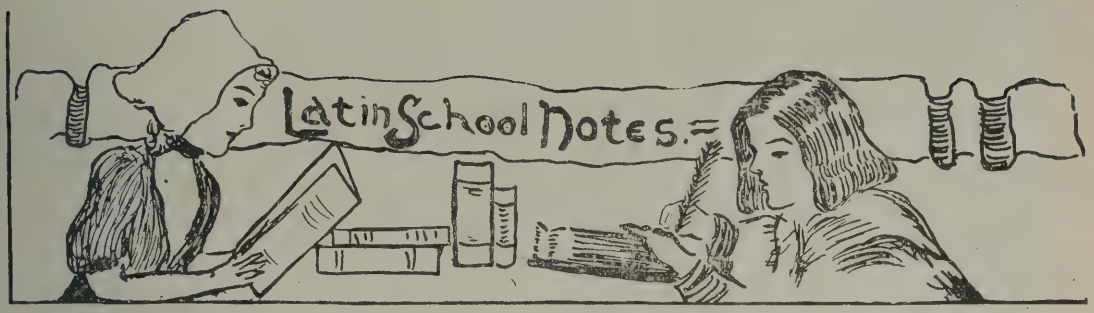
HUCKLEBERRY HOLLOW.

R. H. P., C. L. S., '08.

The reason for its being called "Huckleberry Hollow" was never obvious to my mind, as only blueberry and checkerberry bushes grow there; but it is certainly a euphonious name and indicates a very charming spot.

The way to the Hollow is up a long, rocky lane leading from the barn-yard to the back pasture; stone-walls fence it in on either side, and halfway up is a worn salt trough, rubbed smooth by persistent tongues long after the salt had disappeared. At the end of the lane stretches a great field, falling away at the right hand, but rising on the left until the sky meets it, and one feels as if the world had suddenly become one-sided. This long slope is literally blue with berries, for this is a berry farm, and its owner boasts that he "made $200 off of that pasture last season."

Cow-paths, winding among the clumps of bushes, lead up to a ridge of rocks, which cap the hill and shut off all further view until their top is reached. Then a beautiful scene appears: far away on the horizon great Squam Lake glistens in the sun; much nearer is a little town, a river crossed by a smoky railway bridge, and a forest. But the prettiest part of the picture is the nearest. The shining quartz rocks come to an abrupt end, and at their base is a little dell, cool and inviting in the shadows of the surrounding evergreens. This is Huckleberry Hollow.



1907.

How we love the volitive subjunctive!

Nestor would not have liked to confess that he had any means of hospitality, because then he would have had to furnish the dinner.

"Tria guttura pandens"—"Extending his three mouths."

Es tut uns leid zu erfahren, dass Herr Gilkey so dicht ist, dass er durch die Drehräder nicht fahren kann.

Hector addressed him with scornful words: "Oh, woman"—

"He mingled the hero among the rocks."

We are surprised at Barton's *"unartige Wesen."*

Δμῳῆσι γυναιξίν—"Female women-servants."

Beer is what you want!

The gender of Mann is feminine.

The latest contributions to the modern Homeric grammar are the future voice and the imperative tense.

"If he thinks he can prove it, prove to him that he can't."

Found.—A place where girls are silent (German debates).

"He burned him up,—he burned him down,—he cremated him."

How tender are the little phrases
Which 'Neas unto Dido says!
And how we love to sing their praises!
We'd gladly do it all our days.

How did Cerberus know which of his three mouths to eat his cake with?

"They marched backward"—

Those wireless telegrams better be reserved until later.

Echoes from higher math.:
$100 = 100$.
$99 + 1 = 99 + 1$.
Transpose $99 - 99 = 1 - 1$.
Factor $99(1 - 1) = 1(1 - 1)$.
Cancel $99 = 1$.

Pupil: "There is never an end of words."
Teacher: "I sometimes think so."

Two physics exams within three days! That's spreading it pretty thick.

"The chine of a pig, blooming with fatness."

We were all glad to see Miss Batchelder in the hall the other day.

1908.

Division E, discussing Samuel Johnson:
Teacher: "He eagerly devoured hundreds of pages of Petrarch."
P-k-r (a little anxiously): "Isn't that used figuratively?"

R-b-s: "Shall we put Johnson's marriage under the topic 'Attempts to Earn a Living'?"

Division II's modern declension of Apollo: "Apollo, Apollonaris."

Miss Pennell has been elected captain of the Varsity basket-ball team for next year.

"J'ai peur de la viande."

Miss B—— is evidently not in sympathy with the spelling reform.

"Foliis notas mandat"—"She writes notes on leaves." She had probably been told that she could not have another block that month.

English definitions:
Jack = donkey.
Demagogue = a kind of church.

"The deserted Greek fastened his cloak with a thorn, for lack of a pin."

1909.

According to our Latin translations, serpents possess "lips, crescents, large curls, immense orbs and the power of shedding tears."

A new kind of cloth heard from, made of oak-trees!

Heard in French: *"Le jeune homme a une élégante taille"*—"The young man has an elegant tail."

"Miseros morsu depascitur artus"—"By a bite, it tastes his miserable limbs." (Rather literal.)

"In what manner did Socrates end his life?"
"He died."

An improvement on Shakespeare:
"And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."
N-n's version:
"And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his *sweetheart's mouth!*"

"Innuptae puellae"—"Young girls."
"How do you know they were young?"

"An unexpected snake, with sea-green breast on a thorn."

"The enemies recovers themself!"

"The vaulted rooms shriek with feminine cries."

Head massage treatment given free by R. W-te.

Any one in need of money go to K-e-g-n on Monday mornings.

The theme notices in Room 12 excite so much interest that there will soon be need of policemen to keep the crowd back.

Huge diamonds (?) on the masculine portion of Division II are getting numerous.

A-d-w will inform any one who may wish to know how to bait an *Angel.*

Division III is very ingenious, especially in doing French sight translation.

Clark tells us in French: "I will marry myself."
Don't do anything rash.

Division III, don't say anything funny. Miss W-t-rs will have it in the REVIEW.

Miss R-w-s, you know it always takes two to make a quarrel.

Zeroes are *nothing* to M-y-r compared with intellectual rest.

G-a-s-e-n (translating): "My mule that *died*—er—my mule that *bit*."

Miss W-t-s, where do you go fourth hour?

"Miss Hands" is very much in evidence during history recitation.

H-rr-s doesn't like cloves, but salted peanuts are another story.

Why will not "Harold" attend the social, Miss C-b-n? How strange, how very, very strange!

This is a considerable improvement over last month's crop of notes, 1909. Keep it up.

1910.

Did C-hir need to hear Cæsar's little temperance lesson?

Is he red-headed, O-m-by?

Marrett gives us the following translation in French class: *"Il faisait à merveille le kislitschi, préparait les concombres salés"*—"He made a kind of beer prepared from stale cucumbers."

Ask Miss McC-y what a "semikirkle" is?

Miss C-m-r-o-d, study hours are to study in.

It would be a great loss to the girls who use the coat-room leading from Room 6 if the mirror were broken.

Ask Shaw whose salted peanuts he ate.

Ask Miss W-rt-n if she ever got a lemon out of the garden of love, where she thought only peaches grew.

Where does Miss R-sa stay during her study hours?

"It" has left our class. How sad!

Ma-cle to the rescue!

Miss M-t-n's favorite color is Green(e).

1911.

According to McN-ugh-r, Catharine of Aragon married Anne Boleyn.

Heard in English: "Miss C-rr, why is *couple* used incorrectly in that sentence?"
Miss C-rr: "Because *couples* are generally people."

Balc-m, do you know your name yet?

Is-c's writing has improved considerably.

Who is the artist in Room 7?

Miss Gr-ust-n, Adams is a very entertaining neighbor, but he certainly *isn't* worth a half hour after school.

Is-c was learning to fly in Room 10 the other morning.

Heard in history class: "The archbishop was empty"—

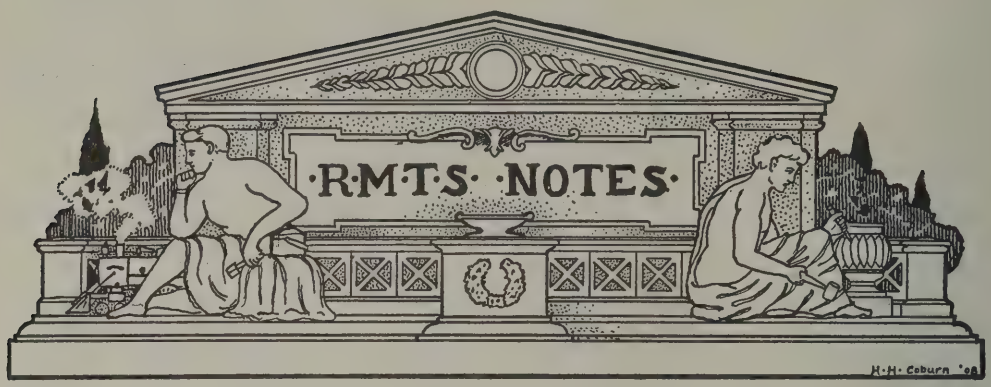
Teacher: "Who was Matilda?"
Miss D-r-n: "She was the son of Henry I."

In algebra:
Teacher: "Miss D-v-s, how much older are you now than you were five years ago?"
Miss D-v-s: "Three."

Why don't we hear more about the history per cents?

Teacher: "Why did you forget your book?"
O-s-n: "Because I didn't remember it."

The most profitable hours which McN-u-r spends in school are from 1.30 to 2 o'clock.



1907.

We shall soon close our program on speeches. Warren S. Henderson, "The Proposed Cape Cod Canal"; Albert O. Wilson, "The Bessemer Converter"; Maurice Macpherson, "England to France by Tunnel"; Joseph C. Griffin, "The Boston Ship Canal."

Miss Ellis: "Well, Mr. Miles, I see that your recitations with Mr. Hill are fruitless."
Miles: "Not by a long sight. Every day he hands me a lemon."

Mr. Hill admires the remarkable skill with which the parts for the drama were chosen.

Senior definitions for butterflies that fly in the night: moths, fire-flies, June-bugs, mosquitoes.

What does "Pinkie" need most, a mouth regulator, a dog muzzle, a condenser, a safety valve or a time clock?

Charles H-ing-n is not interested in the fact that the fair sex was not on the stage before 1696.

We do not know the names of many trees. They all look alike as kindling wood.

It is rather convenient to have the spring fever at certain times.

"He sees everything through a poor stomach."

Morris (Mabel) is a good singer — very ladylike.

King informs us that, as we study in a heated room, our brains are expanded.

Currents come from an electric plant.

1908.

The time has come when fellows desiring to try for positions on the REVIEW for the next season must begin to work. Any fellow in our class is eligible to try for a place. File your application at once, signifying your intention to try for one, and stating which it is, and speak with the men holding the positions at present. Kenneth Carman is trying for the managership. Let every fellow support him, for with your help he can get it just as easily as a fellow from one of the other schools. Hand to him any advertisements you are able to get. You will receive twenty per cent, and at the same time help him.

We have not space enough in this column, and, if there were, we could not say nice enough things in regard to the Senior drama, "Half-back Sandy." But we wish to extend, as a class, our hearty congratulations to the class of 1907, to all those who may have had anything to do with the production, and those who helped to make it a success. Bravo for 1907.

Christman will be able to tell what sort of a vegetable a policeman's beat is.

Who will give that lemonade? Sennott.

The surrender at Appomattox, says Nagle, was called off in 1765.

It remains to be seen what the class of 1908 can produce in the dramatic line. We feel that, with such good examples set us by other classes, we should hold up the standard of Rindge Seniors. We can do it, and we will.

All who noticed the exhibition of the work of the Manual Training evening school, and who are in the machine shop or, in fact, in any shop, could not help but see the perfection in the workmanship. It was certainly a good collection.

The zeroes seem to fall more rapidly now than ever in that second general history class. The cause is still unknown, strange as it may seem.

A short recess is better than none at all.

Three states were carried by the Democrats. Sennott: "I can carry one state and go through two."

In an address (March 6, 1907) Weber set forth his ideas on the subject of depression. He thought that the literary man who sat behind the table was not wise; but alas, poor Weber had to start anew, for his views were entirely personal. We wonder why?

"A mere pernicious abstraction," said Carman.

Carman is rapidly growing to be popular as an artist. My, what will it be next! That lad is in more and more demand every day.

"And thus, at the flaming forge of life," "Willy," the noble boy.

"To the south, sixty miles away, rose the fire and flames."

"This is a beautiful job," said John. And with that he threw down his instruments and—

"The Challenge," received and accepted. Will meet all comers at an hour's notice.—CHARLES.

At a class meeting, held Thursday, March 28, after school, Carl T. Banks, who has been our president during the last two years, read his resignation. He is to leave school to enter the employ of the Bay State Trust Company, where we wish him every success. Hunnewell, who has been vice-president, will serve as president during the rest of the year.

1909.

One of our historians says that the difference between the Ordinance of 1785 and that of 1787 was two years.

Heard in shops: "Wot cher makin'?"

A racket was heard in the back of the room in French.

"J-ff-ry, you were responsible for that noise. Did you laugh, or what?"

There are several aspiring alleged dailies in the different divisions of our class. Specimens are the *Lunatic,* the *Bugle,* the *Cribber* and *L'Etoile L'Orient.*

Mr. B—— is in favor of our using more jaw-breakers. He must be an agent for Omega oil.

The second basses should do the snoring in the song, "She Sleeps."

Br-wn: "What do I do now?"
Mr. N——: "Well, you haven't done it yet."

Mr. B——: "You are a little hazy on that, aren't you, Hazel?"

Pupil in algebra, reading ab^2: "*A* to the wunth power, *B* to the tooth powder."

When a fellow hammers his finger in shops and says, "I've killed myself," that is an hyperbola.

Bell had to be told (tolled) in history.

There was a young man named Tip;
His hair grew most down to his hip.
He was chased by the barber
Till blocked in his harbor,
And the barber went "clip, clip, clip."

According to one fellow, there had to be five thousand male men in a community before it could have a legislature, under the Ordinance of 1787.

Mr. H——: "Remember he is smaller than you are."
J-m-s: "That's why I want to beat him."

Heard in history: "Only five states showed up, but there were others on the way."

A common expression of Division IIIC: "Have you paid your dime?"

Mr. H—— needs practice in breaking up tandem plays.

B-ll-ch-: "A clue!"

Mr. B——: "She is a vocal singer."

Two negatives make an affirmative. If a young man has proposed and been refused twice, did she accept him?

"You haff too much ego in your cosmos."

A book of Bacon is one to be "chewed and digested."

He got it free gratis; didn't cost him a cent.

1910.

Fellows, can you take a hint? If you can, get to work.

Ask E-dy what kind of weather they have in IV*A*.

Overheard in drawing: "Come, Mahoney, wake up; you won't be with us the 4th of July."

Mr. K——'s tête-à-têtes are well attended.

A Busniess Card.—For the best fresh-fish stories of every description, apply to Pe-y.

Aunt Hannah is still on the grind.

P-ri-er of Division G hasn't been up the rusty track for some time. We wonder why?

Mr. G——: "Hadley, please take your seat."
Hadley: "Certainly."

Hadley and Andrews have been christened the Sandwich Twins.

In English, pupil reciting from "Tale of Two Cities":
Dr. Manette exclaimed: "What shall I do? I have not finished those shoes."
Deep voice from rear: "Get a new pair."

Where do all those daily papers, such as the *Crimson, Megaphone, Record, News, Financial* and *American,* come from?

All doors must be closed in Room G the first hour, as "Arthur" might catch cold.

In English, while a theme was being read: "Then we sat down in the store and ate pies, cakes, puddings," etc.
Voice: "Where did you think you were, home?"

Mr. K——: "Who did it?"
Witty: "Soapine."

Mr. H——: "If you lose a book, it will cost a dollar bill."
Abel: "Can't you pay it with a silver dollar?"
Mr. H——: "Abel has cracked a joke; put it in the secretary's report."

"And then Ellen's father came forward, and she jumped on his neck—I mean fell on his neck—and kissed him."

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1907.

Only a few more months. Make the best of them!

Where are the class notes?

"Six little Teddy bears
To school on Thursday came,
And when they sat on teacher's desk
She asked them to remain."
We wonder why!

"Perhaps Uneeda biscuit, Ruggles!"

We have quite a menagerie in the cooking class, consisting of chickens, clams, oysters, mice and even *Teddy* bears.

Definition of *habeas corpus:*
Habeas is the name written on the back of the deed.
Corpus is the man who serves the warrant.

Our class is noted for its *frequent* socials.

Mystery: Who pinned the notice, "Can't You See I'm Lonely," on the cow?

How is the mouse, Miss F-s-d-n?

English: "A hart (heart) is a deer (dear)."

We extend our congratulations to the following: Miss Louise Forrest, valedictorian; Miss Mary Harrington, Salutatorian; Mr. Oswald Hornsby, historian.

1908.

"Miss ——, please hold the stove."

German: "You eat a line (*allein*)." Who wants to be a goat?

Miss Sh-w, what has become of your friend lately?

"To whom are you whispering now, C-rr?"

It is very evident that Miss R-ce can't control her head the fifth hour.

Some of us are still suffering from "swell-headedness" over our reports.

Division ——, hereby take warning and close the window. It would be terrible if our *only* boy should be blown out.

Mary and Bernice had a fine time at the library the other day.

Have you got your Teddy bear, Miss Cooper?

There aren't any *little* boys in our class now, are there, R-wley?

"Experience is a great teacher," Miss F-r-f-y.

Miss B-gg-ne *really* laughs at funny things.

How does Carroll like his new seat?

The "heavenly twins" now have new seats in shorthand.

"Soak 'em, Gladdie."

"Will you read about the war in Sicily, Olson?"
"I can't read."

German: *"Ein Fischlein"*—"A fishline."

Advice to beginners in French: Don't air your French too much or it will become oxidized and grow rusty.

1909.

We haven't had a social yet!

Miss D-n-ls, what is the attraction at Latin School?

Who drew the picture for Mr. ——'s album?

Miss Ek-a-r- is the class artist.

Teddy bears are all the fad in Room 10.

Our ornament in the physics class is Miss Cro-i-.

She is not dead, but sleepeth,—1909 class notes.

1910.

We regret to say that a favorite classmate, Miss Helen Grimshaw, is sick with appendicitis. We hope that she will recover soon, as we miss her very much.

Problem: M P F + W E B = ?

Why is Miss R-sh like Queen Elizabeth? Because R-le-gh is one of her favorites.

Miss Cr-n-n does not have a reserved seat by the window the fourth hour now.

Where does Miss Mu-p-y get her chocolates?

I like my books, I like my play,
I like good taffy candy;
But best of all the things I like
Is McL-ugh-in's chocolate candy.

"Fie! Fie!" Miss Cr-n-n, how do you pronounce it?

Won't you take a Tripp with me to Room 23?

D-Wo-f doesn't appreciate a free lunch when he gets one.

Why is Room 15 such an attraction to Miss O'H-r- on certain days?

Marianne or Marion?

The idea of Miss D-f-y hitting Wa-n-r with her desk cover!

Who said fresh air? Plenty of it in Room 5.

G-e-e says his watch is on a "strick."

Arrah Wanna (Warner), on my honor,
There's a button off your shoe;
I'll be kind and true
And sew it on for you.

"Did you ask us how we liked our new minister, Miss A-g-l?"

Glasses are very becoming to D-W-.

"G-e-e, pay attention to penmanship and not to Miss Da-is."

Frequently heard in second-hour Latin class: "Miss ——, please take a seat at the side of the room."

Some of the girls have proved themselves to be "budding spring poetesses."

ATHLETICS.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Crew.

This has always been one of our most popular sports, as was evidenced on Feb. 19, when the candidates for the crew were called out in the Latin School gymnasium. For, on that day, about twenty men reported and have been working hard ever since. There was some doubt at first as to the possibility of having a crew at all, because the Metropolitan Park Commission refused a location for the boat-houses on the river. But, later, a permit was granted for a site, just below Harvard Bridge. The expense has been more than doubled, and contributions will be very acceptable to Gray, the captain. The following men have reported: Goodale, Ellis, Stratton, Harlow, Harris,

Welch, Parker, Hales, Chamberlin, Maricle, A. Boynton, H. Boynton, Brennan, Gozzaldi, Lang, Hubbard, O'Connor, Davies, Whittemore, Downing, Simpson, Graustein, Champagne, Wheeler and Gray (captain). Goodale rowed bow last year, and Gray was the stroke. Ellis rowed two on the second. These are the only men who have rowed, but we are expecting a good crew, because everybody is interested and is working hard. Of last year's crew, three rowed on the Boston Interscholastic Eight (Beard, Goodale and Gray). Goodale will probably go out for it again this year.

Baseball.

The first call for baseball candidates was isued Friday, March 29, and the following "23" men reported on the Common: Babson, Reeves, Blackall, Peterson, Coon, Joyce, Kimball, Robbins, Hands, Duvey, Donovan, Lynch, Paul, Davis, Huling, Parry, Volk, Lincoln, Mahler, Hodges, Keegan, Close and Chase (captain). Of these, Chase, Babson and Reeves played last year, while the others have either played on some small teams or have not played at all. There are five Seniors out, six men from 1908, seven from 1909, and five from the two lowest classes, which should do much better. Harold Stiles, last year's captain, is going to coach, and may be relied upon to get the best out of the fellows. We are hoping that the baseball team and the crew will make up for the poor showing in other branches of sport, and the best that we, the pupils of the school, can do is to attend all the games.

C. L. S. BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Noble & Greenough, April 10.
Dorchester, April 13.
Waltham, April 19.
Groton, April 20.
Volkman, April 22.
St. Mark's, April 27.
Roxbury Latin, April 30.
Pomfret, May 4.
Harvard (Second), May 8.
Somerville, May 11.
Wakefield, May 15.
Gloucester, May 18.
Newton, May 21.
Brookline, May 24.
R. M. T. S., May 27.
Newton, June 4.
Brookline, June 7.
Arlington, June 10.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Baseball.

On Monday, March 11, a call for candidates for the baseball team was made. About twenty-five men reported. The pitchers and catchers began work the next day. Those trying for the position of pitcher are Weber, Griffin, McLean, Hunt, Carman and Jones. The candidates for catch are O'Brien, Horgan and Green.

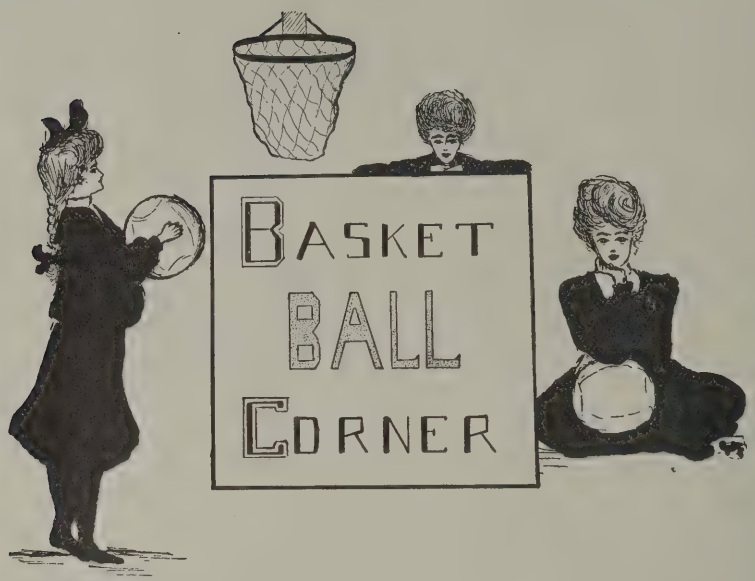
Arthur Sharkey, who is taking a post-graduate course at the school, was appointed to the position of temporary coach, until a permanent coach could be selected. Under Sharkey's direction, the pitchers were put in shape for outdoor work, which began during the third week of March.

On Wednesday, the 27th, the entire squad reported for practice on the Common. The squad was of fair size, but for the most part was new material. There are but four of last year's men out for the team. The most important positions to be filled are pitch and catch.

A list of the candidates follows: Raymond, Easley, Skilton, Carman, A. Green, Jones, O'Brien, Horgan, H. Green, Kronenburg, Watkins, Griffin, Hunt, McLean, Weber, Harrington, Hugelman, Farrington, MacDonald, W. E. Allen, J. J. Hayes, Leland, Fabian, Caldwell and Abel.

Track Team.

Arrangements will soon be made for a class track meet, to be held probably in May. Plans are already being made for a track meet during the spring, between Somerville High, Somerville Latin and Training School. Further particulars will be given in the next issue of the REVIEW.



C. H. S. BASKETBALL.

C. H. S. 3. Radcliffe Freshmen 3.

The line-up:

C. H. S.	Radcliffe, '10.
Goals.	
Miss Sullivan (captain)	Miss Derry (captain)
Miss Purcell	Miss Cole
Miss Higgins	Miss Kennedy
Centres.	
Miss Grebenstein	Miss Walley and Miss Stedman
Miss Riley	Miss Harris
Miss Husband	Miss Ellis
Guards.	
Miss Porter	Miss Odlin
Miss Kelleher	Miss Stockton
Miss Russell	Miss Foster

Score: C. H. S. 3, Radcliffe Freshman 3. Goals: Miss Cole and Miss Purcell. Free goals: Miss Derry and Miss Sullivan.

Linesmen.

Miss Martin Miss Cahill

Referees.

Miss Wright Miss Howard

Radcliffe Juniors 22. C. H. S. 17.

Goals.	
Miss Minton (captain)	Miss Sullivan
Miss Dinsmore	Miss Purcell
Miss Mooar	Miss Higgins
Centres.	
Miss Knowlton	Miss Grebenstein
Miss Howes	Miss Husband
Miss Tuckerman	Miss Riley
Guards.	
Miss Smith	Miss Russell
Miss Cox	Miss Porter
Miss Duffy	Miss Kelleher
Linesmen.	
Miss Doyle	Miss Cahill
Miss Martin	Miss Frank

Referees.

Miss Wallis Miss Howard

On the whole, the game was played very well, and the school was, as usual, well represented.

"I told her that I was burning with love for her."

"What did she do?"

"She called her father, and he put me out."

Mary had a little lamb,
For which she did not care;
She took it back to be exchanged,
And got a Teddy bear.

Landlady: "The coffee, I am sorry to say, is exhausted."

Boarder: "Ah, yes, poor thing! I was expecting that. I've noticed that for some time it hasn't been strong."

He: "I am rather more in favor of the English than the American mode of spelling."

She: "Yes?"

He: "Yes, indeed! Take 'parlour,' for instance; having 'u' in it makes all the difference in the world."

Professor: "What is electricity?"

Student: "I knew last night, but I can't remember just now."

Professor: "Ye gods! The only man who ever knew has forgotten!"

Teacher: "How are you feeling?"
Pupil: "Spiritualistic."
Teacher: "How's that?"
Pupil: "Medium."

Puella Nigrensis ridebat
Quam tigris in dorso vehebat
Externa profecta
Interna revecta
Et risus cum tigre manebat.

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HAPGOODS

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The teacher was taking a class in the infant Sabbath-school room and was making her pupils finish each sentence to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it could not—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it could not—"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips," she said, "but it could not—"

"Speak," once more replied the children.

"It had a nose, but it could not—"

"Wipe it," shouted the children; and the lesson had to stop a moment.

"Gracious, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Slangey, "You surely haven't brought any one home to dinner!"

"Sure!" replied Slangey, "Haven't you got any grub for them?"

"Why, no, you told me this morning you'd bring home a couple of lobsters for dinner and—."

"Well, that's them in the parlor."

"May I ask if I am in the market for a bid for your affections?" asked the youth who did everything in a businesslike way.

"You must go to par before I can take any stock in your offer," answered the dutiful broker's daughter.

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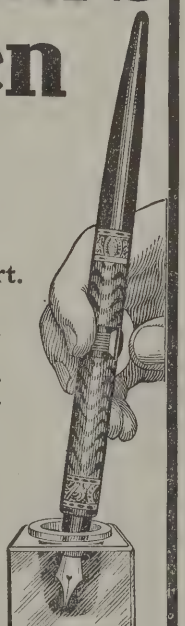

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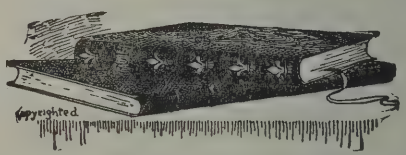

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS. MAY, 1907

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

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Edgar J. Smith 1900

Number 8

Volume XXI

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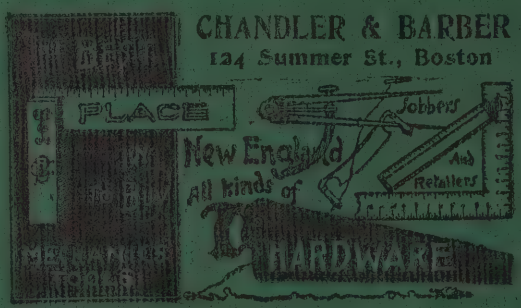

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI **No. 8**

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, May, 1907

EDITORIALS.

Following the custom established several years ago, the class of 1906 gave a drama in aid of the Latin School Athletic Association. The date was April 5. This was during the Easter recess, which may have been unwise; but this furnishes no adequate cause for the smallness of the attendance. There were, doubtless, some who could not be present; but if the proper spirit had been shown by those who could have come, the Newtowne Clubhouse would have been packed to the doors. It is a good deal for college students to do, to give up the time and effort necessary to produce even the simplest drama, to say nothing of such an elaborate performance as was given the other night. The least that we can do, then, to show our appreciation for their work in behalf of our athletics is to see to the financial side, and to take care that there is a good attendance. The school spirit of the pupils of the Latin School has never been what it should be. This last manifestation of lack of spirit, however, surpasses anything that has gone before. We were ashamed of our school. None of the other dramas this year has been so poorly supported, and yet none of them has, of itself, been more worthy of support. It gives us a feeling of malicious satisfaction to think that those who lack interest in the school enough to stay away missed one of the finest performances of the year. Besides, it will be no great inducement to future classes to undertake such a task, to know that possibly, instead of contributing anything to the athletic fund, it may be necessary for them to draw on their own resources to make up a deficit. It would be no great cause for surprise if the next graduating class should decline to take any risk of the kind.

How true it is that pride goes before a fall! After our exultation last month over the fact that at the Training School drama there was no smoking, we are forced to the humiliating confession that the graduate drama backslid, and that the cigarette was much in evidence there. We may be getting a little "cranky" on this subject, but it is something which by no means should be tolerated. As we said last month, the Training School drama proved that smoking can be prevented, so we must hold responsible those who were in charge the other night. Inasmuch as that was the last drama of the year, it is of no use to say anything in the hope of correcting the fault at the next drama. However, we wish to record once again our strong disapproval of smoking at dramas, and to express our sincere hope that next year's editor may find no text for such a course of sermons as we have been preaching.

In the April issue we printed an article on "Arbitration," by Arthur B. Richardson, R. M. T. S., '07. This, no doubt, seemed familiar to members of the Training School. Mr. Richardson kindly revised and gave us a copy of the speech on that subject, which

he delivered in the hall, and we printed it. As this custom of senior speeches may not be thoroughly understood by members of the other schools, we shall say a few words in explanation. For several years the members of the successive senior classes at the Manual Training School have been in the habit of giving five-minute talks on current topics. These talks are delivered before the school as a part of the morning exercises, usually one or more each week. The speaker looks up his subject, beginning several weeks before the date assigned him, and writes out his information and commits it to memory.

This furnishes to the boys who take part in it with a training which can be obtained in no other way, for it is well known that the only way to learn to speak easily in public is to speak. The practice is similar, in a measure, to that given in a debating society, of which we spoke last month. There is one important difference, however, in favor of the debating society. While such speaking as we have been discussing gives self-confidence and prevents stage-fright if a person is called on for a few words on any occasion, the debating-society training gives him, in addition, the power to *think on his feet*. Besides the debating society, which we strongly advocate, it seems to us that it would be an excellent idea to extend this practice of speaking in the hall.

During the Easter recess we learned that one of our class editors, Carl T. Banks, R. M. T. S., '08, had left school to go to work. We were very sorry to hear of this, as Mr. Banks has always been one of the most faithful and efficient members of our staff. He was appointed when he was a freshman, when the Training School first entered the REVIEW, and has served ever since. He knew the work thoroughly, and will be a great loss to us. His place will be taken for the rest of the year by Kenneth V. Carman.

Perhaps some pupils of the Latin School may be unaware of the fact that there is a chess club in the school, as it has not been very widely advertised. It is true, nevertheless, and the club is in a moderately flourishing condition, having held two tournaments already this year. It is desirable to increase the membership, if possible, and applications for admission will be gladly received. Application should be made to the secretary of the club, Edwin M. Chamberlin, of the class of 1907.

The dates of graduation for the different schools, as fixed by the High School Committee, were as follows: English High School, Friday, June 14; Manual Training School, Thursday, June 20; Latin School, Saturday, June 22. The lateness of the date set for the Latin School graduation called forth considerable remonstrance from the members of the graduating class, especially owing to the fact that the Harvard examinations begin the following Monday. When Mr. Bradbury realized this feeling, he called a meeting of the class and announced that he would not stand in the way of the desires of the members of the class, and that they might name their own date for graduation. Accordingly, at another meeting, held the next day, it was decided to have the graduation a week earlier; that is, Saturday evening, June 15. Mr. Bradbury's attitude throughout was one of the utmost fairness and consideration, and the warmest thanks of the class are due him.

According to custom, the June number of the REVIEW will be of extra size, probably containing sixty pages, instead of the usual forty. It will contain class hits and class pictures of the senior classes, and other special features. Owing to the extra amount of work involved, both in editing and in printing, it has been deemed advisable to set the date for copy a week earlier than usual. Copy for the June number must be in by the close of school on Friday, May 17. Thus plenty of time will be allowed for the additional work, so that the paper may come out on time, if possible.

Either by accident or through a perverted sense of humor, some one has broken the REVIEW box which was formerly near the front door of the Latin School. Until it can be repaired, notes may be left in the other REVIEW box, which is in the library, near the door into Mr. Bradbury's office.

JUANITA.

E. H. THOMPSON, R. M. T. S., '08.

"Ay, Dios mio! Nita, why are you so sad?"

"Oh, Matilda, I can't help being sad. I want to go to Merida to study in the schools there, but father says it would cost too much; the crops have been poor this year, and money is scarce."

"But why are you so anxious to study more?"

"Since the first day that I went to Don Pablo's school, I have had a deep longing to become a teacher. Yesterday afternoon, as I was going to the store to buy a new *reboso,* I met old Don Pablo. He seemed very glad to see me and said to me: 'Nita, I am growing too old to teach; my hand is not as steady as it used to be, and my voice is weak and broken. The day is not very far when I must say good-by to the school and live the quiet life of an old man. It would be a never-ending joy in my old age, my dear, if you could take my place at the little school, for I know of no one who is better loved by children. But I fear the little learning that I have given you is not sufficient. Go to Merida, if you can, and study in the schools there.' But, alas, dear Matilda, that is beyond my hope now."

"For some time past Juanita, better known as 'Nita,' and her friend, Matilda, had faithfully attended a little school of which an old man, known as 'Don Pablo,' was master. But the only learning that this old *maestro* could boast of, was what he picked up during a year's stay in Merida, the nearest city to the little *pueblo* of Ticul, in the southern part of Mexico.

Unlike most Mexican girls of her class, Juanita had a great thirst for "book learning," and she devoured with eagerness the bits of knowledge with which Don Pablo could feed her. But not long afterwards Nita's troubles began. One day, just as she was starting for home, the old teacher came to her and said, in his kindly way, *"Mi querida* Nita, I fear it is useless for you to come any more to this school, for I feel there is nothing more I can teach you." These words came to her like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

But then a new thought came to her, which made life seem bright once more—for a while. She had often heard her teacher talk about the beautiful schools in Merida, and she now resolved to go hither to finish her education.

Her disappointment was great, however, when her poor, hardworking father reminded her that he did not have the necessary means to carry out her desire. This is why Matilda found her in such an unhappy mood when they met by the well.

One pleasant afternoon, as Nita was watering the sweet-scented native flowers that grew before the little hut which had been her home for many years, she saw her father coming home from work with a small basket under his arm, and smiling more than usual.

"Take this basket, *mi querida hija,"* he said; "a friend of mine gave it to me for you."

With trembling hands, Nita undid the cover of the basket, and she could hardly suppress a shout of joy and astonishment when she saw a cunning little monkey looking up at her with almost as much surprise.

Nita and Pico, the monkey, soon became very good friends, and the young Mexican maid spent many pleasant hours teaching her intelligent pet several tricks. Sometimes on pleasant afternoons they would play ball with oranges or anything else that could be used for the same purpose. But, like many a human youth, Pico soon became vain of his skill in "pitching," and often surprised his gentle mistress by flinging at her everything that he could lay his hands on, without waiting for an invitation.

About two months afterwards, Ticul celebrated the completion of the railroad between Merida and this pueblo. As it passed near Nita's home, she often went, before its com-

pletion, to sell fruit to the workmen, and incidentally to watch them lay the long, shining rails, which sometimes, after being exposed to the tropical sun for any length of time, were so hot that the men gladly made use of old rags to protect their hands when handling them.

One day Nita went, as usual, to this place of activity, with a basket of delicious oranges and bananas upon her head. For the first time, she took her pet monkey along with her. He showed his gratitude for this unwonted outing by getting into all the mischief that he could.

Though the day was unusually warm, the workmen were all busy; some diligently leaning on their shovels, while others were just as earnestly employed in diminishing the contents of a good-sized bottle, which flew from mouth to mouth with a wonderful swiftness. After selling most of her fruit, Nita started for home; but she had not gone very far when she heard the whistle of an approaching train. Hoping to sell the rest of her fruit to the passengers, she turned back and waited for the train to arrive.

With a good deal of unnecessary whistling and clanging of the bell, the engine finally stopped, with a jerk, a short distance from the terminal of the road—for as yet no station had been built. Besides the regular coaches and freight cars, it also brought a handsome special car, from which came out a number of finely dressed men. At first Nita wondered who they could be; but she was not left in doubt long, for she soon heard some one say that they were the owners and officers of the road, and had come to determine the site for a station they were going to build.

A few minutes later the party went to view a piece of land which happened to be near a spot where some men were preparing to blast a large rock. As Nita stood near the party, listening to an interesting description of the magnificent station that they were going to build there, she saw a man place a small, wooden box on the ground a short distance from her, and then turn back towards a tool shed. Pico, too, noticed this mysterious box, and he was not satisfied until he was "monkeying" with the contents. A moment later, when Nita happened to look in that direction, she saw her pet monkey with his arms full of some queer, yellow sticks, that looked like short wax candles. Before she could prevent him, he began to assail her with these strange objects. Fearing that they might be injured by falling against the stones, the lithe, little black-eyed maiden did her best to catch them, though sometimes they were thrown so "wild" that she almost missed them.

When this little game was well under way, some of the members of the party happened to notice it, and one of them cried out, very much amused, "Look at this little girl playing with her monkey." But he had hardly finished this sentence when his pleasure was changed to horror, for he suddenly discovered that the objects that were sailing through the air were sticks of dynamite, each one powerful enough to blow up the whole party, and more, too. Too horrified to move, he watched the clever little Mexican as she jumped to catch the last missile.

"*Gracias à Dios,* it is all over," they cried out excitedly.

They could hardly find words enough to thank Nita, who did not know what to make of it. She had expected a scolding for allowing her pet to disturb the contents of the box.

Next week Nita was happily established in the best school in Merida. You ask, perhaps, how she got there? Listen, then, to what she tells one of her new friends.

"*Ay, si, señorita,* the good gentlemen that own the railroad to Ticul are paying my expenses. They are *buenos señores.*"

GRADUATE DRAMA.

On April 5 the graduates of the class of 1906, according to custom, gave a drama and dance, of which the proceeds will be given to the Cambridge Latin School Athletic Association. Two short plays were presented, instead of one long one, as is the custom. The plays given were "Cicely's Cavalier" and "Tommy's Wife."

It was a little unfortunate that the drama should have been given during the vacation, as, no doubt, there were some out of town, who might otherwise have attended. But even this does not furnish any adequate excuse for the small audience; for at this drama, which should have had a crowded house, both on account of its own excellence and of the cause for which it was given, the numbers were less than at any other this year. Those who stayed away have double cause for regret, for they missed some of the finest acting which it has been our privilege to see this year.

The shorter of the two dramas, "Cicely's Cavalier," was presented first. It is a one-act comedy, of the time of the wars between the adherents of Charles I and the parliamentary forces. Major Widdrington, on account of a letter found on the person of his captive, Captain Richard Carewe, offers the latter the choice of marrying the major's cousin, Cicely Widdrington, or being shot within an hour. Though both Cicely and the Captain refuse at first, after a short time in each other's society they change their minds, with the usual results. Dame Mehetabel's love for Nehemiah Saxby furnishes an amusing side-issue. While the plot was rather familiar, the strange costumes and the ancient style of speech made the play interesting. The cast:

Major Stephen Widdrington, in the Service of the Parliament.....LAMBERT SMALL
Captain Richard Carewe, of the Royal Horse
JAMES A. ECCLES
Nehemiah Saxby.....EDWIN H. JOSE, JR.
Cicely Widdrington.....MARIAN GRAGG
Dame Mehetabel.....EDITH BURRAGE

SCENE.—In Major Widdrington's garden.

The generally accepted definition of "criticism" is "finding fault." If this were true, we should make no attempt to write a "criticism" of "Tommy's Wife," as presented by the class of 1906. The cast was excellent, without exception, and it is difficult to see how the performance could have been improved. Had the actors been less brilliant, the play might easily have become tedious in the extreme, for the plot was the old, old story. The hero, a bachelor, must pretend to be married; this is the foundation, and it seems as if all possible changes had been rung on that. Such a cast as that of the other night, however, would rescue any stale plot from mediocrity.

Mr. Eccles had the leading part, that of "Thomas Carothers," a young portrait painter. He was even more at home than he had appeared as "Captain Carewe" earlier in the evening. The part called for an exhibition of many different sorts of emotion, but Mr. Eccles had no difficulty in representing them all. His perplexity as to what to do with the fencing-master, when the latter showed up at untoward moments, was particularly well done.

"Rose Carothers," the sister, was a good part, and Miss Ketchum played it well. She was obliged to be "all things to all men," for she was at one moment "Tommy's" sister, the next his wife, then "Dick's" fiancée, then the anxious manager of a play, then two or three of these at once. Miss Ketchum proved herself entirely able to cope with them all, adapting her manner to her lines in every case.

Far different was "Dick Grannis." He had but one idea throughout the play,—unswerving loyalty and devotion to "Rose." Anger, despondency, joy, could all be traced back to one cause. Thus, although the part was long, it was not as complex as the two preceding in motive and action. Mr. Crandon, who also acted as business manager of the drama, took this part, and played it well.

Miss Gragg played "Patty Campbell," who might be considered the heroine of the piece. She maintained the reputation which she has always had, both in the Latin School and in

Radcliffe, for fine acting. It is hardly necessary to say anything in addition to this.

"Mrs. De Yorburgh Smith" was the typical wealthy society woman with a daughter. Miss Packer, who took this part, played it to perfection. Her frigid composure and self-conscious superiority were drawn true to type. Though she appeared only a few times, she showed marked ability.

As "Sylvia," "Mrs. Smith's" daughter, Miss Burrage did not have as many opportunities to show her well-known skill as she had in the shorter play which preceded. Like "Mrs. Smith," she was a type; a type of a spoiled society girl, full of romantic ideas from modern novels.

Mr. Vickery was the comic character of the piece. He entered fully into the spirit of "Pierre le Bouton," and acted it without any constraint whatever. It is almost impossible to overdo a part of this kind, and the more different ways in which the actor can perform, the better. Mr. Vickery's hands, feet, face and voice all played the excitable Frenchman, and the effect was remarkably funny.

While the part of "Edith Bronson" was small, it contained some good opportunities, of all of which Miss Woodworth availed herself fully. She gave one of the most lifelike representations of the whole play. Her amusement over the melancholy of her friends when they came to the drama rehearsal was particularly natural and unaffected. The cast:

Thomas Pittman Carothers, a promising young portrait painter, as yet unknown to fame
JAMES A. ECCLES
Rose Carothers, his sister...IRENE KETCHUM
Dick Grannis, Carothers' chum, in love with Rose.....LOWELL D. CRANDON
Patty Campbell, a student at the Broadway Dramatic School.....MARIAN GRAGG
Mrs. De Yorburgh Smith, a wealthy society woman.....GRACE PACKER
Sylvia, her daughter, "young and impressionable".....EDITH BURRAGE
Pierre Le Bouton, a French fencing-master
VICTOR VICKERY
Edith Bronson, a friend of Rose
MARION WOODWORTH

ACT I.—Carothers' studio, New York.
ACT II.—The same.
ACT III.—In the living-room at Edith's home, New York.

After the drama there was dancing until one o'clock, to the music of Weston's Orchestra. Refreshments were served by Bartlett. The program, which was printed by the Caustic-Claflin Company, was well filled with advertisements, showing the energy of the business manager, Mr. Lowell D. Crandon. Mention ought surely to be made here of the coach, Mr. Willian V. MacGill, to whom much praise is due. We congratulate the class of 1906 on its performance, and regret sincerely that the school did not show more loyalty in attending.

RESOLUTION.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 15, 1907.

WHEREAS, The members of the class of 1903 of the Rindge Manual Training School have learned with genuine sorrow of the misfortune that has visited our former principal, Mr. Chas. H. Morse; and

WHEREAS, We wish in some way to express our sympathy for him in this hour of affliction,

We have, in convention assembled, adopted the following resolutions:

That we realize that he has met with an irreparable loss, and that we are desirous of extending to him whatever consolation there may be in the knowledge that others think of him in misfortune; that we bespeak for him that grace which comes from the great Father of Lights, which alone makes misfortune more easy to bear; that, as we have benefited by his experience and instruction in the past, so we trust that his influence may continue in its helpful course, and that the memory of the life that has gone may ever be an inspiration to that noble endeavor which brings its own reward.

Resolved, That this resolution be sent to our friend and former principal, and that it appear in the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW.

P. R. STEWART,
JOHN COLEMAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

EXCHANGES.

What is the reason for this long vacation, *Authentic, Hermonite, Cricket, A. H. S. Clarion, W. H. S. Review, Megaphone, C. H. S. Monthly,* and some of you other papers? Why did you exchange for a month or two, and then suddenly stop, only to return, finally, at the end of the year—in time to get our June number, I suppose — some even with the words, now almost insulting, PLEASE EXCHANGE, written boldly over the cover? If there is anything calculated to put an exchange editor in a temper, it is this. Papers that act in such a manner are a nuisance; for my own part, I have endeavored to be as regular as possible in sending out the REVIEW to our exchanges, and may say that, although sometimes unavoidably delayed in mailing, yet all our *exchanges* have received each issue without fail, save in one instance at the beginning of the year. The irregular exchanges, too, have received more than a fair "exchange" in several instances. I hope that next year your editors will be more regular, for it is better not to exchange at all than to do it in this slip-shod manner.

It is now time to make some general summary of the results of the year. First, I wish to commend several exchanges that to me have seemed best. This is rather a difficult task, for no school paper is perfect, and even the best have their poor issues, one month being excellent, the next, medium or even poor; but the papers we have received and read with most pleasure are the *Distaff*, the *Penn Charter Magazine*, the *Sagamore*, the *Senior* and the *Solanian*. The *Hackettstonian, H. M. Record, Southern Workman, Triangle* and *Voice* have also been worthy of mention.

The following is a list of the exchanges which have been received this year: *Advance* (Salem), *Advocate* (Saugus), *Anvil* (Concord), *Apokeepsian* (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.), *Archon* (Newburyport), *Argosy* (Provincetown), *Argus* (Plymouth, N. H.), *Ariel* (Bucksport, Me.), *Authentic* (Stoneham), *Beacon* (Chelsea), *Briar Cliff Spectator* (Ossining, N. Y.), *Bulletin* (Lawrence), *Calendar* (Buffalo, N. Y.), *Chandelier* (South Boston), *Clarion* (Arlington), *College Signal* (Amherst), *Cricket* (Belmont, Cal.), *Crimson and Blue* (Everett), *Critic* (Derry, N. H.), *Cutler Fortnightly* (New York, N. Y.), *Distaff* (Boston), *Enterprise* (Keene, N. H.), *Exonian, Hackettstonian* (Hackettstown, N. J.), *Herald* (Atlantic City, N. J.), *Hermonite* (Mt. Hermon), *Ilakawinn* (Pendleton, Ore.), *Junto* (Easton, Pa.), *Leavitt Angelus* (Turner Centre, Me.), *Megaphone* (Franklin), *Meteor* (Rugby, England), *C. H. S. Mirror* (Philadelphia, Pa.), *W. H. S. Mirror* (Waltham), *C. H. S. Monthly* (Cleveland, Ohio), *News* (East Orange, N. J.), *Oak Leaves* (Vassalboro, Me.), *Old Hughes* (Cincinnati, Ohio), *Orange and Blue* (Milton), *Panorama* (Binghampton, N. Y.), *Penn Charter Magazine* (Philadelphia, Pa.), *Pingry Record* (Elizabeth, N. J.), *Radiator* (New Haven, Conn.), *E. H. S. Record* (Boston), *H. M. Record* (New York, N. Y.), *S. A. Record* (St. Louis, Mo.), *Recorder* (Winchester), *Red and Blue* (New York, N. Y.), *Register* (Boston), *Register* (Burlington, Vt.), *L. H. S. Review* (Lowell), *N. H. S. Review* (Newton), *W. H. S. Review* (Watertown), *Sagamore* (Brookline), *School Life* (Melrose), *Senior* (Westerly, R. I.), *Solanian* (Quincy, Ill.), *Southern Workman* (Hampton, Va.), *Student* (Covington, Ky.), *Tattler* (Lebanon, N. H.), *Tome, Triangle* (Troy, N. Y.), *Tripod* (Saco, Me.), *Vindex* (Southborough), *Voice* (New London, N. H.), *Walking Leaf* (Montour Falls, N. Y.), *Ye Tattler* (Lebanon, N. H.).

THE CURSE OF HONOR.

ROLLO H. BRITTEN, C. L. S., '08.

The sage of Milleau, Adolphe Beulé, was seated on the ground before his door, with his grandson, François, at his side. The lad was but seven; yet even now his heart swelled with patriotism, even as the aged Beulé. The army of Milleau, seven thousand faithful sons, was passing on its way to meet the foe, with banners waving and the good old songs of the city rushing skyward. They went by, but still the old man and his grandson did not move, as they gazed after the fast disappearing soldiers.

"François." The grandfather spoke first. "You see there a great, a wonderful, army, the best Bryère has ever led or will ever lead. Opposed to him is Pelousé, with scarce four thousand, and those few tired out by a long march; although for fifty years I have rightly foretold many successes when the chances were by no means so favorable, I cannot predict a victory for us to-morrow. But this army shall not know my fears. It would discourage them. And perhaps I am mistaken this one time, though I have never been before."

The boy listened intently, but he understood little of what his grandfather said, and less of what he meant or felt. Indeed, had Beulé told him the real facts, that, to be defeated would probably cause the destruction of fair Milleau, he could not have realized how serious was the battle. But the other comprehended it all and knew that death would not be far distant should Bryère lose; for Pelousé had sworn to massacre them all, and Pelousé was a man of his word.

That night there was little sleep in Milleau, because they all understood the extreme danger, and because Adolphe Beulé had not predicted victory, as was his usual custom. They considered Beulé a prophet of the highest order. To how great an extent he was really gifted with these extraordinary powers might be hard to ascertain, but he was at least very anxious concerning the welfare of his native city, with the natural result that he could feel impending danger. Eagerly the people waited for news from the battle-field, but it was not welcome when it came. Bryère had been trapped, his army routed, and himself slain, only twenty miles from Milleau.

In the city all was confusion. To defend the walls or to flee from the city seemed alike impossible, yet one of these two must be done. A few words from the newly chosen commander decided them. "Fellow-soldiers, we shall die in defense of our city. We shall not see Milleau left to the enemy while one of its citizens remains alive." A miscellaneous rabble was collected and sent to the walls, where they awaited the victorious army from Bléneux, some with determination in their eyes, and others with despair.

In front of the prophet's house, since neither could aid in the town's defense, sat Adolphe Beulé and little François. The grandfather was speaking:

"To-day, François, to-day Milleau falls, and to-day her glory and her prophet die together." He spoke more to himself than to the one at his side, who was gazing wistfully toward the walls where the defenders were working desperately to be ready for the enemy's attack.

A moment later: "Grandpa, what is all this noise about?"

"Ah, my grandson, you cannot understand these things. If you live"— A look at this man of seventy at that moment would have revealed the fact that this lad of seven was more to him than all Milleau together. "If you live, François, you may some day be proud to know that you were a native of Milleau, the city which was sacked at the command of a cruel and revengeful general."

The boy returned no answer. He knew that some harm threatened, but he knew not what death meant. He had seen a man killed once down in the square, and it was awful! No, he did not want his father to die. Beulé's thoughts were far different. He knew full well what must be the result of the battle now

already started at the walls, and he was sure Pelousé would not relent — that Milleau was doomed. But Adolphe feared not for his own life, for would he not die in a very short time, anyway. The fact which gave him such great sorrow was that Milleau, the place he had loved for fifty years, was to fall, unmourned, and soon to be forgotten, and that no citizen would live to avenge its destruction.

The fight was soon over; for the ragged defense of Milleau was no match for the well-trained army of Bléneux. The hostile soldiers broke into the city, murdering and burning as they went. Still the man and the boy remained on the ground in front of their home—ready to meet the inevitable. Perhaps you would call it fatalism; but is it not likely that a person knowing previous to its occurrence what was to happen, though being absolutely unable to prevent it, might easily become a fatalist? Soon the soldiers discovered these two, and carelessly discharged a couple of revolvers in their direction, immediately passing on in their rush of destruction. With an involuntary scream, Beulé staggered for a second, and then fell limply to the ground. But the other shot was wild, and missed François, although, from fear, he also threw himself upon the ground.

"Grandpa!" screamed the boy, "Grandpa!"

"Oh, my child! It is as I knew, as I feared. The prophet of Milleau has fallen with its destruction. But you! Are you not injured, François?"

"No, grandpa, I am not."

"Then, an avenger for this day! Listen, child. You will certainly be the only one of all Milleau to live. You must kill those fiends, son. Kill them all!" The man gasped slightly and spoke lower. "Kill Pelousé!" Vengeance! François, vengeance!" A frenzy seized the dying sufferer, and he clutched the boy and dragged him to the earth. "Revenge! Yes, that's it!" His strength left him, and he fell back upon the ground, moaning.

Soon this insane rage departed, and he was again the sage of Milleau. "Promise me, François."

"Father, I promise. I shall remember!"

"God bless you!" breathed the dying man.

. . . . . .

Fifteen years have passed, and François is seated beneath the palms in his garden in Bléneux, musing, as does a man in love; for François is in love.

But at present his thoughts are not of this love; for he is thinking of that vague past, when Milleau existed, of the stories told by the soldiers who had brought him from Milleau after that city's overthrow. They told him that he had been found wandering about the country some miles from Milleau, when the army was returning homeward; that they had brought him home to keep him as a mascot; that another lad of about his own age had taken a fancy to him, and so he had been brought up in this fellow's home; and he knew that he had been treated so well that soon the memory of that terrible day and of a loving grandfather was totally obliterated. But lately a longing, an intangible desire for something, has taken hold of him, the causes for which he cannot place, and which even his Marie cannot remove. It is this longing that he is now thinking about. François is an extremely practical man, and to discover a reason for his feeling he relives in his mind all of his past experience which he can recall. He tries to recollect the most vivid scenes of that uncertain life in Milleau, of which the soldiers talk. Few things or, indeed, persons have ever prevented this determined man from having his wishes fulfilled, and he doggedly resolves to solve this weighty problem. Little by little he brings out that past, forgotten for so long: first, the roaring flames and the noisy commotion, faint at the start, but soon becoming intensely distinct; and then, as this general view changes to one more particular, a kind, wrinkled face appears before his confused vision. François recognizes his grandfather.

As these sights are revolved slowly before the young man's eyes, he begins to feel a supreme duty that he owes that past. Then it all comes to him suddenly,—his vow to avenge fair Milleau and its sage, Adolphe Beulé.

Unhappy man! Doomed either to destroy many innocent citizens, among them the lovely Marie, because of the fault of a few, or to know forever that he has not been faithful to a grandfather who would never have forsaken his grandson. The ghost of Milleau's

dead glory commands François to strike for her, but the living Marie and the animate Bléneux say no. Yet, to François Beulé his vows were sacred, and he had promised to raze Bléneux. He should prefer death to breaking it,—this vow made to a man who was at the time delirious, and who had been buried for fifteen years,—and he could not die. What was one man's honor to twenty thousand lives and happiness? But François knew that he could have no future happiness so long as the curse of this promise was over him. Thus he argued; sometimes attempting to arrest the will of fate, at others striving to keep his honor unstained.

"Then concisely," said this practical philosopher, "if you do not avenge your grandfather, you may not expect peace, and without peace you cannot live; and if you do avenge him, you lose your Marie, and without her you cannot live. So, François, you must die; and as it is far better to die as you have lived,—honorably,—you must accept the judgment of fate. Go and do her bidding! For you were destined to live merely to avenge Milleau's wrongs; and when this is done, your purpose on earth is completed. Then a revolver will end a ruined life, an unhappy but serviceable life!"

François Beulé's decision was made; nor did he falter at the gruesome task. A promise made by a lad of seven was of more power than a beautiful city, twenty thousand citizens, and a lovely girl.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Eva Ruth Jackson, '01, is teaching in the public schools of New Bedford, Mass.

The following graduates of 1903 have been elected to Radcliffe class-day committees for next June: marshal, Ruth Bennett; general committee, Ethel Helen Lyons, chairman; invitation committee, Constance Huntington Hall, chairman, and Alice Adams.

Charles Stedman Hanks, '75, addressed the members of the Boston Chamber of Commerce on the "Growth of Corporate Wealth and its Influence on New England."

Gardiner Martin Lane, '77, has been chosen president of the Boston Art Museum.

Alice Hayes, '76, has gone abroad for an indefinite stay. She is spending the spring in Algiers, Africa.

Fredrik Herman Johan Gade, '89, in addition to his law business, is consul for Norway in Chicago. He visited Norway last summer to attend King Haakon's coronation, as representative of the Norwegians in America, and was the recipient of the coronation medal for King Haakon.

Robert Duffield Wrenn, '91, with Reginald Fincke as partner, won the championship of America at racquet doubles in the national meet held at Boston last month.

Frank Bruce Whittemore, '92, is associated with H. I. Nichols & Co., 7 Wall Street, New York City.

Richard Mott Davis, '98, is in life insurance.

The Idler Club at Radcliffe has presented Paul Leicester Ford's "Wanted, a Matchmaker," which was dramatized by Lillian Mitchell Barbour, '01.

The following graduates at Harvard, candidates for the degree of A.B. or S.B. in 1907, having attained a grade of A or B in at least nine courses, or the equivalent, and having attained also a grade of C or higher in as many courses as they are required to pursue for admission to the Senior class, are provisionally entitled to degrees with distinction and to commencement parts: George Ernest Anderson (chemistry), '03; Arthur Coleman Comey, '03; Harold Morton Tillinghast, '03; Theodore Halbert Wilson, '02.

BY CORRESPONDENCE.

G. R. ELLIOTT, R. M. T. S., '09.

Yes, this morning I caught a glimpse of—something; not anything very large, to be sure, but something which has set me to thinking, not of anything serious, but of—well, nothing much. Yes, I'll tell you all about it. I've been dreaming all day, been unable to do any work; but the boss, instead of getting mad, only winks at the other cashiers, and whispers something about Old Henry behind my back. Then they all grin, and never try to break my reverie by even a word. But I promised to begin at the beginning, and here it is:

On my way to work this morning a young lady, the something, entered my car. All the seats were full, and she stood in front of me. No one offered her a seat, and I, who am always considered a crusty old bach, least of all could be expected to hurt my dignity by standing even for a lady. I do not know why, but, acting under impulse, I slowly got up, motioned her to my seat, and lifted my hat in a pompous fashion. She smiled, nodded at me, and, of course, took the empty place. Under cover of a solemn face, I managed to steal a few glances at her. How—oh, I'll cut that out; you know how I felt. Whenever I looked at her, she wore an angelic smile; and when I didn't, she was looking at me. You can always tell. I was so interested that, when I awoke, I was two streets beyond my bank, but did not begrudge the walk back. Only one condition could have made it more agreeable. As I have said, I was of no use in the bank to-day, and early in the afternoon the boss said I "better go home; there was nothing more I could do." That is how I happen to be sitting here in my armchair, at my lodgings, waiting for the hot cup of tea which the landlady is going to bring up.

What is the use of having a landlady, anyway? Why not have a wife to make the tea, and cling to your neck while you try to drink it? Why not have a warm luncheon waiting for you at night, even though you are half an hour later than usual? Why not have a home in which to spend the long evenings, and a loving companion, instead of the club and "the boys," with the subsequent need of a valet to guide you to your lodgings in the small hours? I confess I have never reasoned this way before. I *must* find some way of becoming acquainted with the lady of the car. Ah! the tea? Thank you, Mrs. Piper. Now, to see if my brain will work more clearly while supping hot tea. Ugh! it's cold. Another argument; the affirmative is stronger now—than this tea, at any rate. Ah, let's see! How's this? Jenny, paper and ink!

I have heard much about the correspondence method, which even goes (in joke papers) as far as to deal with matrimony; but never, until this lucky thought just now struck me, have I considered it otherwise than as a joke. But this is my scheme: I will write to Miss Highball, the editor of the "Love and Sentiment" column in the *Daily Fuss*. I will tell her of the circumstances of my meeting my affinity, my acute case of love at first sight, and my ardent desire to become acquainted with her. *She* will probably read it. At the same time, nobody would suspect *me* of writing it. Thank you, Jenny; you're excused now. No, don't wait supper for me; I'll dine out to-night.

Well, here goes:

"My dear Miss Highball"—

My, how this pen scratches! What shall I say? Oh, yes. No—yes, that is what I want to write. Scratch, scratch again. Is this all? No, I forgot to tell her about my being an old bachelor. Jenny, another paper. Well, that's good enough. Now I'll mail it. It will hardly be in to-morrow's paper. What will my lady say when she sees it? It was a clever idea, if I do say it myself. I'm going to the club and celebrate to-night; I sha'n't be eligible much longer.

Huh-hum-um — Jenny, buy me a paper. Bring it up here to bed. No—not here this morning; I hardly thought it would be. Well, a few more minutes of sleep, then I'll go to

the bank. She was not waiting for the car this morning, so I have felt gloomy all day; but they say I worked better than yesterday. Never mind, old man, to-morrow will fix you up.

No, I won't call for a paper to-day; I'll get one on the car. My board will be raised if Mrs. Piper ever suspects the truth.

Paper? Yes, a *Fuss*. Keep the change. Shall I read it in the car, or wait? I can't wait; I'll read something else first, and no one will be the wiser. Here's the financial column; the Smith trial, continued on page nine. The "Love and Sentiment" column is right next it, I see. Ah, Letter No. 1, "The Price of the Ring"; next, "A Summer Girl"—oh, what's this? Under the heading, "To Wed, or Not to Wed"—my very letter, in cold type. I trust I do not appear embarrassed. Anyway, I will not make a scene in public, but will finish reading it at the bank. The paper burns in my pocket. What! There is my lady right before me, and reading the *Fuss!* Yes, even page nine. Ha, she is smiling; yes, laughing. Now she is nearly convulsed. Can she be laughing at that sacred message? No, it must be something else. I will read the page over at the bank and find out.

"To Wed, or Not to Wed." Then follows my letter. I'll read it through again, to make sure it is printed correctly. Yes, it is. Now, what is the answer?

"My dear 'Old Bach':

"I do not wonder that you have become tired of your single life. It must indeed be monotonous. Your club and boarding house may be your heaven now, but not until you marry can you appreciate the pleasures and benefits of married life. By all means, marry. Do not waste your time and money upon your club, when you could be buying a new dress for your wife, or shoes for your children. As to the lady, if she was as much impressed with you as you with her, there should be little difficulty in making a match. She is, without doubt, the life partner for you, if the sight of her changed your desire of finishing your days a bachelor to a longing to marry. I should think that you could obtain an introduction through a friend, or, as you are daily companions on the car, I do not think it would appear like flirting (especially from a man of your age) if you should speak to her. Of course, you must not plunge into friendship at the first."

Hi, Sid, get away from my shoulder. I was only reading some of those stale puns. No, not that foolish "Sentiment" column. I never read such trash, so quit telling the fellows I was. Well, laugh if you like; I shall not cast pearls before swine, so I won't notice you; I've too much work to do.

My, but the time goes slowly. All my work is done, and it's not four o'clock yet. Mr. Hardy, anything more I can do? That's good; I feel like working to-day. Don't grin at me that way, young fellows. You've been doing nothing but grin, grin, grin, all morning. Now, get busy, and stop that whispering. Isn't there anything more I can do? I can eat up all the work you can find for me to-day, Mr. Hardy. No more? Then I'll go home.

Shall I go to the club to-night? No, I may as well begin to break the habit now, and work it off gradually. Yes, I go this once; no one knows when I shall go again. Well, here's a dime. Whirr-r—tails! I stay home. I can think over that problem of the introduction better in bed than against a lamp post.

Ah, she's going to get on this car again to-day. "Er-excuse me, Miss, your handkerchief has fallen. (Luck is all mine.) Yes, I do think it is too warm in the car. I was going to walk this morning. (Forgive me, Lord.) It is such a beautiful day. No, I don't have to get to work very early; I work at Hardy's Bank; cashier. The work is pleasant enough, though we haven't much sight of outsiders. Then, when I come home, I have to wait for my supper, miss it, or go out to the club for it; one of the faults of single life. Well, here is the bank. Good day; I hope we shall meet again." What a headway! Enough to satisfy any man.

Yes, I'll take a *Fuss* this morning; anything to while away the car ride. Her street, but no her. Hard luck. Well, we'll see what the paper says. Page nine: "Two Lovers," "On a Street Car"; the latter looks interest-

ing. "While in a car, the other morning, I saw a gentleman whom I was greatly taken with," etc. It's the same old story. "What shall I do, dear Miss Highball, speak to him, or wait until," etc., etc. "I am so bewildered in my love-sickness that I know you can judge better than I, and am prepared to take your advice, no matter what it may be." Ah, can it be possible? Now I understand. But let me read the answer: "I think, my dear, that if he loves you, he will seek to converse with you. If he does, rest assured that he is in the same plight as you, and encourage him, for some men are bashful, and easily discouraged." It quite takes my breath away. It is well that she was not on the car when I read it. How could I have faced her?

It is plain that she has seen my letter, and will be on the watch for more. I am sure I shall, for hers. Why not continue the letters? It will avoid embarrassing conversation upon the most delicate of subjects. Meanwhile, I can make a little oral progress daily. Now that I am started, despite my lack of experience, I believe that I can press my suit; that is, with the aid of Miss Highball's fuss column—I mean, "Sentiment" column, in the *Fuss*.

It is now nearly two months since I first met *her*. Nearly every other day there has appeared on page nine a letter which I have met before, or one even more welcome. All of the latter have exactly fitted the occasion. I am now on exceedingly friendly terms with my interesting fellow-passenger; she has grown more interesting with each meeting. She always reads that column before me, smiles, and asks me to read mine. Of course, I wouldn't at first; but I have grown braver, and now we read them together every morning.

She is in her seat now, and has her paper. This morning there is a letter from a man, asking how to propose. We laugh, as usual. "By the way," I ask at last, "you do not start for work early; may I ask what you do?" Oh, you little sinner; telling me that you write for the papers, because you think that there is a future in it. You have to call at my bank this afternoon, at three o'clock? I hope I shall be there.

Of course I was working hard; I always do. The time drags, but it's three o'clock at last. Ah, here she comes. She nods at me, but approaches the nearest cashier. I suppose she is depositing money to help on the honeymoon, or to buy furniture with. How thoughtful of her! My work is all finished, so I will go home. I have good company, anyway. I stop at her door to chat before parting. We have a lengthy talk. "Did I know that you wrote those letters in the *Fuss?*" she asks. Well, I strongly suspected it. I blush; so does she. She has admitted it; to-night will be my time! I take my departure with a light heart. Oh, I have left my silk kerchief at the office, and I shall need it to kneel on to-night. I must return to the bank.

I am greeted by a quartet of grins. "I'd better look out for married women." What do you mean? Of course, the lady I went out with isn't married; the idea! Why, she's —good heavens! I'm hanged if I know her name! What did you say it was? Catch me, I feel faint. "Mrs. Holden, and her *nom de plume* is—Miss Highball!"

Water!

THE
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The next number of the REVIEW will be a special graduation number, of extra size, and will contain unusual features. It will appear, if all goes well, on the 6th of June. Owing to the amount of work, copy must be in by the close of school Friday, May 17.

The graduation dates are as follows: English High School, Friday, June 14; Latin School, Saturday, June 15; Manual Training School, Thursday, June 20. The places are: Latin School, the Latin School Hall; English High and Manual Training schools, Sanders Theater.

With the exception of the laboratory examinations, which will probably come about a week earlier, the Harvard examinations will all come during the week of June 24-28.

The dates for the crew races have not been finally decided. They will probably be held during the last week in May. Details in regard to the race may be found on the athletic page.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

(A Story of the Civil War.)

WALTER F. CAHIR, C. L. S., '09.

It was in the summer of 1864. A small band of the Union Army was doing picket duty in a city south of Richmond. Three or four of the men were sitting around the camp-fire exchanging experiences, for the company, under Captain Bartlett, had lately been formed, and most of the men were comparative strangers to each other. The fire was burning low when one of the men spoke.

"Say, Phil, how about that little affair you and poor Jack Drummond had at Torringville last summer? You know you promised to tell us about it some time."

The young man addressed sat looking into the fire a long while; then, rousing himself, he said:

"Well, fellows, I guess you're all curious to know how I came by this beauty spot over my eye. I tell you, it was a pretty exciting time. I was lucky to get off with nothing worse than a scar. As for Jack, we never heard of him after that night.

"It was last summer, and our company was scouting around Torringville. Jack and I had been all through the war together; we were young and were looking for excitement, and we got plenty of it. We used to carry the mail and despatch bags down to the next town, about four miles below, and bring back the mail for our company. This was rather dangerous business, because there were a good many letters about our plans that the enemy would like to get hold of.

"One night, as we were coming back, we saw a row-boat approaching, and could distinguish the forms of two men in it. They were on an errand similar to ours — carrying the mail. We made for the shore, where some overhanging bushes concealed us. As the boat came nearer, we could see that they were Confederates. They pulled in to the shore, and landed about a hundred yards from us. We could see plainly every move they made. They dragged ashore the mail bags and hid them in the bushes; then they started back again. We knew that some one was to come from the woods and carry the bags on, so we did not dare start until the bags were called for. We did not know at what instant some one would come along the shore, from which we could be plainly seen, as the moon threw a bright light on the water. In about half an hour we saw a man riding along the road at full speed; seizing the bags, he rode off again, and we could hear the hoof-beats on the hard road.

"The next night the same performance was repeated, except that the rider did not come until about two hours after the bags had been left. Jack and I determined to seize those bags, and to trust to fate to get away safely. The next morning, when we went to look for our boat, we found that it had been stolen the night before. That was the only boat we had, and we did not know where we were to get another.

"There were but two houses anywhere near the camp. One was about a mile up the road, and the other was about two miles in the opposite direction.

"These two families were relatives, and almost every day a young girl from one would ride by the camp on her way to visit her aged aunt. We had questioned her, and she had told us that her name was Nan Austin, that her father and brother were in the Union Army, and that she and her aunt would always be willing to do what they could for us. The captain of our company always made it a point to be in the road when she went by, and often would stop her and talk to her. We did not know then that this innocent-looking girl was a Confederate, and that in reality her father was an officer in General Lee's staff. If we had known this, we never would have dropped so much information in her presence. Well, she deceived us all, Captain Bartlett as well as the rest of us. The day

we lost our boat she happened to be near when we were talking about it, and at once told us that there was an old boat at her aunt's house, and that we were welcome to it. We were all very grateful to her for this, and I volunteered to go and get it.

" 'Oh, no,' she cried, in evident alarm, 'don't go to-day; he isn't there'— Then realizing that she had made a bad break, she hastened to add, 'That is, it's rather late now, and— and—perhaps you had better wait until some other time.'

"Then Captain Bartlett, unfortunately, told her that we wanted the boats as soon as possible, because we knew of some Confederate despatches and wanted to capture them. He went on to tell how we found out about them, and all about our adventure a few nights before. Now, this was the most foolish thing that he could have done, and the rest of us felt like punching him.

"Nan Austin listened attentively to every word he said, and soon after started for the house. When I think of how easily she deceived us, I cannot understand how she did it. The next day she rode by, as usual, but this day, she told us, was to be her last in our neighborhood. 'You see,' she said, 'we are between two scouting parties, and my aunt is all alone in that big house down there. My cousin, Bob Mann, has invited us all to go to his house until the war is over. I am on my way now to tell my aunt that mother and I have agreed to accept the invitation. And, by the way, my aunt has given you permission to use the boat. It will be there any time you want it, but you won't need it until'—

" 'To-night,' quickly finished our captain. 'We shall attempt to get those bags at ten.'

"We fellows could have punched him again. We were beginning to see that Nan Austin was a dangerous and clever woman. Yes, she was clever, and that trap into which the captain fell so readily was a good one.

"She pretended not to hear the remark, but I saw that it was what she had been waiting for, for, as she heard it, a sinister smile came over her face. Jack and I saw that, if we wished to be successful in our undertaking, we must watch her.

" 'Well, captain, if some of your men are going for the boat, they would, perhaps, be willing to carry a note to my aunt for me and save me the journey.'

"This we readily agreed to do, and, after writing for a moment, she gave me a note to carry."

Here the speaker paused, and, fishing in his coat pocket, drew out a piece of paper.

"I've kept a copy of that note, and perhaps you would like to read it."

Bending over it, the four men were able to read, by the light of the camp-fire, the following note:

"Tell Bob Mann I agree.
"Hire Atkins. Leave to-morrow at eleven.
"NAN."

"I carried the note to her aunt, who was a very old lady. She looked at me suspiciously when I handed her the note, but after reading it she muttered, 'Nan's a clever gal. Ye'll find the boat back of the house.'

"Before I left camp Jack and I planned to watch Nan Austin, to see if she attempted to impart her knowledge of our undertaking to any one. Well, he hid in front of her house until it was time to start, and when he went another one of the fellows from the camp relieved him. While he was there, no one entered or left the house.

"We felt safe now, for, even if she had wished to betray us, she had made no attempt to do it.

"At last Jack and I started on our journey. We reached our hiding-place just in time to see the two men in the boat leave the bags and start back. Then we silently guided our boat to where they left the bags and started to look for them. Just as I had my hand on one of the bags, I heard some one cry out, 'Here's the Yanks we're looking for.' I looked up and saw Jack running for dear life, with three or four big fellows after him. I started to run for the boat, and the man that had spoken raised his big revolver and brought the butt of it down on my head.

"I was dazed for a minute, but managed to reach the boat and push off. The bags which we had received at our own exchange, and which we left in the bottom of our boat while we went ashore, had been removed during our absence. So, you see, that we not only failed

to capture their bags, but we lost our own. All the way back two thoughts whirled through my mind: What had become of Jack, and who had betrayed us? It could not be Nan Austin, because ever since she knew the time we intended to start she had been closely watched; and surely we must have been betrayed, because the remark of the burly Confederate just before he hit me showed that.

"By this time I reached the camp and saw the fellow who had relieved Jack. He said he had just returned from the house, and no one had left it. This was mysterious. I lay awake half the night trying to solve the mystery. The next morning I went to Captain Bartlett's tent. He knew that we had failed, because, if our mission had been successful, we would have brought the mail-bags to him. He had begun to repent that he had spoken so freely in Nan Austin's presence.

"When I entered, he breathed a sigh of relief. I suppose that he thought that both of us had been killed as a result of his carelessness. He asked all about it, and when I had finished he said, 'Oh, never mind about Drummond; he'll show up all right.'

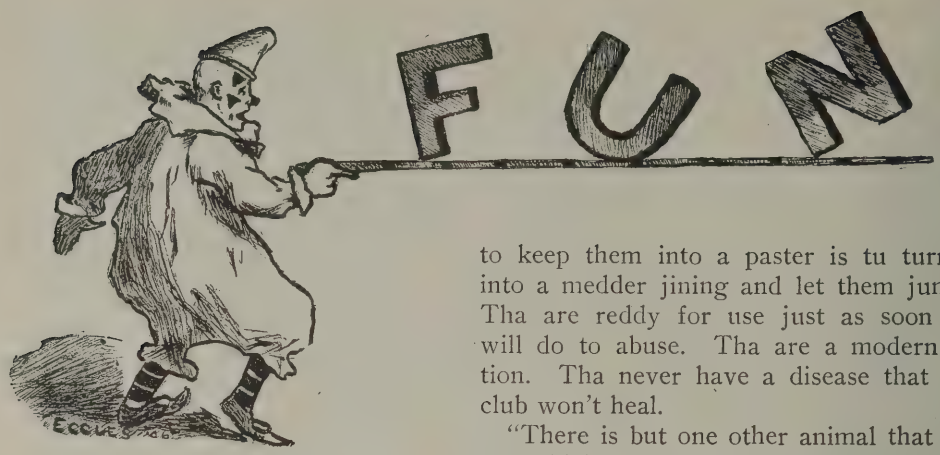
"Finally he decided that we ought to investigate the house down the road that the girl visited so often. Accordingly, we started out, and in about half an hour we arrived at the house. The front door was open, and the interior showed signs of a hasty departure.

"Imagine our surprise to find an old corncob pipe and some tobacco on a table in one of the rooms, and in another part of the house we found a white wig and a dress that I had seen on the 'aunt' the day I called for the boat. All these things confirmed our suspicions that this person, who posed as the aunt, was a man who disguised himself in woman's clothing, and that he received reports of our doings from the girl. But here was another knot to untie: Nan could not have told him what time we were going to start, because she did not leave her house. In an old desk we found a bundle of papers, among them was the note that I had carried and a cipher code. When we saw this code it dawned upon us that the note that I carried was written in cipher, and that I had innocently carried information to the enemy about our plan to seize their despatches. The cipher code ran like this:

"*'Take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the third of the third; then go back to the first letter of the fourth, and the second of the fifth word. Do the same on the second line, beginning with the first letter of the first word, and going as far as the third letter of the third word, and then back to the first letter of the fourth.'*

"So, you see, by following out the directions of the cipher, through that innocent note I carried, the old aunt, or, rather, the man who posed as the aunt, got the exact time of our start. He knew all along that we intended to seize the mail-bags some night, but if they knew the exact hour and date it would simplify matters. You see, the message I carried read, when deciphered, *'To-night at ten.'*"

The speaker finished, and the other four men sat looking into the darkness, for the camp-fire had long since gone out. Then, one by one, they rolled their blankets around them, and threw themselves on the ground to think about the story they had just heard— and to sleep.



Josh Billings was a popular humorous lecturer for several years, but not a repeater. There is hardly a village of five thousand people and over, within a radius of five hundred miles of New York, where he has not given his lecture on "Milk," the only lecture which he ever had. He always insisted that a tumbler of milk should be on the table in front of him, but he never alluded to it in any way whatever. He always sat down while he lectured. He would walk to his chair, sit down, and commence his talk.

"Ladies and gentlemen:

"I hope you are all well.

"There's lots of folks who eat well and drink well, and yet are sick all the time. These are the folks who always 'enjoy poor health.'

"A man is a bore when he talks so much about himself that you kant talk about yourself.

"Humor must fall out uv a man's mouth like musik out uv a bobolink, or like a young bird out uv its nest, when it is feathered enuff to fly.

"This brings me to the mule—the pashunt mule. The mule is pashunt because he is ashamed of hisself. The mule is half hoss and half jackass, and then kums to a full stop, Natur discovering her mistake. They weigh more according to their heft than enny other creeter except a crowbar. They kant heer enny quicker or further than a hoss, yet their ears are big enuff for snowshoes. You kan trust them with enny one whose life ain't worth more than the mule's. The only way to keep them into a paster is tu turn them into a medder jining and let them jump out. Tha are reddy for use just as soon as tha will do to abuse. Tha are a modern invention. Tha never have a disease that a good club won't heal.

"There is but one other animal that kan do more kicking than a mule, and that is a quire singer. A quire singer giggles during the sermon and kicks the rest ov the week.

"This brings me to suggest the bumble-bee.

"The bumble-bee iz more artistic than the mule, and as busy as a quire singer.

"The hornet is an inflammable buzzer, sudden in his impreshions and hasty in his conclusion, or end."—*Eccentricities of Genius, J. B. Pond.*

The woman who said her husband was the latest thing out was answered by her neighbor, who said that her husband always came home early—before any one was up.

He: "Now, don't call me Mr. Montmorency"—

She: "All right, Jack; but our acquaintance has been so short, you know, that I thought perhaps I'd better."

He: "Don't call me Mr. Montmorency; my name is Montgomery."

"Please pass the *Review of Reviews,*" he said.
The landlady's eyes did flash;
For another boarder looked absently up
And solemnly passed the hash.

Professor: "What animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?"

Bright student: "The moth. It eats holes."

"It is the little things in the world that tell," said the girl, as she pulled her young brother out from under the sofa.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

FULFILLING A TRUST.

FREDERICK J. REARDON, R. M. T. S., '10.

"Line it out, Bert; two out, one run, and we win." This was said to a boy sixteen years old who was playing ball in a field in Jackson, Vt. His full name was Albert Bernard Johnson, and he was the son of a captain who had served in the Spanish-American War and who had never returned. Bert lived with his aunt, as his mother had died years before when he was young.

"Hey, Bert! Here's a letter for you," called a passing neighbor who was coming from the center, and Bert ran and took it. Glancing at it, he saw it was from his father; and telling his companions that he wasn't going to play any more, he withdrew to a secluded spot and opened the envelope.

A slip of paper fell out. He picked it up, and it read:

Master Albert Johnson:

I was given this letter by your father when he was dying of the fever in the Philippines, but I mislaid it, and it was not till last week that I found it. I hope that you will excuse me for having kept you so long without word from your father.

Yours very truly,

N. B. Doherty.

June 28, 1906.

Hastening on to the letter, he read:

Philippine Islands, Jan. 24.

My dear Son:

Feeling that I am about to die, and you by this time ought to know the sacred trust which reverts to you at my death, I write you this note. Go to my desk and press a knot near the right-hand drawer, and you will open a secret cabinet, in which you will find certain papers. Read these carefully, and then choose a companion and go and do as they direct.

Your loving father,

A. B. Johnson.

Bert's brain was in a whirl. It was a letter from the dead! Rising, he made his way slowly to his bosom friend, John Strong, and showed it to him. "It's strange, but let's investigate," said John; so the pair made their way to Bert's house, and thence to the desk in Bert's room. Closing the door, they went to the desk, opened it, and pressed the knot. The back of the drawer opened and disclosed a bundle of papers, the top one of which proved to be a letter from Bert's father:

Jackson, Vt.

My dear Son Bert:

When you get this I will be dead, and the trust which will revert to you is here with these papers, but I will tell you of it in brief.

Your great-grandfather had the good fortune, or the bad fortune, to nurse an Indian, the last descendant of a rich tribe of Aztecs, through his last sickness. When he was about to die, he gave his nurse a paper, written in some strange characters, and a code, by which it could be deciphered. His final request was that these should be hidden and not read for five years. In accordance with his request, my grandfather put the paper away.

Two years later war broke out between the North and the South, and he joined the Southern Army, as he owned a great plantation in Louisiana, which your aunt and I still own and run as a stock farm; but no one lives there. In the war he received a bullet wound which caused him to lose his reason. He went home, and his son, my father, employed doctors from the North to extract the bullet from his head. The operation was successful, but the patient never recovered his memory of things that were past. He read among his papers later that the code and papers were hidden somewhere, but where he did not know. He left in his will a request that all of his male descendants should spend six months of every year of their lives, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, in the

search for the papers. If they find them, the house and all that belongs in it is to revert to the finder, together with what the papers may give. He also set apart $50,000 for the support of those in search while in the house. My father failed; and I succeeded no better, and the house is now locked up. No one has been allowed to enter since my quest ended.

You will go South at the time of your seventeenth birthday and begin your search. Choose a companion who is trustworthy and courageous, and to whom you can intrust your secret.

Then followed a description of the house, where to obtain the keys, and other things of little interest.

"Bert! It's strange," said John. "But when shall we go?" asked Bert. "Next Monday," said John. "It's a go," said Bert. "I'll go and tell aunt now." When his aunt heard the news, she sighed. "I have been waiting a long time for it," she said, "but you must go. Monday morning I'll give you the keys and money, and you will be off. I suppose John is the companion you have chosen." "Yes, he was going to New York for a stay, but he says he is sure he can get his father's permission to go with me. Say, won't it be great!"

Time passed slowly for the two boys, but Monday came at last, and they left in high spirits.

Wednesday night two thoroughly tired boys got off the train at Johnsonville, La., and inquired the way to Johnson Hall. "U-uu-up ther-there on the h-h-hill! See-e-e? It's hau-an-aunted. They—they say!" said a small boy who stuttered. "Who say?" asked Bert. "E-e-every-everybody." "Oh, come on. Let's spend no more time here," said Bert, who was afraid of losing courage. So the two made their way up to the house.

Bert put the key into the lock, and after some difficulty swung the door open. Everything was covered with dust. They made their way to the library, and as they touched the knob the door creaked in such a fashion that they began to shiver. Glancing about them, they saw a life-size painting of an Indian. "There's the fellow that brought us the bad luck," said Bert. "That must be he," said John. "Open the windows and let some fresh air in, is about the first thing we ought to do," said Bert; and they went all over the house, opening it up everywhere, Bert taking the upper floor, and John the lower. When they met again in the library, John said, "This old house must be full of life-size paintings; why, there's two in the dining-room and one in the parlor." "Let's eat," suggested Bert. So they went out in the kitchen and hunted round and found preserves and sweets and ate.

Darkness was approaching, and Bert began to get nervous. "I don't like the idea of staying here all night alone," said Bert. "Now, look a-here, if you hadn't heard that stuttering jay, you'd be all right. All you need is a little Moxie"; and John laughed, but to Bert it sounded very uncanny. "Well, let's go to bed, then," said Bert. "That's me." So they went around, closed all the windows, and then to one of the sleeping-rooms. They undressed and got into bed; but John, to brighten Bert's down-cast spirits, started a pillow fight, and very soon the sounds of their laughter reached the road, where passersby said, "I told you so; it's the ghost that is laughing." Getting tired after a while, the boys got into bed and were soon asleep.

About twelve o'clock Bert awoke and listened. Some one was groaning. Waking John, he said, "Can you hear them?" "Who?" asked John. "Somebody downstairs." "No—yes—yes—no," said John; "it's the window downstairs that I forgot to close, so it's up to me to go down and close it. Are you coming?" "Yes," said Bert. They went downstairs and found the window open, and closed it, and then went back to bed and slept till morning.

They got up about seven, washed and dressed, and went out to the barn, where they saw the man who took care of the live-stock, which consisted of about a hundred horses, some prize cattle, hens and chickens and dogs of every kind. "Let's take a horseback ride and get some provisions," said Bert. "That's me," said John. So they went to the village and got what they wanted, and then returned home to begin the search.

All the next day, and, in fact, for the next

ten days, they searched high and low, looking in desks, books, closets, mattresses, into everything, but without avail. "I guess we'll have to give it up as a bad job, don't you think so?" said Bert one noon at dinner. "No, I don't think. I know we won't. We're gamesters, and we'll stick it out for the six months, if it kills us," said John; and with that he threw an orange at Bert, who promptly returned the fire. John ducked, and the missile struck with a dull thud on the hand of the picture of Bert's great-grandfather, which hung on the wall above. Immediately the painted form came forward and rested on the floor. Behind the form were steps, which led up into the darkness beyond.

Both boys stood gazing at the steps. "Let's investigate," said John. "All right!" replied Bert. Obtaining some pocket flashlights, they entered the recess. As they stepped off the stairs, the picture came back to its original position and left the pair in the darkness. Flashing the lamps, they saw they were in a sort of cold-air box. "Let's go on," said John to Bert, who was now leading. They made their way onward, flashing the lamps now and then to see where they were going. "We're going downward," said Bert. "Did you just notice it?" "Yes." "Well, we started downward just as soon as we entered." They said no more, but continued on in silence.

Coming at last to a turn, they saw two paths ahead of them; then they began to discuss which one should they take. "Keep to the right," said John. "Toss up a penny; heads right, tails left," said the leader. "It's a go," replied his companion. The penny fell tails. "Ho! to the left we go," sung out John, and in high spirits they proceeded.

"Ain't we outside yet?" said Bert. "Sure, long ago," replied his friend. Going on for about a hundred yards, the tunnel began to get smaller, and they had to crawl on their hands and knees till they came to solid rock; here it turned back. "Ain't we ever going to get there?" cried Bert impatiently. "Lots of time between now and Christmas," said John. By this time the tunnel was growing larger, and they presently came to what seemed to be another rock. "It's a blind," said Bert, wearily, "but let's rest." So he stood up and leaned against the rock; but, to his dismay, he felt the thing give away, and the next thing he knew he was lying on the library floor. Looking up, he saw John laughing to kill himself. "Come down," said Bert. "Just put me down on that one; I've spent enough time in here for to-day. Do you know what time it is?" said John, glancing at his watch. "No," growled Bert. "Well, it's just five, and we've been four hours in there"; and John stepped off the rock and pointed at the space, but it had slipped back into place and only revealed to them the picture of an Indian. "Say, talk about 'The Mysterious Mystery of the Missing Mrs. Miskell,' it ain't nothing to this one," said John, staring at the picture. "But tell me, was your great-grandfather a victim of brainstorms?" inquired John. "You got me," said Bert.

"We'll try it again to-morrow, just the same; but let's eat, for I'm hungry," said Bert. After eating, they fooled around a while and then went to bed.

Arising early, they went to the kitchen and ate a meal of sweets, and then began to examine the picture. "You hit it on the hand, didn't you?" "Yes," answered Bert. "That ring looks funny; press that," suggested his friend. This he did, and the painting again came forward. "All aboard!" and up they went. As before, when they stepped off the stair, the picture slipped into place and hid the opening, and they were left in the darkness.

Making their way to the fork, they this time took to the right. Continuing on about an hour, they came to a wall. "We'll examine this one," said Bert. They did so and found a place which was worn by something hard striking it. Seeing that pressing it did no good, John picked up a rock and hit, and the stone swung back, giving entrance to a room hewn out of natural rock. It was all in darkness; but flashing the light around, they found large lamps filled and ready to be lighted. Doing this, they saw one of the most beautiful places that could be imagined, and there also, in the niche in the wall, stood a life-sized image of the Indian, holding a package in his hand.

"Hurrah! there are the papers," cried Bert, and with that he made a dash for the package. "Let's get back to the library quick," said

Bert, "and decipher it." Getting back was not so easy as he expected, and it was not for an hour after that he reached the library, and two had passed when the following was obtained:

To my Benefactor:

I am the last descendant of a rich tribe of Aztec Indians, and hidden away are the silver and gold that the Spanish tried to rob us of. I bequeath to you, the only friend I have, one of these mines. It was noted as being the richest and most productive among the many which my people owned. Follow these directions and you will find it:

Go to the city of Mexico, obtain food and ponies, and go due north 450 miles, climb a mountain there, and you will see a string of three hills. Between the first and second you will see a tall pine tree. Go there and walk ten paces to the left, and here is a sort of well; draw the water out and go down. At the left-hand side is an iron door; pull this open, and you will have before you the richest mine the Aztecs ever possessed. May this bring you better luck than my forefathers got from it.

"At last the papers have been found; let us go and wire aunt of the discovery," said Bert. So, after dinner, they went to the station and sent the following telegram to Bert's aunt:

JOHNSONVILLE, LA.

Miss A. C. Johnson:

We have found the papers. Johnson Hall is ours. We are off for the hidden mine.

BERT.

And here we will leave them, preparing for their search for the hidden riches of the Aztecs.

STONEHAM OR BUST.

D. A. FOWLE, R. M. T. S., '09.

"Is this the right road to Stoneham?" was the question addressed to a pedestrian on a country road by a young man of rather rustic appearance. He was perched on the front seat of a carry-all, to which was harnessed a slovenly white trotter, with fetlocks as long as a patriarch's beard, and a dirty white coat, which was soiled in places to a richly yellow hue. The horse moved along at a slow, jarring trot, and as the reins tightened and slackened at every step, his head swung backward and forward in unison.

"Keep right on, the way you're going," instructed the dusty traveler.

Now "keep right on, the way you're going," may be good enough instructions, but—

The young man in the front seat clucked to the horse, slapped him on the back with the reins, but the horse did not change his gait in the least.

In the back seat of the "team" were seated an old gentleman of slight build and rather retiring looks and manner, and an elderly and angular lady, who sat up very straight, and whose sharp, determined countenance and sour and masculine expression of the mouth showed she was commander of the expedition.

The carriage had once been black, and might be now if you could have scraped the mud from it. The cushions were black leather, but all the black had been worn from the top parts, and the whole wagon looked dilapidated.

Night was closing in when the party had passed the dusty pedestrian, and it was now quite dark. Yes, the instructions were good, "Keep right on, the way you're going," but what if you keep right on going and come to where the road divides in three, and you want to go to a special city, and it is dark, and you can't see any sign,—what then?

The young man drew the horse to a standstill; the horse was only too willing to stop. "I've been here before, and I think you ought to take the middle road," he said.

"Well, for my part, I know that it is the road to the left, don't you, Joshua?" objected the commander. Joshua hesitated, started to assent, and said nothing. He dared not dissent; he was the elderly lady's husband, the lesser half.

"I should think, John" (this to the young man driving), "that you would know that," remarked the greater half (referring to the left road).

They started up the left road. After climbing hills, winding and turning, jarring and jouncing, through the pitch-darkness, and rattling over thank-you-ma'ams, they arrived at the division of the road into three. It was the same place they started from. Which road would they take this time, the middle or the right?

The elderly lady was chagrined, though she would rather have walked home than shown it. She could not say, "I told you so," so she charged the young man with "getting off the track," and she affirmed that, if they had let her take the reins, *she* would have been in Stoneham this very minute.

"I went where you told me!" exclaimed John.

"Well, why aren't we in Stoneham, then?" sarcastically inquired the woman.

Joshua here ventured timidly to suggest, "Why might we not try the right road?"

His wife said nothing, but she looked volumes. What! how could you get to a place by going straight away from it? Hadn't she said the left road was the right one? John hadn't followed the road correctly. Well, let them try it; she could at least say, I told you so.

So John started along the right road. The night was black. Lurch, jounce, bump, thank-you-ma'am; rattle, grind, jar, thank-you-ma'am; twisting and turning, they arrived—at the fork of the three roads; back again!

The middle road was the only one left. This road was a little better, but the old wagon bumped and rattled over the stones not at all easily. After traveling for about fifteen minutes they came to where the road branched. It was not the same place.

The elderly female positively stated that the left road was the correct one.

Joshua deprecatingly affirmed that he thought the other was the one they wanted.

"This time I'm going to find out the correct road before we start," and John determinedly made for a shadowy sign-post. He grasped the round post firmly and tried to "shin up." After barking his legs, scratching himself, and filling his fingers with splinters, in a number of unsuccessful efforts, he grasped the sign at the top of the post. Holding on with one hand, both legs, he tried, with the other, to get some matches from the pocket on the other side; and at last he succeeded, by an heroic attempt. Scratch! splir! and the first match extinguished itself; the second the same; the third and last — would it burn long enough? Scratch! Sp-slutter! It burned. *He read the sign.* During this time was he saying things under his breath? We do not know. We hope not. If not, he must be an exceptional young man. He slid down from the post.

"What does it say?"

"Is this the road?"

"Are we going the right way?"

"Is it the left road?"

"Is it the right road?"

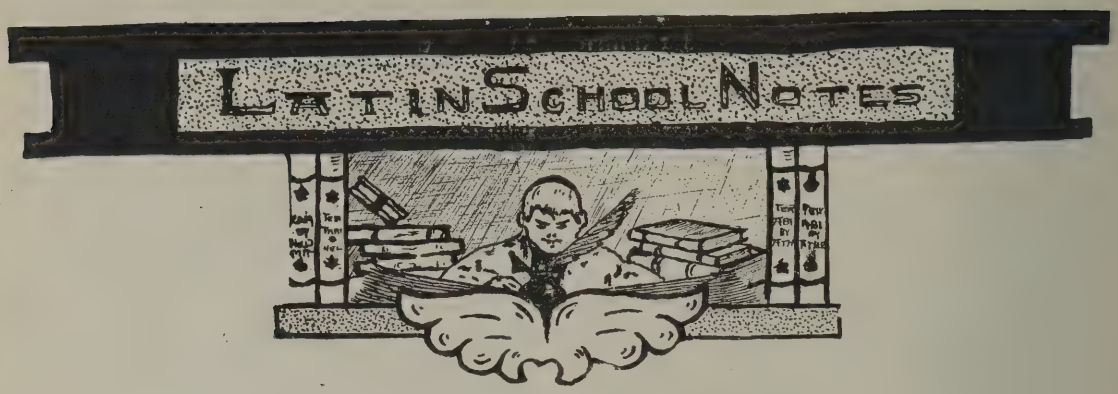
Stony silence. To all this John answered not a word, but under his breath he muttered, "I will find the right road," and he started towards the big, black, muggy shadow which loomed up on the left. It was a house. He thumped with the iron knocker and waited. A long and profound silence. Then the door opened, and a man in his shirt sleeves, without collar, vest or suspenders, appeared. In one hand he carried a lamp, and with the other held a large dog in leash.

"What do you want?" he interrogated gruffly.

"How do you get to Stoneham from here?" John asked.

The man looked at him oddly. "Is he drunk? Is he crazy? Is he a robber?" He seemed to question himself; then he said, "Up the street a hundred yards and around the corner." Then that was Stoneham Center. He had been nearly there all the time. The man shut the door in John's face.

The sign read, "Visit the Blue Store for Furniture, 22-24 Dock Square."



1907.

Whose little girl are you?

The gods will never give me a children.

L-h-e seems fond of wiping up floors.

Teacher: "What would you expect the gender of that pronoun to be?"
K——: "Almost neuter."

K——: "The altitude of an inscribed equilateral triangle is two-thirds of the radius, and the diameter is three-fourths of the altitude."

Ask Thompson how to spell his middle name.

Teacher: "What do you call the force that drives electricity along?"
D-e: "Locomotive — er — electro-motive force."

"And grief is behind him for you."

"She is equal to Athene in workmanship."

"Thus they entered into the Carduchians."

Teacher: "The night does not seem to have been divided into (h)our watches."

"He led a ditch over the wall."

"The gods themselves are flexible."

"Peleus will marry a wife for me."

"That they may not sit beside me and coo."

1908.

"Deserta ferarum lustra" — "The deserted lights of the wild beasts."

Observe "the beauty of the advance translation!"

"Polyphemus was blind and couldn't see."
How odd!

Six weeks until the examinations. Better "get wise."

Teacher, in Latin class (prompting): "Hen"—
Pupil (obediently): "Hen."

Ph-l-n seems fond of oysters—*äusen, äuste, geäust.*

1909.

Does *cheveux* mean horses, Lo-k?

Heard in German: "She nodded her head with a simple smile."

"Corpora saltu ad terram misere aut ignibus ægra dedere"—"Sick, they go to sleep in a grove."

"Tacitam secreta in sede latentem"—"Hiding secretly on a chair."

Frequent question in Latin composition: "Are you an ancient Latin poet?"

"Une promenade au bord du golfe"—"A walk on the golf links."

"You are my angel guardian."

"De la fenêtre du salon"—"From the window of the saloon."

"Johnque Peter or John Peterque, Miss H——?"

"Troy about to be perished, I take off my feet."

οἱ μὲν δὴ στρατηγοὶ οὕτω ληφθέντες ἦχθησαν πρὸς βασιλέᾱ καὶ ἀποτμηθέντες τὰς κεφαλὰς ἐτελεύτησαν.

—"The generals, having thus been left behind, were taken to the palace, and, having been cut off, lived on the tops of the pine trees."

1910.

The newspaper of Room 6, *La Cométe*, is a great hit. "Advertise in the *La Cométe*."

Ask Miss M-or- if she likes to telephone.

How do we like our geometry marks?

Miss McC-y, did you enjoy yourself at the '06 drama? We heard you had nice company.

Go-b-l, the wonder, recites Latin looking at his feet!

Mur-hy (translating): "Whatever standards they saw first they fell into."

O-m-ly, does Latin come from Dutch?

P-r-y, does $7 + 3 = 11$?

Heard in Latin class:
Bl-km-n (translating): "They were pressed hard."
Miss B——: "This is no Chinese laundry!"

Who are the three grinds in Room 2?

D. Lyn-h, the unparalleled boy of Room 2!

"R. H.," the mystery of Room 6.

Miss B——'s new Latin verb, *tomeo*. Please don't invent any more; there are plenty now.

Ich weiss nicht viel zu reden,
Und alles was ich spricht,
Ist immer nur dasselbe,
Ist nur: "Ich weiss es nicht."

Oh, Cæsar! How loth we are to part with thee! (Oh, yes.)

Miss B—— suggested that Miss Rin-ge and Miss T-ue be given rattles and let out in the backyard to play. Let us hope that this suggestion will be carried out.

1911.

Some young person in Room 9 has developed into a wonderful sign poster.

When are we going to have another social?

Teacher, to pupil who has just entered the room: "Why, when did you come in, Miss ——? The last time I looked at you I couldn't see you."

What *lovely* per cents we received in history! Who could have thought us so smart?

"The reason I like to take my history out in the rain," said a bright young lady, "is because it's so dry."

How doth the busy little boy
His new spring clothing show?
By wearing yellow stockings gay,
With red stripes in a row.

1907.

"What is your ambition?"

Familiar queries:
"Had your pictures taken yet?"
"Have you got your dress yet?"

Visitors to the fourth hour Latin class prefer entering by the register rather than by the door.

"A *Fowl* Affair!" For information concerning it, ask the cooking girls.

Are you interested in the Stock Market?

Teacher: "By what animal is the plague carried?"
Miss C-tl-r: "By the spider."

Miss H-ll-d-y, do you correspond with Mr. R-d?

Ask H-g-s the cause of Miss G-b-st-n's frequent change of seats.

Heard in civics class: "The chief is under the bureau."

Bessie is certainly a flirt the second hour.

"Oh, Grace, you are all over Koumiss!"

We wish to congratulate 1909 on their success in winning the meet.

Emma, how is "Autorino," R. M. T. S., '07?

Murray makes very good use of that little mirror at the end of recess.

Did you say that he put his head on your shoulder? He must have had to stoop pretty low!

What would W-lsh do in economics if he didn't have his desk cover to hold on to when reciting?

Miss Brooks told us in English that "Lyly's" name was "John."

The hobby of 1907: Class pictures.

Are we glad or sorry to get through?

French: "He laid flat on his back and crawled into the house."

Question: Why is it so quiet in cooking?
Answer: Miss Hall is absent.

1908.

The spirit moved Carr and he got up and took a walk.

"The theorem is proved by the method of supposition."

"Who said to *shell* the chicken and *skin* the animal?"

We also extend our congratulations to 1909 on their good showing which they made at the meet.

Puzzle: Find the charms of the gentlemen in Room 15.

Miss C-p-r, where did you find the boys the other day?

Some of us make use of the wireless telegraphy during study hours.

We wish to thank the teachers who were present at the meet for the interest they took in the contestants.

Ask Miss Blair where her private telephone booth is?

Have you made your will yet?

"Fool fever" is raging in Room —.

How studious Miss E-l-ott has become lately! ! Let us hope it will last.

We were very lonesome without Miss B-gg-e.

Were you in *very* good company the other day, Misses B-air and Co-p-r?

Coughing is contagious in Room 15.

Oakdale Twigs? Yes? No?

What happened to '07 in the meet? We can sympathize with them.

"Liken Sie deutsch verbs?"

C-rr seems very much interested in Miss — fey.

The "Siamese Quartet" must have enjoyed their lemon pie the other day, judging from appearances.

English:
Miss D-n (reading): "Now, infidel, I have thee on my hip."

Our girls are of a very artistic temperament, according to the position of their seats the fourth hour.

Miss C—m, won't you please bring your friend "the colonel" to recitation some day?

Will somebody please stick a pin in R-wl-y and wake him up?

Teacher: "What request did Gratiano make of Bassanio?"
Miss F—— (dreaming): "Where is your master?"

1909.

Beaux (bows) are going to be all the fad this summer.

What kind of a dictionary do you use, Miss Hen-o-?

The day of lemons is past. Now, in Room 4, it is oranges.

Miss H-g-n thinks it is cheaper to move than to pay rent.

How many more artificial curls?

Edna, how do you like your new seat?

Why does Miss E-i-k-n keep the seat by the window the fourth hour?

French: *"Qui avait le goût?"*
English: "Who had the gout?"

Miss Ek-a-k keeps her window open the fourth hour. Why?

Teacher: "What is the form of *interum?"*
Miss H-nsy: "I think it is a journey."

Ask Miss G. F-t-ger-ld about the sad result of a game of marbles.

"When Johnnie comes marching home," Miss D-ly.

Who acts like a baby in the history class the second hour?

Have they bitten yet, Miss Fo-t-r?

"Don't fail to come over, 'Leona, my dear girl.'"

When is Portus coming home, Miss M-l-er?

How proud we are of Nov-r in our bookkeeping class!

Have you noticed how the papers collect on Miss R-ss-ll's desk?

Miss Ca-p-t-y, how is Cr-o-w-l-e-y?

Why do you like to go over to the library, Miss E-ic-s-n?

1910.

The dust in Room 6 takes peculiar forms. Its last shape was *a mouse!*

Those stuffed dates were fine!

We are glad to see Miss Helen Grimshaw back to school again.

A question: Why does Miss Sm-th come to school so early?
Answer: To see the passersby.

If Miss W-l-on takes many more trips down to Tr-pp's room, he will lose all his pins.

The latest way to get a reward is to ask for it.

Wanted.—A large kitchen apron for Miss Sp-ing in the science lecture-room.

Paper horns seem to be the favorite toy in Division IX.

Why does Miss Da-t-n have to stay after school?

Who is supposed to fill the ink-wells? Miss M-ck-n?

There seems to be a candy factory in Room 2.

Miss Ph-ll-ps has hard luck. We all sympathize with her.

Common saying: "Isn't *it* cute?"

Chester, where do you go every Wednesday?

How many of us wish that recess was from 11.50 to 12.20!

W-r-er, where, oh where, is that shoe?

Miss White wants a reward for honesty.

How do you pick up potatoes, Miss D-e-man?

Latin School acts as a magnet for some of the girls in Room 2.

Miss W-l-d, *where* do you wear your ha?

We all wonder if Miss Mc-ona-d appre-ates Kane's attentions, or does she simp "raise *Kane.*"

Miss J-nas was hugging a Teddy bear te other day. We wonder why?

"Sit down, Tripp."

Why does Miss A-g-l blush when you mo-tion S-i-k-ey?

Who is in the Saturday-afternoon sketch class?

Miss Gor-d-n of Division VII is certai an excellent cook.

Who is the "baby" in Room 6? Miss K-r?

"When you feel a temptation, Miss W- change your seat."

Ask Misses C—— and J—— about Joe and his *college hat.*

Be careful, Miss Ke-ne. Why?

"Miss D-ne-y, have you the Latin tran-tion?"

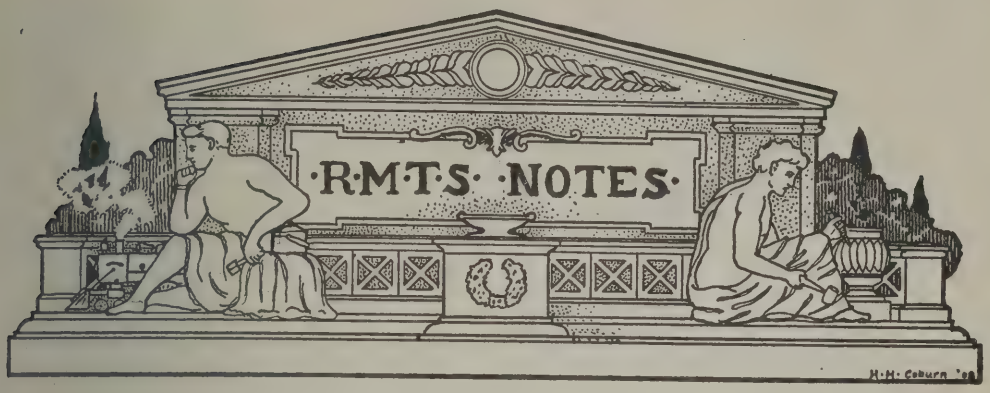
Who got the highest in the Latin paper

Did Miss K-e-e and Miss M-e-s-n en writing fifty times, "I ought not to whi during a recitation?"

A mystery: Why was Miss Sm-th sent ver to the other end of the room?

Miss M-e-in wishes she was a *big, ugly boy.*

Ask Miss F-ll-ns-ee what R. M. T. S., 08, stands for.



1907.

ext time Nash goes away he will probably
e his picture.

Great men oft remind us what small pota-
we have."

iven: A laboratory full of boys. Then
duce three pretty girls.
ove: That all the boys will turn to rubber.

specially at 10.30, pretty pictures looking
see pretty pictures looking in.

ie closet hook: "Do you catch on?"
ie coat: "I'll be hanged if I do."

chardson, der Weiser, says, "Cheese it
n you are buttering bread."

atches are made attractive by placing
in a magnetic field.

ery time he signs his name he writes
n Hill, according to Richardson.

his Wood makes a better conductor than
wood."

e have two first tenors.
is a select few.

took Wilson three days to get a hair-cut.

igleman = x.
= .

inkie" is forever Miles late.

irty days.

1908.

"The tragedy of the trees" was admirably taken up lately by Miss Ellis.

Rumors are around that we may lose some of our best teachers, especially Mr. Brown. We hope he will reconsider and stay with us.

O. S. Ferdinand, M.D., was seen lately extracting from a book its appendix—a critical operation.

"The Sketch-book," by the drawing students, but not similar to the work of Irving.

Mr. Wood: "Did you go in the patent office?"
George: "No'm, but I saw der plan of Clinton's wooden canal."

Raphael Andrews, the artist, has recently sketched the bust of "Abraham." "George" is his next victim.

A ventilator has been opened in Mr. Norton's room.
This is the second crack-shot by some strong man in the same window.

Simpson, consulting engineer and machinist. Belts put on while you wait.

Keep away from the bench, Farrington, during the Latin and High recess. You saw the sad fate of that sort of thing at the last wedding that you attended.

The way some of our French students translate would jar a native.

"The Indians can't drink Peruna," says Christman.

Mr. Wood, to the boy reciting: "Just a moment, our kindergarten department is having an exhibition."

From the elaborate signs posted near the subway, one would think the lunch-room a grocery store.

Divorce proceedings have been instituted by the "Fifth Wheel," K-p.

"Je lui punirai;" Miss Ellis to the "Fellows" in Room J.

Notebooks; up to the demonstration-room.

Mr. Rich is the patrolman during recess. Evacuate, boys.

Weber is still making his memorable speeches.
His latest: "The secretary of war's bureau is in Washington."
Did he mean commode?

Two more months of school, fellows. Let us grind.

Eye-straining tests in physics.
Problem: Sight the pin.

A formal resignation was received from our former president, Banks; Hunnewell thought it unnecessary to call a meeting.

1909.

It is easy to write blank verses.

We read in the last issue of the REVIEW that 99 = 1 by algebra. We can prove by geometry that a cat has three tails, thus:
Given: 1 cat with 1 tail.
To prove: 1 cat has 3 tails.
No cat has 2 tails.
1 cat has 1 tail more than no cat.
Therefore, 1 cat has 3 tails.

Did you ever hear about the dog that jumped across a well in two jumps?

Division IIIA could go to sleep a little easier in history, perhaps, if they had cushioned seats.

Mr. B—— issues a warning to all cribbers.

Sh-p-rd tried to coin a word in French: *"disturbez."*

Mr. B—— does not think that Thomas' orchestra on the back fence at midnight expresses much poetry.

According to Mr. E——, an acute "e" or a mute "e" can be in some cases changed into grave "e" (gravy).

Mr. B——: "Now, Br-wn, let me do the talking; one Br-wn is enough."

Teacher, giving outline, in stern voice: *"Get still!*—under that, heading No. 1."

J-ff-y couldn't understand the formula for finding the diameter of a shaft.

By this time Mr. E—— must find it easy to write "E's," he writes them so often.

The grinders' vacation is coming soon. Oh, yes, soon, very soon; not yet, but soon.

There once was a student at Rindge,
Whose report gave his conscience a twinge;
He studied so hard to improve his next card
That they say he's gone quite off the hinge.

Mr. B——, describing a boy who has gone to the bad: "He has gone down, down, down, and now he is"—
Voice in the rear of the room: "Out!"

Why can't we have some drinking-cups in one of our sinks, so we won't have to drink from the faucets?

We made some dandy watch(dog) chains in forge shops.

There is no longer need for the poor bleacherites to suffer in midsummer. Club owners have but to admit Carlson to the grounds, and they will be supplied with an electric fan.

According to C-ll-y, a tailor is a press agent.

Of all the division papers mentioned in the last issue of the REVIEW, the *Etoile l'Orient* alone survives.

Fowle signs his portrait instead of his name.

1910.

A few studious members of 1910 are anxious to learn whether "Ten Days in the Tardy Class" was written by Shakespeare.

Mr. Rich is a perfect "dear" teaching English.

Mr. K——: "Did you do that?"
Ca-ro-l: "No, sir; not guilty."
Deep voice: "Thirty days. Next."

Popular question of the day: "Did you see the owl?"

The newspapers are bankrupt. Shall we mourn or rejoice?

Eat Bruce's biscuits; Hadley indorses them.

Andrew is the song-bird of IVE.

The "Sandwich Twins" are out for the track.

Dorr, please close the door.

Although freshmen still seem to be an object of amusement to seniors,

When senior looks at freshman,
And senior laughs he-haw,
Young freshman looks at senior,
Emits a huge guffaw.

According to Mr. Hubbard, deep and undisturbed study is the password of IVF hereafter.

Jefferson, have you anything to "swop"?

There is never a night at tardy class that IVF is not well represented.

Mr. H—— is of the opinion that IVF should be exterminated.

We have another division in algebra, VB.

P-r-y always has a grin from ear to ear when he gives his oral themes.

Williams of VB claims he learned more algebra on April 24 than all the rest of the year.

LATIN SCHOOL.

Crew.

The crew got on the river for the first time April 3. At the time of writing, the crews were rowing in the following order:

First crew: stroke, Gray; three, Goodale; two, Ellis; bow, Stratton; cox, H. Boynton.

Second crew: stroke, Harris; three, Hubbard; two, Harlow; bow, Chamberlin; cox, Gozzaldi or A. Boynton.

A. H. Gray resigned the captaincy, and H. Boynton was elected to his place. We wish Boynton success. The drawings for the races resulted in our being in the first heat with Boston Latin, Roxbury Latin and Legate School. Boston Latin has the wall course, and we come next. Although Boston has a much heavier crew, the fellows must remember that weight never has counted, and there is no reason why it should.

Baseball.

We opened our season on Patriots' Day with Waltham and were beaten 4 to 3 in a well-played game. Babson pitched well in all except one inning, when several errors helped Waltham to all their runs. We made nine hits, while Waltham got but five.

The next day we played the strong Dorchester team and were beaten 1 to 0. The score:

DORCHESTER.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Riley, c. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Keenan, c.	3	0	13	1	0
Fraser, 2	3	0	0	2	0
Daley, s. s.	4	1	0	7	0
Delaney, 1	3	0	14	0	0
Conley, 3	4	2	0	1	0
Sullivan, l. f.	3	2	0	0	0
Abbot, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Cruikshank, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Hardy, p.	3	0	0	2	1
	27	6	27	13	1

C. L. S.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2	4	0	2	2	0
Babson, p.	4	1	1	3	0
Chase, s. s.	4	1	0	1	0
Keeves, c.	2	0	9	1	0
Coon, 3	4	1	2	1	0
Volk, 1	4	0	7	0	0
Duvey, l. f.	3	0	1	0	1
Hands, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Blackall, c. f.	3	0	2	0	0
	31	3	24	8	1

Two-base hit, Conley. First base on balls: off, Babson, 3; off, Hardy, 4. Left on bases: C. L. S., 7; D. H. S., 6. First on errors, C. L. S., 1. Struck out: by Babson, 8; by Hardy, 11. Double play, Babson and Coon. Passed balls: Reeves, 1; Keenan, 2. Hit by pitcher, Riley and Fraser. Time, one hour forty minutes. Umpire, Hickey. Attendance, 200.

On April 22 we beat Volkmann pretty badly; that is, 13 to 4. The score:

C. L. S.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2	5	1	3	5	1
Babson, p. and 3	3	1	0	5	1
Chase, s. s.	5	3	1	1	1

Reeves, c.	2	0	9	4	0
Coon, 3 and p.	5	1	0	1	0
Volk, 1	4	1	12	0	2
Duvey, l. f.	4	1	1	0	0
Hands, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
Lynch, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Blackall, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
	32	8	27	16	5

VOLKMANN.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Miller, 1	4	0	15	0	0
Shrigley, c.	3	0	4	7	2
Pushee, s. s.	3	1	0	0	4
Follet, 3	3	1	2	2	1
Kennard, p.	3	1	1	6	0
Kimball, l. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Fitzpatrick, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Noyes, 2	4	0	1	0	2
Thomson, r. f.	4	1	2	0	1
Hornblower, c. f.	4	0	1	0	1
	32	4	27	15	11

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
C. L. S.	4	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	2	13
Volkmann	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	4

Runs made: Kimball 4, Babson 2, Chase 2, Coon 2, Hands, Blackall 2, Pushee, Follet, Kennard, Kimball. Two-base hits, Chase, Follet, Pushee. Three-base hit, Volk. First on balls: off, Babson, 2; Kennard, 8. Struck out: by Babson (in six innings), 4; by Coon (in three innings), 4; by Kennard, 3. Double play, Shrigley to Miller. Passed balls: Reeves, Shrigley 2. Hit by pitcher, Shrigley. Time, one hour forty minutes. Umpire, Hallahan.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Baseball.

Roxbury Latin, 12. Training School, 3.

The baseball team played its first game of the season with Roxbury Latin on April 3. Training School used nineteen players, in order to find the best material. Roxbury won by 12 to 3, as Training School boys were unable to get but four hits on Cavanaugh. For Roxbury, Hastings and Cavanaugh played well, while for Training School, Webber pitched well during the five innings he played. The score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
R. L. S.	2	0	9	0	1	0	0	0	0	12	11	3
R. M. T. S.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	4	4

Batteries: Cavanaugh and Brehaut; Sharkey, Webber and Horgan, O'Brien and Green.

Training School, 15. Ballou & Hobigand, 12.

Training School defeated Ballou and Hobigand on April 13 by the score of 15 to 12, in a loosely played game, which was full of errors. The Training School team batted well, especially Hugelman and MacDonald and Harrington. Griffin and Webber also did well for Training School, while Di Pesa and Badaracco excelled for Ballou. The score:

R. M. T. S.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, 3 b.	2	1	2	3	1
Raymond, l. f.	1	0	1	0	0
James, c.	1	0	16	2	0
Griffin, 1 b.	4	1	5	0	1
Skilton, 2 b.	2	1	2	1	0
Hugelman, c. f.	3	3	0	1	0
Harrington, r. f.	0	2	1	1	0
Sharkey, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
MacDonald, s. s.	1	2	0	0	3
FitzMaurice, p.	1	0	0	2	0
Webber, p.	0	0	0	0	1
	15	10	27	10	6

BALLOU & HOBIGAND.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Di Pesa, c.	3	2	8	6	0
Dunbar, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Brown, p. and 2 b.	1	1	0	0	0
Donovan, 2 b.	0	1	2	1	2
Badaracco, 3 b.	2	0	4	3	1
Keating, 1 b.	0	1	6	0	3
Kelley, s. s. and p.	1	0	1	1	2
Cameron, s. s.	0	0	0	0	1
McLaughlin, l. f.	3	1	0	0	0
Sliney, c. f.	2	2	0	0	1
Coombs, r. f.	0	0	3	0	0
	12	8	24	11	11

R. M. T. S.	4	4	0	0	1	4	2	0	x	= 15
B. & H.	0	1	1	3	2	2	0	0	3	= 12

Three-base hits: Brown. Two-base hits: Keating, Di Pesa, Sliney, Skilton, Hugelman, Harrington, MacDonald 2. Stolen bases: R. M. T. S., 13; B. & H., 4. Struck out: by FitzMaurice, 5; Webber, 9; Murphy, 6.

Training School, 4. Somerville, 9.

Training School played its annual exhibition game with Somerville on April 19 and lost, 9 to 4. Loose fielding was responsible, in a large measure, for the defeat, as nine errors were made by R. M. T. S. Griffin played a good game in the field, and Webber pitched well, holding Somerville to five hits. At the same time Munroe held R. M. T. S. to six hits. The score:

SOMERVILLE.

	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiley, s. s.	0	1	4	4
McLaughlin, l. f.	1	1	0	0
Bowlby, c.	1	11	1	1
Sharry, 2 b.	1	2	0	0
Wheeler, c. f.	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, 1 b.	1	7	0	0
Mahoney, 1 b.	1	2	0	0
Hooper, r. f.	0	3	1	0
Munroe, p.	0	0	1	0
Garland, 3 b.	0	0	0	2
	5	27	7	7

R. M. T. S.

	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, 3 b.	1	2	2	2
Raymond, l. f.	1	0	0	0
James, c.	2	6	2	0
Griffin, 1 b.	1	10	0	0
Skilton, 2 b.	0	1	4	3
Hugelman, r. f.	0	2	2	0
Harrington, l. f.	0	0	0	1
MacDonald, s. s.	1	1	1	2
Webber, p.	0	2	1	1
	6	24	12	9

Somerville	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	2	x	= 9
R. M. T. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	= 4

Runs: Wiley, McLaughlin, Bowlby, Sharry Mitchell, Hooper, Munroe 2, Mahoney, Hayes Raymond, MacDonald, James. Stolen bases Somerville, 4; R. M. T. S., 1. Struck out: by Munroe, 11; Webber, 9. Umpire, McCarthy Time, one hour thirty-five minutes.

Track Team.

In response to Captain Watkins' call for track men, the following men reported to start training for the class meet on May 3 and the one with Somerville on May 24: Kronenburg Miles, Hayes, Ireland, Gozzaldi, Hershon Thurston, Wardwell, Keays, Cogswell, Kane Severance, Dennett, Green, Packard, Fuller Lathrop, Linton, Grant, Kelley, Glidden, Allen Harrington, Burrage, Andrews, Hadley.

On Friday, May 24, at three o'clock, a meet will be held with the two Somerville schools The events are as follows: 100, 220, 440, 880 yard runs and 1-mile run; 120-yard high hurdles; 220-yard low hurdles; high jump; running broad jump; shot put, and relay race.

This meet is open to every fellow in the school, and it is hoped that a good many will enter. It will be held at Broadway Field Somerville.

1907 1907

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FUN.

"You'll find I'm hard to discourage," said the persistent suitor, dramatically. "Some day I'll make you admit you love me, and then—and not till then—I will die happy."

"I'll say it now," replied the heartless girl. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."

A bashful couple, evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car the other day.

"Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.

"What is mind?"
"No matter."
"What is matter?"
"Never mind."
"What is spirit?"
"Immaterial."

Director: "Say, my man, how is it that Shakespeare's statue is on the pedestal marked Scott?"

Attendant: "He must have gotten his base on an error."

First Swede: "Why is a pancake like der sun?"

Second ditto: "Because it rises out of der yeast and sets behind der vest."

THE PROOF.

The specimen of writing by the student upon beginning work in the class and his specimen at a later date placed side by side show the improvement made in penmanship, and a comparison of the time taken to write the two specimens indicates his gain in speed and ease of execution.

The Cambridge Commercial College has such specimens on file, showing each student's progress, and those interested in the special penmanship classes soon to be formed at the college are invited to inspect these papers which clearly show the remarkable improvement made in penmanship by the students of the College.

This is an opportuniy for High School students which should be investigated at once.

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Felis sedit by a hole,
Intenta she, cum omni soul,
Prendere rats;
Mice cucurrerunt over the floor,
In numero duo, tres or more—
O bliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis;
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess—
Dum ludunt,
Tunc illa crept toward the group
Habeam, dixit: good rat soup
Pinques sunt;

Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti they in ludum were,
Gaudentur
Tunc rushed the Felis unto them,
Et tore them omnes, limb from limb,
Violenter.

Mures, omnes mice be shy,
Et aurem praebe mihi
Benigne
Si hoc fuges, verbum sat,
Avoid a large and hungry cat
Studiose.

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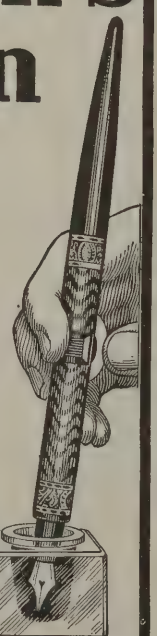

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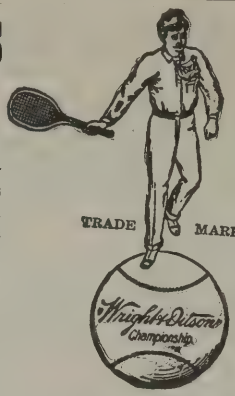

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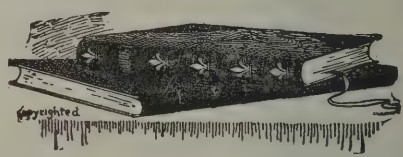

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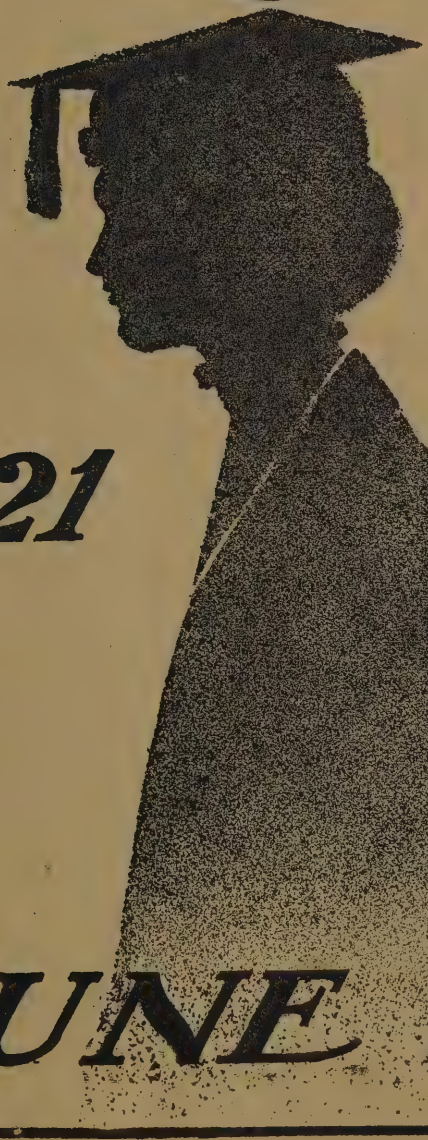

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THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Vol. XXI No. 9

Representing the Latin, High and Rindge Manual Training Schools

Cambridge, Massachusetts, June, 1907

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EDITORIALS.

June is here again, and with June ends our year's work with the REVIEW. It has been a year not devoid of pleasure to us, and, we hope, not unsatisfactory to our supporters. We have made many mistakes, as was natural; but we have always tried to correct them and to make amends, so far as it lay within our power. We have striven to avoid friction, except where we felt it our duty to protest against something, and it has been our constant object to promote harmony and unity throughout the schools. Some abuses we have attacked, we hope, not without effect. Our achievements have fallen far short of our ideals; such must indeed always be the case, if the ideals are worthy of the name. Our hope is that we have done something, however little, to smooth the way for future editors, that our successor may find supporting him the united power of all three schools.

In this final number we desire to thank those who have so faithfully and ably helped us throughout the past year. To the principals and some of the teachers, especially to those of the English departments, we are deeply grateful for their advice and assistance in many different ways. The members of our staff, too, have been loyal and willing under all conditions, and their hearty cooperation deserves the warmest recognition. Many pupils throughout the schools have proved by their support that they take an interest in the paper. Much as we dislike to give praise to any school or any class more than others, we feel that it is only just to mention the work which the class of 1909 of the Training School has done for us. Several times we should have been hard put to it to fill our columns but for the ability and willingness of the members of this class. Though they have no course in English next year, we hope that they will continue to write, both for their own improvement and for the support of the paper.

Tuesday afternoon, May 21, the teachers of the Manual Training School went in a body to Mr. Morse's office in Boston and presented him with a handsome silver loving-cup as a token of their esteem for him and of their appreciation of the work which he did in the years during which he was principal of the school.

The cup was inscribed as follows:

To
Charles H. Morse,
Headmaster
Rindge Manual Training School,
1895-1907,
From his Teachers,
As a token of his love and his wholesome fellowship.

The past few years have witnessed a tremendous growth, both in numbers and influence, of secret societies in the secondary schools. Of course, fraternities and societies, more or less secret, have existed in the colleges for more than a hundred years; but it is only within the last twenty years that they have become numerous in preparatory schools, and only within ten or twelve that they have come to be an important problem in the affairs of these schools. Now there are few schools which cannot show at least one fraternity or secret society, while the large schools sometimes reckon three or four, without counting smaller organizations limited in membership to one particular class. The multiplication of societies often has a somewhat beneficial effect, by lessening the feeling, too prevalent where there is only one, that the few chosen members are on a higher plane from their school-mates. This feeling, however, is too narrow and conceited for any but the most radical society members.

Now, far be it from us to decry the advantages of a secret society, for they are many and important. The spirit of union and fellowship with others is one of the most beneficial in school life. If the members of a society, and particularly those who direct its policy are so inclined, it may become a powerful factor in the success and harmony with which a school is conducted. When,

however, it becomes opposed to the authorities, the whole school is thrown into a ferment, and discord and strife, sometimes ending in the expulsion of the leaders, are the result.

This subject is attracting much comment at present, through the press and otherwise. A forcible example of the evils of secret societies carried to the extreme is to be found in Melrose. Here there has been such violent strife between the societies and the authorities that it seems doubtful whether there will be any public graduation of the senior class. Such a condition of affairs could be brought about only by extremists at the head of the society. Cambridge is certainly threatened with no such peril as this, and so far the societies here have proved of rather good influence, for the most part; but we must bear in mind that they carry the potentialities of infinite trouble, and that they must be handled like electric wires charged with a powerful current,—of great use when properly controlled, but destructive in the extreme if unwisely treated.

To review the athletic record of the past year is not a pleasure. Both football teams made a sad showing,—that from the Training School winning three games, and that from the Latin School, one. There is one bright spot to relieve the general darkness of the year's football record; namely, the games on Thanksgiving Day. On that day the Training School team went to Somerville for its annual game, and surprised even its warmest admirers by putting up such a fight as it had not shown the whole year, and holding the heavy Somerville team to one safety. Almost as pleasing to Cambridge was the Latin School's game with Waltham, which the latter, although expecting a victory such as Newton's the week before, barely won by one touchdown.

The hockey teams did somewhat better, yet neither of them succeeded in getting first place. The basket-ball teams petered out, and the track-teams were far from satisfactory. Now, however, there is a chance that Cambridge's athletic reputation may be somewhat redeemed, for both baseball teams are making a fairly good showing, that from the Latin School especially.

At this time it becomes our duty to appoint those who are to succeed next year to the two principal offices of the Review; namely, the editor and the business manager. For the latter position we have selected, on the basis of value of advertisements secured this year, Harry T. Fogg, C. L. S., '08, now assistant manager. He has given all the evidences of a first-class business manager. For the other position there has been selected, for the first time in several years, one who is not a member of the Latin School, and for the first time in the history of the paper, one who is a member of the Training School. The next editor will be Ernest H. Thompson, R. M. T. S., '08. He has our entire confidence both in ability to write and to run the paper as a whole. We hope that he will feel, as we have felt, that there should be neither individual feeling for class or school in the management of the Review, and that he will be willing, at the close of his year of office, to name the best man as his successor, whether he is from the Latin School or from the Training School. We hope, too, that the pupils of the Latin School will follow the example of the Training School in past years, and instead of growling that the office should have remained with them, and sulking as a result, that they will get to work and make such a showing that next June when the editor looks around for the best man for the place, he will turn of necessity to the Latin School, and his only doubt will be as to which of many should hold the office.

By an unfortunate mistake, we announced last month that the Training School graduation would take place Thursday, June 20. The real date is one week earlier; namely, Thursday, June 13. The subject will be "Electricity," and an interesting exhibition is promised. We regret deeply having made this error.

TSCHAIKOWSKY.

Lloyd McKim Garrison Prize Poem.

ROBERT E. ROGERS, C. L. S., '05; HARVARD, '09.

(Reprinted from *The Harvard Monthly*.)

Out of the north, from the bitter field,
Where the sun is gray and the wind is keen,
Where men strive over the lean earth's yield
(Apples of dust it has ever been),
Out of the north, where a thousand years
Have bent my people beneath the yoke,
I came as one from purer spheres,
To sing the song of the Russian folk.

Through the centuries, in their fathers' way
They have sung at the spring and harvest tide,
And at village feasts in the flush of May
Danced at the door of the new-made bride,
And I who caught from their lilting wild
Melodies strange, and old, and sweet,
The cradle song of a sleepy child,
The hurried cadence of dancing feet,

The peasant's love song upon the hills,
The shrill blood-chantings of battles past,
The fireside *saga* that stirs and thrills,
I gave them forth to the world at last.
I chanted their beauty till nations came
And harked to my music 'mid smiles and tears,
But my work was all in my people's name,
To cheer their hearts in the evil years.

Years when the famine was on the land,
And my people fell at their work and died,
When the masters smote with a heavy hand,
When the children hungered and were denied;
They cried aloud from the barren earth,
Stretching their hands to the God unknown;
I listened to them in the time of dearth,
And made their song of despair my own.

My soul became as the souls in pain,
Who sing lest their chastened spirits break,
A song, half heard, like the wind and rain,
All sorrowful. And within me spake
A will not mine, so I sang, full-toned,
The pitiful music to God and men,
Till the sound swept up to the Light enthroned,
And star-like fell to the earth again.

A singer lone from the troubled north,
I taught all peoples to understand
As my country's soul I bodied forth,
Till they gave me honor with open hand,
But my heart went out to those who sing
With heads bowed down to the tempest stroke,
And their joy was mine and their suffering.
I have sung the song of the Russian folk.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

J. GORDON GILKEY, C. L. S., '08.

How clearly I remember the time when the weird idea first crossed my mind! I was seated comfortably in an arm-chair before the open fire in my library. It had already begun to grow dark outside, and the electric lights in the streets were twinkling through the gloom. As I watched the glowing embers in the fire-place fall, I thought, "What if man did have another sense? If, beside being able to see, hear, taste, smell, and feel, he could know, would it not be a great benefit?" How tenacious this thought was! It remained fixed in my mind as the days went by, and I began to wonder whether such a being existed, until my desire to find a man with the sixth sense became overpowering. Little did I think when I first entertained that stray thought, that it would grow, and fasten itself upon me, and finally drive me to a long search for the man with the sixth sense. But neverthless it did, and for several years I travelled over the world in my fruitless search, visiting fortune-tellers, palmists and card readers everywhere. Each one either proved to be an utter fraud, or at best one who knew no more about the future than I did. My custom was to ask this one question of the one whom I was interviewing, "Can you tell me precisely where I will be, and what I will be doing in exactly one hour from now?" The fortune-teller usually answered, "Oh yes, easily. Now what is your name and occupation?" But I refused to answer a single question, and the fortune-teller inevitably failed to give me the desired information.

So, finally, after several fruitless years of searching, I returned home, disgusted with myself for such a waste of time. "I might have known that no man has the sixth sense," I muttered to myself as I left my room to go and visit my brother, who lived in a neighboring town, and whom I had not seen since my departure several years before, "and I was foolish to try to find what does not exist."

It so happened that as I was waiting for a car, on my return, late that same evening, I fell into conversation with a stranger who was likewise looking for a car. We chatted about the weather and various minor topics, until finally we began to talk of the wretchedness of the car-service. "I wish I had the sixth sense," I exclaimed, drawing out my watch, "for I'd like to know how soon the car is coming. We've waited here nearly twenty minutes already." "What did you say?" the stranger asked calmly, "I did not quite understand you." "I merely remarked," I answered, "that I wish I knew how soon the car was coming." "No, no," my companion responded, "you said something before that." "Do you refer to my saying that I wish I had the sixth sense?" "Precisely," was the answer, "and you would never wish for it, if you did have the sixth sense." The man's calmness excited me. "How do you know, sir," I replied, "have you the sixth sense?" "I have," the stranger answered briefly.

I laughed nervously. "I am afraid, sir," I exclaimed, "that I am a skeptic. I have just spent several years in hunting for a man with the sixth sense, and have visited every fortune-teller and mind-reader of renown on this continent and in Europe. I will say frankly that my search has been fruitless, and I have become a skeptic toward the whole idea." "Oh well," my companion answered, "if you want a proof, I will give you one. As you see by your watch it is now ten minutes of twelve. In five minutes a gentleman in evening dress will speak to you asking when a car is due. As he is speaking, the car will appear around that corner yonder."

My eyes opened wide in my astonishment, for the man spoke calmly and with authority, and not in the careless way of fortune-tellers. But I shook my head. How easily I was being taken in! "Excuse me, sir," I said laughingly, "if I seem to discredit you. My long search has made me exceedingly wary. Might you not be one who knows the car schedule well, or who is in the habit of taking this special car, and so knows just when it will come here?" "On the contrary," the stranger answered, "I have never been in this part of the city before, at this hour, and consequently I know nothing of the car service here, except by the sixth sense." I was just going to make a reply, when I felt someone touch my arm, and turning around, saw, to my amazement, a gentleman apparently in evening dress who said, "Excuse my interruption, but can you tell me when a car is due? I — oh, there is one now, rounding the corner. I beg your pardon for troubling you so needlessly." My companion who saw my astonishment, took out his watch, and showed it to me. It was precisely five minutes of twelve.

I was dumbfounded. For a moment, I stared at my companion, who was smiling quietly at me, and then I exclaimed, "I will take back every word I said. You surely have the sixth sense. In the interests of science, will you give me your card, and let me interview you?" "Certainly," answered the stranger, "I shall be at home to-morrow at ten o'clock in the morning. I am sorry I cannot talk longer now, but this is my car, and yours is following it. I shall expect you to-morrow morning." Hastily boarding the car, the stranger rode away, while I stood there speechless, with his card in my hand. Suddenly I heard a car approaching. I turned around, and, sure enough, it was mine. Once inside, I eagerly looked at the stranger's card. It read, H. B. Newcombe.

The next morning I was glad enough to visit my new acquaintance, who lived at the other end of the city. He cordially greeted me as I presented myself, and led me into a well furnished reception room. "What ever made you go on your search?" was his first question, and I answered it briefly, telling how the idea had first come to me, and some of the chief events of my trip. "Now it has been my custom to ask everyone whom I have interviewed, this question," I continued, " which, if you are willing, I will propound to you. Where will I be, and what will I be doing in precisely one hour, that is, at eleven o'clock?"

The smile died off of Mr. Newcombe's face and he said quietly, after a moment's pause, "I do not like to tell you, but lest you think I cannot, I will do so. At eleven o'clock you will be doing what I have so often done, trying to avert Fate. You will be in your library endeavoring to reach your brother by telephone, but will be unable to do so."

"My brother," I interrupted, "who is my brother?" "He is the superintendent of a large factory near this city, and you visited him last evening before you met me."

I looked at Mr. Newcombe with delight. My long search had been rewarded; at last I had found a man with the sixth sense. "You are the one for whom I have hunted so long, Mr. Newcombe," I said, "you have the sixth sense. What pleasure it must give you! As you meet men to know their names and histories; to know everything pertaining to any subject without study; to know the result of every contest before it is begun; this extra sense must bring you great happiness."

"Ah, no," Mr. Newcombe answered slowly, "it is an awful curse. What pleasure can I take in life? Every joy or pleasant surprise that will ever come to me I know at this instant, and so my happiness is spoiled because it has lost its element of surprise. Then think of my misfortunes, how they weigh upon me! For example, I knew that I was going to break my arm on a certain day last year by slipping down upon the pavement in front of

this house. For days before, I lived in agony. How could I outwit Fate? I determined not to leave my room all that day. But I forgot that I would have to eat, and though I went without food till late afternoon, my hunger drove me out. Then I determined, as I came back home, to enter the house by the side door, and thus, by not approaching the place where the accident was to occur, to avert my Fate. What was my horror then on finding that I had with me only the key to the front door of the house! So I determined to get my servant to let me in at the side entrance. I rang the bell in vain, no one answered. Finally I remembered that it was the servant's vacation week, and that he had gone away that morning. Was there then no way to escape Fate? None whatever. I made a wild dash for the house, hoping to reach it safely, but my haste proved to be the instrument of Fate. I tripped and fell, and as I attempted to rise, an awful pain shot through my arm. It was broken.

"This is my life. I live as in some awful nightmare, trying to escape an inevitable doom. You do not know what your's is; I do, but am powerless to avert it."

In his excitement, Mr. Newcombe had risen, and now stood before me with nerves tense. Gradually he quieted, and finally smiled, saying, "But this is all in the past, and to-day my sufferings will cease. Presently you will go home and I will seat myself in that chair over there. At half past eleven my heart will suddenly cease beating, and I will die. It is useless to fight against my Fate. I have tried to many times, and have always failed."

I was unable to contain myself longer.

"Why sir," I cried, "you are telling me a fearful tale. If you cannot avert Fate, why do you think of it at all? Why do you not refuse to use the sixth sense at all, if it is so awful?"

Mr. Newcombe looked at me quietly for a moment, and then said calmly, "Well, we will see what you will do. At this moment your brother is entering his office. At eleven o'clock he will visit the boiler room in his factory, and despite all your efforts there will be an explosion and he will be severely injured. You cannot ward off his fate. It it inevitable."

But I did not hear the last sentence, for bounding from my chair, I seized my hat, and rushed out of the house to try and warn my brother. Not waiting for a car, I dashed wildly through the streets until I reached my own home. Hastily rushing into my library, I seized the telephone and called up my brother's office, and asked for him. "He has just stepped out, but will be in again in a moment," said the office girl, who was answering me. "He has gone to the boiler room," I cried; "I must see him!" But I heard no answer; the connection had evidently been broken. I sank back in my chair, and, as I did so, I heard the church clocks strike eleven.

Realizing the futility of my efforts, as well as the truth of Mr. Newcombe's prophecy, I started sadly for my brother's home, and arrived there just as the doctor's carriage was driving up. I drew out my watch; it was nearly twelve o'clock. I breathed a sigh of relief. "The sixth sense must be gone," I murmured, "he said 'half past eleven.'"

CITREA CANTABRIGIENSIS LATINÆ SCHOLÆ, 1907.

It falls to us, this year, to tell of our classmates of sterling worth; with the spirit of malice towards none, we submit the following to their careful consideration. Mark you!

Stella is the star of our stars. It's nice to have some one from whom to copy French lessons. Stella is sure to have her lesson and we all appreciate her talent.

Not the Siamese twins—only Kimball and MacArthur. One manages the track team most excellently; the other is—his ready helper (?).

The teachers say it's merely play
That gets poor Mike in trouble;
But when one looks "on the track" of crooks,
One's sure to take a tumble.

Anastasia and May Riley are bosom friends; they are never separated. They sit right near each other in recitations and never hold communication. We wonder why?

All children do not have curly hair. Pauline does. After she graduates from college she will start a hair-dressing parlor. Perhaps she will curl your hair for you free, because you are one of her classmates. Will your curls come out? Oh, yes, for as the poet Longfellow says—"Nature alone is permanent."

Who now appears, 'midst many cheers?
None but the great and mighty Dane.
A sportsman true, of brightest hue,
He trots it out with might and main.

How many different ways can Miss McSweeney comb her hair? Don't ask us, we lost count long ago.

Who is that fair maiden gliding along the corridor? That is dear Charlotte, hurrying to talk to Byerly, but she won't find him. She has a trot to the Iliad in her hand, but of course she never uses it. Charlotte also writes iambic poetry about birds and flowers; and once in a while, indulges in the lighter vein; for example:

Baa, Baa, Barton,
Have you any marks?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
I'm one of the sharks.

Or this:

Chamberlin, Chamberlin, where have you been?
I've been out fussing, as you have seen.
Chamberlin, Chamberlin, Howe came you there?
It's always my duty to visit the fair.

And,

Roger, Roger, argues for aye,
Fusses the girls and makes them fly;
When the girls come out to play,
Roger, Roger, runs away.

Also:

There was a little man,
And he had a little oar,
And it was made of wood, wood, wood.
And with it Gray would row
Either fast or slow,
Just the best that he could, could, could.

Esther Mandell never has a subscription list. If she did she would always be Dunning.

Does Mary Ward have a front seat in Greek? Yes. Does she talk at all, except when called upon to recite? Oh, dear, no, for that would not only be rude, but also breaking a rule. Once in a while, however, she gives a knowing look at one of her neighbors.

Whom have we here? Reeves draws near;
A lad so very nimble.
He'll run the track, catch 'hind the bat,
His French would fill a thimble.

Anna is one of our "honor pupils." Don't you wish you could be an "honor pupil"? She always does her Dailey work and gets nineties on her card. She speaks in the German debates, which is more than the other little girls do. *Oh, dear!* why cannot we all be smart?

Our Francis, we call him ours, came over from Training School and soon entered upon the full tide of his career. Must he not be old to have had so much education? Oh, no, not at all, he is so smart that he is one of our youngest—a veritable "infant prodigy" and belongs to the "upper ten."

Though geometry's hard to Gladys,
With us it cuts no ice;
For we think Miss Brock the best,
And the nicest of the nice.

Who is this little girl who trots along so gaily? Why, it is Althea. Her translations please our preceptor. We like them, too. If you ever need help, go to her and she will lend you "the helping hand."

Who is this who comes strolling over from the library? That is no other than our captain of the baseball team; but where was he in the first Newton game, did we see him there? He was sick that day.

There is a man in our class,
Who would a skater be.
He fusses, too, a little bit.
His name is A. Lahee.

Don't you wish you had fuzzy hair like Ellis, then all the girls would be struck on you. But as for the Boston (mention it not!), Ted is amantissimus.

This is the model child—Marjorie. Really, I'd like to show you her report card, for she is one of the few who never have been censured in conduct. I'd send her to the office for it, only I'm afraid it would take too long.

Miss Burrage's charms are so great,
Her accomplishments, oh, so many,
That we guess she'll have to wait
Before we tell her any.

And this little girl is? May—our associate editor. She has a pleasant smile for each teacher, as she gives out Reviews. Everything she has is kept in perfect order, especially her desk. Then why did some one feel it necessary to arrange the books in a little better order? Ask Rachel—perhaps she can tell.

Absent again, Miss Mason? Yes. Sick, did you say? Well—perhaps. Chalk, you know, gives chills.

And now to tell of A. Coldwell,
A voter of our class.
Each week he crams on Harvard exams.
We hope he'll surely pass.

Did you ever hear of "neatness personified." Well, that is Miss Stuart. She just came out of the band-box. That is why she is called Hattie.

Who is that behind the rosy smile? That is little Margaret Sander. She is very pretty and has two dimples. Where does she go every third hour? Oh, she belongs to a club which holds parties every third hour. If you ask her, she won't tell you about the parties, because they are not recorded on the program.

A quiet, unobtrusive lad
Is Thompson on the street;
At early morn he walks abroad,
To hear the birds "tweet, tweet."

That little boy bending over his desk is Gilmore Rideout. Is he studying his lessons? No, he is writing a paper called, "What's the Use," or "The Indolent but Agreeable Condition of Doing Nothing." It will be a great success when it comes out. It will appeal to the overworked (?) minds of the infants of 1907, who will purchase several copies apiece.

No, he is not a little boy. He is W. Harold Eckert. He is manager of the crew and of the REVIEW. Some day he will be a great man and will have charge of all the money. Do you think you would like to have him hold a corner on your money?

Byerly knows his lessons well,
And learns them day by day;
It never seems to swell his head,
And that we're glad to say.

Did you know the girls have athletics? They do—and Miss Clark is the hardest worker on the team. What does she play—she is manager. But that does not stop her studying. She has to go to the library. Does she study? Oh, yes; at least she never needs a book in French.

Who is that boy standing by the hall door? That is Joyce. Is he bashful? No, but there is more room to "rough house" and more ways to run.

You are aware, what growth of hair
Upon his head Church harbors.
The reason's plain, he isn't vain,
He's got a boycott on the barbers.

She writes out her translations every day. Just think of that! What did you say her name was? Hush, my child, don't speak so irreverently—it is our birdling: Avis Blaisdell.

In the days to come, you'll hear of a young and gifted girl who plays the violin remarkably well. That is Gertrude. At present her talent is not appreciated as it will be later on, for "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

John Welch can catch the fleet half back;
And in athletics do much more;
But when he tries geometry
He generally hits the floor.

This "bonny" lass is Elizabeth Hubbard. Look on her with awe. She can do the high jump. Don't you wish you could do the high jump? If you go to our graduation you will see her as Venus. Do you know who Venus is? If not, look it up in the "Classical Dictionary."

Mary of old had one little lamb, doubtless you have heard; but our Mary has more than one little lamb led captive, and perhaps you will find out how she does it, if you ask; only you will never be able even to rival her, we know.

At every season of the year,
We're always glad when Snow is here;
For to have Snow, in Fall or Spring,
Is with us quite the usual thing.

Did you ever see in one of Boston's stores, a little boy with rosy cheeks, who opens and shuts the door for all customers? That is what Clifford will do when he gets older and can do it quietly, for now he shuts the door too quickly and too forcibly. You will have to patronize that store then, and smile on him as you sail grandly in—or else he'll "grow jealous in his old age."

Tunis has a birthday book which is very pretty. There are many interesting names in it, such as Alfred and Crawford. Look out, or you'll have to write in it, too.

Why, what is that sound, I wonder?
Do you think it can be thunder?
Have no fear, it is only Paul
Trying to translate Greek, that's all.

Edna Smith will be a doctor some day. It makes no difference whether she be homeopath or allopath; either way she will prescribe pills.

Without a doubt, Miss Hunt's about,
Her cheery laugh proclaims the fact.
'Tis very true we'd be quite blue,
If her bright, sunny smile we lacked.

Really, she couldn't be-Nita! Her Latin papers are always neat. That is why 'Bene' appears on ours when they are neat.

An artist renowned is seldom found,
Yet Laura can at great men scoff;
For her drawings grace each black-board space
That we can see—but not our prof.

This little girl with the light hair and blue eyes has a very interesting desk. If you ever want anything, just go to Miss Eayrs, for she has needles, pins, scissors, thread of many colors, a button hook, and buttons, to say nothing of a handkerchief or two and a few coins. Some day, unless she breaks down on account of her nerves, she will start a smallware store which will be successful, if we judge from the way her present stock is patronized.

Our crew is grand, it beats the band,
And wins for us most glorious fame;
And so we bow to Herbert, now,
The gallant coxwain of the same.

Once more a voice, so well known, calls out, "Miss Belcher, that will do now." In answer, Miss Belcher smiles sweetly—turns her back and whispers some more, this time not so loudly. Again a voice is heard. No response from Miss Belcher, but a note is passed to the girl in front. Truly, she is incorrigible!

We all know that nineties go
To Miss Thain, as rather poor marks.
She never "trots," rakes in the "dots,"
And thinks doing lessons merely larks.

Who are those two loving girls who are so devoted to each other? Flowers, did you say? Oh, I understand—Florys. Well, it doesn't matter, for they are of the same flora.

The girl who's good, does what she should,
And never breaks a rule,
Is hard to find; yet do you mind
That Ethel's in our school?

This polished and finished society lady is, off the stage, a shark at Greek and Latin, as well as other things, I'm told; and all the teachers think that she's just lovely. Perhaps, if you could act as well as Roxie, the teachers would like you, too.

The manager here, whom all must fear,
Is Percy Riley, so well known.
His greatest forte is baseball sport.
Ought seven claims him as her own.

Corinne is a "friend in need," and we all would be sad indeed, and some of us would get a good many more zeros, without her ready aid.

This point in doubt; Kit can't make out
All that turns up in classes.
But if one claims that he lacks brains,
Just refer him to the lasses.

Cambridge Latin School is not a school of dramatic art, or of physical culture, or a nurses' training school; but Miss Blackall learns them all there. If any wish to learn to box, go to her.

And this last word is—hurry up, Gladys Parker, or you'll be late.

M. G. M. E. M. C.
H. M. B. H. G. R.
M. B. H. F. B.

CLASS OF 1907, CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

Fletcher Wood Taft, '03, takes the part of Joshua Phineas Brown, a millionaire, and Louis Montague Potter, '04, the part of Estelle Flushing, hotel clerk and stenographer, in "The Financier," the annual Pi Eta show, given last month.

Harold Morton Tillinghast, '03, was a member of the Harvard Fencing Team in the bout against Tufts College, and was substitute on the team that participated in the intercollegiate meet at New York City last month.

Elwood Stanley Currie, '05, won his "H" in basket-ball.

Eleanor Agnes Raymond, '05, was captain of the Sophomore team in the recent interclass gymnasium meet at Wellesley College. She has also been awarded the much-coveted "W."

Price Greenleaf scholarships for the year 1906-07 at Harvard have been awarded to James Albert Eccles, '06, and Roger Jouett Gilmore, '05.

Recent changes in addresses are:

Mrs. Edith Leslie Atwood Dow, '95, 6 Hilliard Street.

Mary Elizabeth White, '99, West Somerville.

Louis Montague Potter, '04, Watertown.

Howard Eugene Rideout, '01, second lieutenant in the United States Revenue Cutter Service, has been transferred to the Alaska division for a three-year term of service.

Agnes Hussey Smith, '01, is teaching in the Middleton (Mass.) High School.

Daniel Clarke Brennan, '03, is pitcher on the Harvard Varsity Baseball Team; John Adams Paine, '05, is on the Harvard Second Team, and Sidney Clarke Boyer, '06, Edward Redcliffe Chapin, '06, and Francis Leon Foster, '06, are on the Harvard 1910 Team.

Robert Veazie Arnold, '04, is coxswain on the Harvard Second Crew. He is solo dancer and leader of the Pony Ballet in the Pi Eta show, "The Financier," given at Harvard this spring.

CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Deaths.

James Augustus Bate, '51, at Arthur, Wis., on Dec. 22, 1906.

Mrs. Sarah Parks Proctor Cogswell, '63, at Cambridge, Mass., on March 5, 1907.

Mrs. Clara Edson Phinney Smith, '99, at Winchester, Mass., on April 18, 1907.

Mrs. Alice Blanche Winegar Howe, '01, at New York City, N. Y., on April 21, 1907.

Marriage.

Dr. Alice Estelle Lilienthal, '98, to Walter Hirshberg, at Brookline, Mass., on April 25, 1907.

THE REASON WHY NOT.

MAY G. MACULLAR, C. L. S., '07.

Stafford stood before the mirror, carefully tying a sporty, striped, new necktie. The drawers of the dresser were pulled open, and a profusion of collars, ties, handkerchiefs and vests covered the bed. On the opposite side of the room a half dozen cronies, stretched out on easy-chairs, were directing the various stages of his toilet.

"That won't do at all, Don," sighed "Pit" Draper despairingly. "Pull that upper left-hand corner down a sixteenth of an inch more."

"Let that red stripe come over toward the middle," interposed "Drag" Story, critically surveying the general effect. "There, that's more like it, Don — awfully becoming to you."

"Here, Rosy, shave my nails, will you, while Kirk gives me a brush down," said Stafford glancing hastily at his watch. "That train gets in in twenty minutes, fellows, and it's a good ten minutes run down to the station. Say, Pit, is that tie becoming? Don't you think it's a bit lively for me?"

A roar of laughter greeted this last remark. "Lively! Merciful powers, you don't want her to think you've turned preacher, do you?" said Gormly, getting up and looking at a photograph on the desk. "So that is the remarkable Venus who has captured our friend here. Jane W. Bissell. The handwriting is fair, although the name does not signify much. Mighty pretty eyes, Don."

"Why, fellows," said Stafford, stopping in the process of giving a final twist to his stick-pin, in order to make his words the more emphatic, "that picture does not begin to do her justice. Just wait until you see her to-night. It's a shame Jack left so early this year, for he knows her and could back me up in what I say. Why, fellows, her hair is regular golden—er, that is, I mean it is light brown, sort of an auburn shade, you know; and her eyes are large, snappy blue ones—no, of course I mean brown. But her teeth — Rosy, you ought to see her teeth! Just like two rows of pearls and—"

Kirk whistled. "Now really, Don, I do not wish to seem curious, but have you announced it yet?"

"Well-er—you see her people do not—Oh, hang it, Kirk, you know how it is." Then upon recovering his self-possession, Stafford continued calmly, "You fellows mistake me, there is nothing at all to announce. There it is quarter after, now, and Miss Bissell doesn't like to be kept waiting, so I must be off. Will you please pass me those gloves, Drag?"

"Gloves!" said Story. *"Gloves in June!* But, yes, yes, I quite forgot you were going to meet Miss Bissell. Pardon my stupidity. Had I known of this yesterday, I might have bought you one of those sachel envelopes down in Kisner's window."

"Now, Gormly, do I look all right?" questioned Don, smoothing out the left shoulder of his coat. "Isn't there just a little wrinkle there? I don't believe I will let Brown make my suits any more. He doesn't get exactly the right cut."

"Don, you are decidedly too nervous," said Gormly seriously. "Girls don't care for nerves in a man. Just calm down a whole lot and greet her with your prettiest smile. Talk about anything you wish, from the beauties of nature down to 'Prof.' Stoughton's favorite cathedral — just to show the value of your liberal education."

"Oh, yes! Yes, of course," said Stafford, scrutinizing his shoes. "Only I do wish I hadn't loaned Tom my new tan low-cuts. These look a trifle shabby, don't they? No? Well, I'm off. I'll have to make it in nine

minutes," he called back, as he hurried down the corridor, "for Miss Bissell doesn't like to be kept waiting."

As Stafford swung along down the street, six heads hanging out of the windows of Room 32 watched him until he disappeared around the corner.

"Well, I never knew that Don was that sort," remarked Gormly, after the laughter had partially subsided. "Another good fellow spoiled just for the sake of a girl."

That evening the last senior dance of the year was being held — the last before the commencement ball. Gormly and Pit Draper had been standing by the Café door for several minutes, carefully watching the crowd. Suddenly Draper became conscious of a sharp nudge from Gormly, who drew his attention to the farther corner of the room. "There she is now, Pit. The one in blue. No, not that little thing with the light hair—there, she's turned this way, and great heavens, that's Don with her again! They are going out on the balcony; and on the square, Pit, this is the fourth dance they have sat out so far."

"So that is Miss Bissell, is it," said Draper.

"Miss Jane W. Bissell of New York," answered Gormly.

"Yes," assented Draper admiringly, "that manner of hers is distinctly New York. She is better looking than the photograph. I can't say that I blame him much on his choice."

"But at least, he need not be quite so attentive to her in public," said Gormly. "He might let us fellows have a chance to exchange formalities with her, at any rate. When he introduced me, I hadn't hardly a word with her when he hurried her away to meet Prexy."

Just then someone tapped Gormly on the shoulder. It was Story. "Say, old man," he exclaimed smiling, "I have the best joke of the season to tell you. It's about Don."

"Don and Miss Bissell, I suppose," answered Gormly.

"Yes. It's a go."

"What! So soon?"

"Yes, but the joke is, that they think none of us know about it. I happened to be strolling past them out there, and I heard Don say, 'Well Jane, it will be worth all I own to see the expression on those fellows' faces, when they find out about this little game of ours.' And then Miss Bissell said, 'When are you going to tell them about it, Don?' And Don said he would keep us guessing a while yet. Then they both giggled and thought it a fine secret."

"Oh, by all the saints!" cried Gormly, "isn't it rich! He will never get over our finding out that he is engaged. No wonder the poor duffer was nervous this afternoon."

"Let's all go over now and congratulate them," suggested Draper. "We'll get Rosy and Kirk and John Henry Smith to see the fun. This is the best joke ever—and to think it's on Don, of all people!"

A few minutes later they sauntered over to the balcony, which Stafford and Miss Bissell were just leaving. After the necessary introductions were over, there came a sudden strained silence. Miss Bissell glanced up and met six pairs of eyes looking at her, which was a bit embarrassing to be sure. However, she smiled and remarked that it was rather unusual to meet so many gentlemen at once.

And then Draper saw his chance. "Yes, of course," he agreed, "but we thought we would all come over at once and—er—that is—well, I do hope you will not think us premature, Miss Bissell, but as a matter of fact we just heard the news and came over to offer our congratulations."

"Don is a right good chap," remarked Story, "although he is a sly dog. Why, if you will believe it, we hadn't even heard of you until yesterday."

Like a flash Don sank into the nearest chair and buried his face in his arms. "Great Scott, what did I say then!" thought Story.

Then he noticed that Don's shoulders were shaking violently. He glanced at Miss Bissel. Her face was very pink, and she was biting her lips. Suddenly Stafford flung back his head and burst out laughing. "Good Lord, fellows, but you're easy! Say, Jane, isn't it simply great!" And Stafford doubled up in another spasm.

Draper looked vacant. "What is it?" he demanded. "Would you mind telling us, Miss Bissell, what is so intensely amusing?" But Miss Bissell was laughing quietly in her handkerchief and did not hear.

"You see, fellows, it is this way," explained Stafford, chuckling. "It was all very kind of you to—to—congratulate us, but we are awfully sorry to disappoint you, but Jane and I are not going to get married. We know each other too well. It must have been an oversight on my part, but I really believe I forgot to tell you that Jane and I are cousins!"

"You can't imagine how funny it sounded on being congratulated about one's own cousin," said Miss Bissell, enjoying the astonishment which such a commonplace fact created.

"Really!" remarked Gormly. But Draper, swallowing his humiliation, laughed also. "We might just as well admit that it was a good joke on us. The only thing about it is," he said, glancing at Stafford, "that I am afraid my sister will scarcely believe the truth, now. I wrote her all the news, this afternoon, for she made mother and me promise to keep her well informed, as long as she could not come up for commencement week."

"The deuce you told her!" growled Stafford, jumping up. "What right had you to tell your sister that? You might have known that she would believe it."

"My dear fellow," said Draper, "you wanted to fool us all, and the additional sister makes the joke all the better. Oh, I say, it was rich, wasn't it, Don!"

"The penalty is paid," said Stafford, disconsolately; "but hang it, Pit, now she'll drop me, and I've been for over a year trying to get on some sort of a basis with Helen."

"Don, old man," said Draper, slapping him on the shoulder, "as long as you really care, I might as well tell you that I haven't played the part of a gossiping idiot at all. The fact is that I haven't written to my sister for over a week."

"You mean that she doesn't know?" gasped Stafford in astonishment.

"Exactly," replied Draper, smiling. "I'll leave the pleasure of telling it to you yourself."

"Say, Pit, you're all right!" Stafford fairly beamed upon them all. "And so are you, Jane, you're the right sort of a cousin."

"Seconded," agreed Draper.

AU REVOIR.

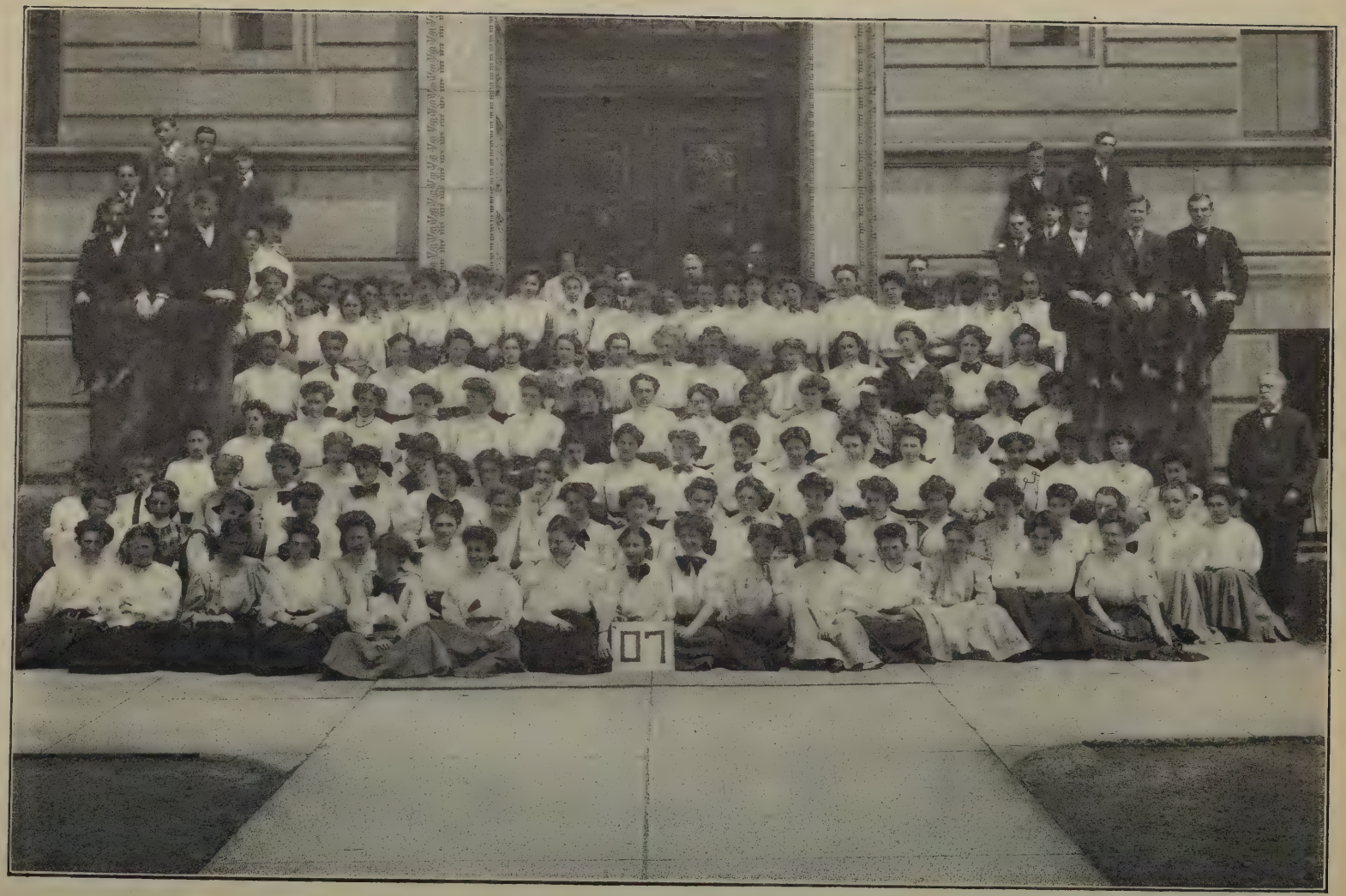
To My Brother Francis.

JOHN C. MCDONALD.

The holy flame, before so bright,
  Will burn on earth no more,
And Thou, O Soul, so pure and light,
  Art on the other shore.

Farewell! Farewell! Thou sacred One,
  What though we two must part!
We know God's will must e'er be done;
  Farewell! Love of my heart.

O cruel Fate! Thy shears are keen;
  They've severed us in twain,
But God is good and this I ween
  That we will meet again.



CLASS OF 1907, CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

CLASS HITS, HIGH SCHOOL, 1907.

Name.	Fad.	Quality.	What Others Say.
Ethel M. Bates.	Matrimony.	Nifty.	Her hair's the raven's wing in hue.
Grace I. Beaman.	Melrose.	Shy.	Her gentle virtues won the hearts of all that knew her.
Anna U. Bergman.	Economics.	Wise.	For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous.
Anna M. Britton.	Man-hater.	Pessimistic.	Silence is the perfect herald of joy.
Jennie E. Brooks.	Stenography.	Obliging.	
Sallie Brooks.	My dog.	Sisterly love.	"Babbling Brooks."
Helen J. Broughton.	Beaux.	Affectionate.	A girl light-hearted and content, She wanders through the world.
Charlotte Brown.	Poetry.	Studious.	A rose set with little wilful thorns.
Lillian G. Bunton.	Gestures.	Nice.	"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee, Jest and Youthful Jollity."
Annie A. Burke.	Woman-Suffrage.	Demure.	A "shark" at everything.
Anna F. Cahill.	The "Five-Step."	Changeable.	For a light heart lives long.
Catherine G. Carroll.	Vacations.	Careless.	None but thyself can be thy parallel.
Mabelle G. Churchill.	Flowers.	Bashful.	Waiting at the church.
Abi E. Clarke.	"Pat."	Amiable.	Love me little, love me long.
Honora A. Connell.	Warbling.	Secretive.	Born to enchant, thou studiest to perplex.
Mary E. Connolly.	Shorthand.	Pleasant.	An humble and a contrite heart.
Annie W. Cooper.	Studying.	Tender-hearted.	I'll see it done.
Kathryn Coyne.	"Only Girls."	Unassuming.	Where in the world is her equal?
Bessie L. Crabiel.	Watch-Pockets.	Grinning.	Dear child, thou too must learn, like others.
Ruth M. Craig.	Morning-walks.	Talkative.	Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthly, wealthy, and wise.
Mattie L. Crudup.	Tardiness.	Gentle.	From toil she wins her spirits light.
Mary C. Culhane.	"Little delicacies."	Arguing.	She would sing the savageness out of a bear.
Margaret E. Cummings.	"Authoress."	On the move.	To be near thee (Jack) is peace for me.
Marion L. Cutler.	Dress.	Neat.	See how she comes in glorious array.
Grace I. Davis.	"Hubby."	Merry.	Her ambition in life Is to be a loving wife.
Annie M. Davison.	New York.	Generous.	A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Dora M. Decker.	Arch(er)y.	Sedate.	I have a faint remembrance.
Helen F. Dogherty.	My Niece.	Smiling.	I am content, I do not care.
Agnes C. Donnelly.	Fingers.	Meek.	Seldom seen, and never heard.
Nettie C. Downing.	Skating.	Jolly.	She looks, speaks, and behaves, just as she ought.
Mary H. Eagan.	Book-keeping (?).	Giddy.	Sleep on, and dream awhile.
Mary T. Eames.	Providence.	Lovable.	A merrier girl I never spent an hour's talk withal.
Ellen Fanjoy.	Missionary-work.	Good.	A most excellent young woman.
Ethel G. Ferry.	To Be Erect.	Good-hearted.	I care for nobody, no, not I.
Mabel E. Fessenden.	Pyrography.	Faithful.	She guards well her thoughts.
Gertrude S. Fitzgerald.	Fudge.	Sincere.	Mild of manner, and speech.
Louise R. Fitzpatrick.	Disguise.	Retiring.	She is a winsome lass.
Louise A. Forrest.	Education.	Persevering.	Ne'er will she be satisfied, until she reaches the top.
Letitia M. Fowler.	Lunches.	Sleepy.	Oh, how I love the boys!
Blanche Freedman.	Dishwashing.	Tardy.	That everlasting query, "Did you bring your note?"
Teresa B. Galvin.	The "El."	Constant.	To be a well-favored woman, is a gift of fortune.
Eliza J. Gauley.	Telephoning.	Sociable.	Her size should assure her of a high place in the world.

CLASS HITS, HIGH SCHOOL, 1907.

Name.	Fad.	Quality.	What Others Say.
Susie L. Glynn.	German.	Agreeable.	She found constancy, devotion, truth.
Ellen E. Good.	Civics-questions.	Just "Good."	If music be the food of love, play on.
Bessie M. Gray.	Unknown.	Pleasant.	She thinks twice before she speaks once, and then sticks to it.
Mabel G. Grebenstein.	H. F. W.	Jolly.	We lift our cups to one made up of loveliness alone.
Elizabeth H. Greene.	Colors.	Blithe.	Faith, I can cut a caper.
Ethel M. Hackett.	Elocution.	Engaging.	Much might be said on both sides.
Katharine Hager.	French (?).	Silent.	To know her, all must wait until the years unroll.
Louise D. Hall.	Hair-ribbons.	Lofty.	Neatness personified.
Mina B. Halliday.	A Da(y)te-on.	Jolly.	Mina now comes waltzing in, So happy and care-free.
Anna G. Hamilton.	Jiminy Xmas.	Sunshiny.	She has an abundance of witty stories.
Mary Harrington.	Lessons.	Girlish.	Knowledge comes of learning well-retained.
Estelle H. Heartz.	Penmanship.	Coolheaded.	"Ah, me, I'm sure my heart is affected."
Adala C. Higgins.	Molasses-candy.	Warm-hearted.	She likes things left to her own charge.
Mary C. Husband.	Stenography.	Posing.	Never known to fail.
Esther M. Johnson.	English.	Sociable.	Pleasing in manner.
Lena Johnson.	Portland, Me.	Unassuming.	Though of no great quantity, quality is good.
Alice V. Keefe.	Grinding.	Unobtrusive.	There is a little melancholy element in her.
Jessie Kelso.	Condit's.	Stagey.	How bewitching are thine eyes.
Beatrice L. King.	Whispering.	Spoony.	She captivates the hearts of all the boys.
Emma F. Knowlton.	Sunny Jim.	Catchy.	The friend she loves, and those she likes, are all that she desires.
Alice M. Lavender.	Smiles.	Humorous.	"Codfish—what kind of animal is this?"
Alice E. Lennon.	Piano.	Gentle.	Still waters run deep.
Agnes L. Linn.	German.	Mild.	Her heart is in her work.
Margaret M. Liston.	Excuses.	Tardy.	Begone, dull care.
Sarah J. Lloyd.	Students.	Pleasant.	Wanted—a voice.
Grace M. Loud.	Economics (?).	Witty.	She is checked for silence, but never taxed for speech.
Darinda J. Lutz.	Recitations (?).	Reserved.	The poor girl is tired.
Mary McBride.	Harvard Square.	Easy-going.	The warmth of genial courtesy.
Ruth D. McCollum.	Dancing-school.	Borrowing.	Oh! to be leading lady in a dramatic company.
Elizabeth H. McNamara.	Study-hours.	Pleasing.	They have tied me to a stake, I cannot fly.
Marietta McNamara.	Contortions.	Kittenish.	Did I hear the strain of a violin?
Mary J. Mahoney.	Blushing.	Demure.	Silence in woman is like speech in a man.
Addie B. Marsh.	Poetry.	Artistic.	Le silence est d'or.
Gertrude M. Martin.	Recess.	Mischievous.	She is a phantom of delight.
Callie M. Morton.	Originality.	Studious.	Those of few words are the best.
Pauline C. Myers.	Tutti-Frutti.	Sociable.	Appearances are deceitful.
Josie T. Nelligan.	Sleigh-rides.	Courteous.	Golden hair like sunshine streaming.
Hilda Nordstrom.	Photos.	Dainty.	Honest as the day.
Eleanor O'Connor.	Unobtrusiveness.	Modest.	A little more life, please.
Gertrude R. O'Hara.	Home-lessons.	Intelligent.	Methinks you're over nice.
Annie C. Partridge.	Broken Glasses.	Happy.	She is complete in feature and in mind.
Mildred Perry.	Paulies.	Coquettish.	Happy as fair.
Anna M. Pollock.	Dancing.	True.	She goes Eddying on her way.
Ethel M. Porter.	Guarding.	Kind-hearted.	Oh, would I had a voice as sweet as thine.
Jennie L. Powell.	Mathematics.	Delicate.	Who well deserves, needs not another's praise.
Ruth Priest.	"E(a)rnest"-ness.	Domestic.	Jack of all trades.
Edith F. Pulsford.	Flirting.	Lively.	When I think I must speak.
Margaret A. Purcell.	Socials.	Noble.	A perfect type of Womanhood.
Edith H. Quinn.	Mice.	Nervous.	Divinely tall and fair.
Ellen T. Quinn.	Solitude.	Peculiar.	A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet unfolded.
Mary E. Riley.	Whispering.	Contented.	You can't, for the life of you, learn how to frown.
Helena Roberts.	Bouquets.	Meek.	Good nature and good sense must ever join.
Roberta S. Robertson.	Sketching.	Delinquent.	A sunny face hath holy grace

CLASS HITS, HIGH SCHOOL, 1907.

Name.	Fad.	Quality.	What Others Say.
Sophia Royce.	Economics.	Pleasing.	For every why, she has a wherefore.
Rose Sandler.	Dancing.	Comical.	For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.
Agneta P. Schill.	German.	Serious.	She keeps within her own circle.
Edna C. Schlesinger.	Automobiling.	Allright.	Fair Nature's sweet simplicity, With elegance refined.
Lillian Scorgie.	Crimps.	Tee Hee.	In measureless content.
Gertrude A. Sharkey.	G. A. S.	Unselfish.	Pause not to dream of the future.
Inez E. Smith.	Violin.	Simplicity.	Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.
Clare M. Sullivan.	Eating.	Hesitating.	She spake not a word.
Mary C. Sullivan.	Gym.	Witty.	How her voice rolls and echoes through the corridors!
Mary A. Sweeney.	Tests.	Timid.	And she, while her companions slept, Was toiling upward through the night.
Alice C. Taylor.	Psyche Knots.	Wisdom.	She hurls her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world.
Louise M. Thomas.	To be a Nurse.	Sweet.	"And when she had passed, It seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."
Martha T. Thomas.	Princess Gowns.	Airy.	Thou art a woman, and that is saying the best and worst of thee.
Arlena Thornton.	Silence.	Gentleness.	Merry as the day is long.
Jane E. Watkins.	Conversation.	Excitable.	Thou art as fickle as the sea, And as wandering as the wind.
Amanda R. Webber.	Absence.	Confident.	Neat, gentle, and slim.
Annie M. Whitten.	Evening-walks.	Kind.	Young and of a modest, noble nature.
Euretta M. Willis.	Illinois.	Well-meaning.	None knew thee but to love thee.
Ruth Wilson.	Strolling.	Majestic.	Her cheeks are like the dawn of day.
Winifred Wolfe.	Dignity.	Steady.	There are others just as bad, but few as good.
Ellen Wood.	Dress-making.	Sedate.	As I sit at my desk by the window.
Marion Wood.	Music.	Shy.	Thou sayest an undisputed thing In such a solemn way.
James N. Barrett.	Studying.	"Real" Nice.	"Is not this a rare fellow, my Lord?"
Roy W. Beeching.	Knocking.	Perfect Gentleman.	A true, brave, and downright honest man.
Stanley L. Cameron.	(Polka, Poker.)	O. K.	Strolling up Somerville Ave.
Hugh Carton.	Type-writing.	Popular.	He sits high in all the people's hearts.
James S. Crawford.	Emma.	Steady.	All the world loves a lover.
George K. Higgins.	Basket-ball (?).	Reserved.	A youth there was of quiet ways.
Oswald Hornsby.	Vocal Lessons (?).	Dramatic.	His heart and soul are in the class.
Daniel J. H. Keenan.	Girls.	Indescribable.	He seemed like a cherub that had lost its way.
John McDonald.	Courage.	Antagonistic.	Prithee, I would trust that youth.
Robert F. Murray.	Walkers.	Athletic.	He never looks nor speaks, Although he's been with us for weeks and weeks.
George H. Olson.	Disturbances.	Strenuous.	And he smiles and smiles and smiles.
William W. Ruggles.	Running (?).	Haw! Haw! Haw!	Here Ruggles comes, all breathless in, His arms piled high with books; We wonder if he studies them, Or carries them for looks.
John F. Shea.	Lengthy Reports.	Conscientious.	He's not dead, but sleepeth.
Irving W. Skilton.	2.15 P.M.	First Class.	Where is that *only* girl.
Samuel Susser.	Greenbacks.	Smiling.	A would-be charmer.
Joseph Walsh.	This side of the brook.	Brilliant.	The poor boy is nervous.

M. G. G.
T. B. G. O. H.
M. A. P. R. B.
A. M. P. T. S.

EXCHANGES

During the whole of the past year the stories have not been equal to those of this month. Almost every paper has at least one good story or article, so, although at this busy time of the school course we are all in a rush, yet every one should spend a few minutes in reading these exchanges.

The *Advance,* true to its name at last, has taken a step for the better—its paper. *Please, Advance,* change your cuts next.

"The Death of Shylock," in the L. H. S. *Bulletin,* is a well-written story and arouses in the reader much sympathy for the wretched Jew.

Read the *Central High School Monthly.* "The Case of Dick Dudley" is well written, but ends in a way too much like real life.

The Centre of Vision, a new arrival, is pervaded by a certain air of refinement, but is rather too "tame."

The *Choate School New Brief* is very attractive in spite of the bad placing of the advertisements.

Where is that "large" list of exchanges, *Crimson and Blue?*

The exchange editor of the *Pingry Record* seems to do his work thoroughly. If more followed his example, the exchange columns would be far more interesting and instructive.

The short essay on the life of Phillips Brooks in the Burlington *Register* is well worth the prize it won.

The most amusing story of the month is "A Baseball Game with Aunt Hepsibah" in the Lowell *Review.* It is evidently the result of practical experience—experience, however, which has not soured the writer's temper in the least.

The *Sagamore* publishes another excellent story this month—"The Hazing of 'Bob' Sterling." There is also a notice of the great success of their school dramatics—"Bachelor Hall." What a run that play is having!

The editor of the *Senior* has deprived us of the best part of a fine exchange column to make room for two mediocre stories.

In the *Triangle* there is a very bright idea, a remarkable invention, in fact, which will doubtless revolutionize all previous methods of historical research and be a source of eternal gratitude to scholars. Verily, science is advancing with wonderful strides!

Last month, by mistake, I left out of my list of exchanges the *Hackley* and the *Comet.*

And now the end of the year has arrived. As I look back over the past, I feel that, although at times I have thought the office of exchange editor burdensome and useless, I was greatly mistaken. The larger part of our duties is undeniably dry and uninteresting, but whether or no the exchanges have been benefited in any degree by my efforts, *I* have gained much. I have also derived pleasure from reading the good stories and seeing the well-drawn cuts and pictures. Therefore I wish a very pleasant vacation to the staffs of our exchanges and of other school papers, and may your paper live long, prosper, and continue to IMPROVE.

THE BESSEMER CONVERTER.

ALBERT O. WILSON, R. M. T. S., '07.

The Bessemer converter, a rotating furnace, which is used to make steel out of pig-iron without the use of fuel, was invented, in 1856, by an Englishman, Sir Henry Bessemer. Bessemer was one of England's greatest inventors, and was continually experimenting in order to find better methods of doing what the world already knew how to do; or trying to bring to the surface that which lay wholly immersed in the great sea of nature.

He invented a new method of making bronze-paint, or "gold-paint," as it was called; and built a factory in London for the manufacture of this product.

At this factory Bessemer experimented refining iron until steel was produced. He was, however, not satisfied yet, but pushed doggedly on into the mysteries of steel and its manufacture. After many costly experiments, he could roll out rails from steel ingots, without hammering. When this process was fully developed, Bessemer Steel Works were built at Sheffield, England; here a large number of men were employed in the steel manufacture, and many others were trained there for similar work all over the world.

In 1856 Bessemer had developed his method of manufacturing steel without fuel; and this method I shall try, in a very few words, to make clear to you. But, before undertaking this, let me say that there is some doubt as to whether Bessemer or Kelley, an American, was the first inventor of this method. Kelley claims to have experimented successfully in the process long before Bessemer's invention was known to the world. Nevertheless, it is known as the Bessemer process.

The modern Bessemer converter is a capacious, barrel-shaped vessel, of mild steel plates, firmly riveted together, and is lined with a refractory material to withstand the very high temperature, the intense chemical action, and the wear and tear incidental to the work done.

The converter is rotated into an almost horizontal position, air is blown up through the tuyeres at a pressure of 25 pounds per square inch, and melted pig-iron is poured in at the top of the converter. (In large steel mills, the iron is taken, in a molten state, directly from the blast-furnace, poured into a receiver, where it is kept melted, and from there it is poured into the converter; thereby saving the heat required to melt the iron anew.)

After the iron is poured in, the converter is raised to a perpendicular position. The air-blast is powerful enough to keep the mass of metal in the converter dancing, preventing it from sinking into the tuyeres, or mouth-pieces of the blast pipe. The air also forces its way up through the metal, and the oxygen in the air burns out the silicon and carbon first, then the manganese. When these substances are burned out, the operator must be careful not to burn the iron. This he can look out for by watching the flame as it comes from the top of the converter. All impurities, being lighter than the metal, float to the top of the mass, and are carried off as slag.

After the large volume of cold air is blown through the red-hot metal, the temperature is greatly increased. This great rise in temperature is due to the rapid burning of the carbon, some of the iron, and especially the burning of the silicon. When all impurities have been burned out, enough carbon is added to produce the wanted graded of steel. The modern converters range from 10 to 50 tons

capacity, and are blown, on an average, 24 to 30 times every 24 hours. Hereby we see that a large converter can produce an average of 1,400 tons a day.

The product is almost universally used in making steel rails, and for many engineering purposes. Bessemer steel is so preferred on account of its price, which is cheaper than other forms of steel, and because it is cheaper and better than wrought iron, which could be used for similar purposes.

The Bessemer process has not only stimulated the growth of the steel industry, but also greatly reduced cost, rendering steel available for rails, structural work, and all general engineering.

A TRUE STORY.

Many times I have come within an ace of losing my life. Life, however, was always dear to me, and I clung closely to it, anxious to keep it as long as possible. One of the queerest experiences I ever had, and one which shows how quickly my mind worked to save me, was this:

It happened out in Colorado, where I was superintending the erection of some buildings. I went to that work from college, and as I was from the east and extremely young, I was immediately dubbed a tenderfoot. In spite of jeers and taunts, I learned to ride horseback and to shoot as well, in my opinion, as any of the others. After I had been there about a month, some friends of mine, going to the Pacific coast, stopped to make me a visit. On the second day a party up Pike's Peak was planned. As I had been there once before, I intended to lead the party myself—not a very difficult task.

Early in the morning we started. Our spirits were high, and we laughed gaily as we rode out of the yard. I was feeling unusually fine, for it was a great pleasure to be with my own friends, and it was an equal pleasure to show them how much I had learned since I last saw them. I raced ahead, and because of two rather sharp turns in the road, was soon lost to view. As I galloped away I noticed a small jack-rabbit spring from the neighboring bushes. I raised my gun, took aim, and fired. Now it happened that my horse was one I had never before ridden. I naturally had thought that no horse in Colorado would take fright at the report of a pistol; but this horse proved the exception, for, at the report of the gun, he reared and threw me. It all happened so quickly that I hardly realized that I had fallen, until I felt a tug at my foot and saw that I was caught in the stirrup and was being dragged.

My fear of death led me to cast about quickly for some means of escape. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the horse's tail, made a wild grab at it—and missed. Another grab and I laid it. Keeping firm hold, I lifted myself up just a bit—but enough to loosen my foot from the stirrups and to let me drop to the ground. I jumped to my feet, brushed the dirt from my clothes and looked about for my horse. A short distance ahead I saw it, standing in the road and looking at me so innocently and inquiringly.

No more pistol shots were fired by me that day, for I did not wish a similar thing to happen again. I did not realize how great had been my escape until a week later, when I read in a small, local paper that a young man was killed by being dragged by a run-away horse.

R. M. T. S. CLASS HITS, 1907.

Name.	Hobby.	Characteristics.	Under the Spot Light.
Allison, H. B.	Grinding.	Persistency.	First on the list, and first in his class, He has gained the coveted prize at last.
Allen, W. E.	Hockey.	Indifferent.	A good man with the stick.
Austin, F. B.	Mt. Auburn.	Drowsy.	He is imbued with the spirit of the grave.
Boyd, F. S.	The Review.	Hustler.	His hopes are yet to be blasted.
Boyd, H. I.	8.30 (almost).	Lively.	He has a knack of getting there.
Churchill, F. R.	Long Walks.	Ferdie Hallroom.	His basket-ball career made him crave for exercise.
Clavell, A.	Studies.	Silent.	A good all around fellow.
Connolly, S. J.	Reading.	Frank.	Let well enough alone.
Daley, J. W. F.	East Cambridge.	Ladies' Man.	He loves his teacher. Which one?
Davis, R. F.	Castle Square.	Independent.	Drawing is his fad, ? his occupation, Lucky is the little girl who'll make the alteration.
Dunn, W. D.	Shops.	Childish.	He may be slow, but he will shine next year.
FitzGerald, J. H.	Floor Director.	Cute.	A great help in a pinch.
FitzGerald, R. A.	Grand Opera.	Long Hair.	A worthy Shakespeare tragedian.
Griffin, J. C.	Football.	Bully.	As demure as a *hippopotamus*.
Harrington, C. H.	Society (?).	Tall.	We all have our faults.
Hayes, F. A.	Electricity.	Quick Tempered.	A good-natured fellow, but a bad one to quarrel with.
Henderson, W. S.	Acting.	Good Natured.	But for Rosalie, where would we be?
Hichborn, H. E.	Automobiling.	Chubby.	He shook his hobby to avoid his fate (1908).
Hogan, E. L., Jr.	Over Town.	Indolent.	Our husky fullback.
Hugelman, J. R.	Hot Air.	Solemn.	You can never tell by looks.
James, F. B.	Athletics.	Rapid Strides.	A valiant knight (when young ladies are around).
McAuliff, E. F.	Musician (?).	Demure.	A man of domestic habits.
MacPherson, M.	Posing.	Obliging.	She's a fair one, though not a lass, Yea, the fairest of the class.
Mason, H.	Fobs.	Grind.	From whence he comes or whither he goes, he's the only one who knows.
Miles, F. E.	Running.	Tardiness.	His speed has caused him much trouble.
Murphy, J. J.	Eating.	Silent.	He is wise who seldom speaks (?).
Nash, R. K.	Tremont St.	Humorous.	Too funny to be taken seriously and much too wise to be called a fool.

CLASS OF 1907, RINDGE MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

R. M. T. S. CLASS HITS, 1907 (Continued).

Name.	Hobby.	Characteristics.	Under the Spot Light.
O'Brien, C. J.	Comedian.	Jolly.	A bunch of humor loosely knit. Unexcelled for ready wit.
Olsen, W. J.	Sleeping.	Smiling.	A sweet little boy who is always demure.
Powell, J. H.	Talk.	Sunny.	He is still trying to part his hair in the middle.
Quinn, L. F.	Library.	Pig my.	'Tis the little things that count in life.
Raymond, G. S.	Baseball.	Slang Artist.	Methinks he worries too much.
Ramsey, C. E.	Sport.	Engagements.	There's one bright feature of your fate, You'll Beau Brummell 1908.
Reed, J. M. M.	Manhattan.	Dreamy.	Should knowledge concede to strength.
Reynolds, H.	Bow Ties.	Perc Hallroom.	A good thing in a small package.
Scranton, W. F.	Girls.	Mentisental.	Cheer up! "Every knock is a boost."
Schoenfeld, A.	Arguments.	Brain Storm.	His absurdities class him with the freshmen.
Shea, J. J.	Work.	Industrious.	Upright and square, like a piano.
Smith, H. H.	German (?).	Ladylike.	Very erratic at times, but fast improving.
Warren, H. H.	Boating.	Farmer.	A friend of the tilled soil.
Wasson, W. F.	Jack of all Trades (?).	Inquisitive.	Here's the fellow with hair so trim, Who is bound to get there, sink or swim.
Watkins, G. H.	Thompson's Spa.	Mechanic.	Look out for to-day and not for the morrow.
Welch, F. L.	Wood Turning.	Somnambulist.	He looks wise, but, Oh, my!
White, C. T.	Music.	Reveler.	The lost chord of the Ham Tree quartet.
Wilson, A. O.	Artist.	Unsatisfied.	In stature, large and strong; but still a child in actions.

R. A. Fitzgerald.
J. H. Fitzgerald.
C. H. Harrington.

PEDRO.

WM. J. CULLITY, R. M. T. S.

Pedro was a child of the slums. Born of poor but respectable Italian parents, the little fellow seemed to thrive wonderfully in that environment. He was a wild lad; full of those pranks familiar to boyhood, and forever running into troublesome escapades which cause no end of annoyance to his neighbors. The wharves seemed to have a powerful fascination for him; he was always found there, and he even gained the stevedores' esteem by performing their errands, and by being always willing to stand on his head by the hour for the amusement of his rough, but kind hearted audience. He was not the possessor of a saint's virtues; on the contrary, he and his companions would often pillage the wares of the fruit dealers, and then retreat to the wharves to enjoy their stolen spoils, while Dan Reilly, the policeman on that beat, looked on and only smiled.

The little Italian had a queer disposition. For hours he would plant himself on a box and gaze seaward, watching the incoming and departing ships, and meditating whether he would follow the vocation of a seafarer or not, when he grew older. Old Bill Jones, who had been a captain of a fishing smack in his younger days, and who had traversed nearly the whole globe, always found an interested listener in Pedro when he boastfully told of the exciting adventures which had happened to him.

"Bill," queried Pedro, one day, while astride of a barrel with his face propped in his hands, "Was yer ever in de navy? What's it like?"

The old retired seaman shifted his position, packed the tobacco more firmly in his pipe, and with a drawling tone, said, "Yaas, me son; yessir, I was in the nevy for three years. I found it purty good, 'cause they treated us sailors right, gave us purty fair food, and we had tolerable exciting times, you bet. Why, when I was 'board the 'Kearsarge' in Mobile Bay, an' those blarsted South'ners were a firing on us—" "Oh, dry up, Bill," interrupted a disgusted longshoreman. "I never could bear those d—d lies of yourn; they're the limit.'" Bill cast a sidelong glance at the intruder, gave a grunt, and quietly resumed his smoke; but no doubt he did not feel in an amiable mood, because now and then, he would angrily puff at his pipe, and vehemently exhale the smoke in the air.

In spite of the abrupt ending of this seemingly idle conversation, it fanned that smouldering desire of Pedro's into a bright flame. Immediately after Old Bill had spoken, the boy jumped down from his seating place, and with a happy glow of delight on his countenance, he shouted, "Bill, jest yer wait 'til I'm a man an' yer'll see me in de navy. I'm jest going ter serve dat old flag me best, an' I'll fight to de last for it." "Look a here, Bill," said the same longshoreman, "you just clear out o' here, if yer going ter keep on telling them fables. You'll have that kid's head full o' nonsense, so jest you keep quite." Rebuked, the old man grunted; but turning to Pedro, he solemnly winked his eye and drawled, "Never mind those fools, Pedro; stick to yer resolo-otion and you'll be the apple of yer old ma's eye."

Pedro was blessed with a strong constitution, and his rugged life during the next year or two did not in the least impair it. He spent more and more time on his beloved wharves, eating when he could, and sleeping anywhere. But all the time, wild fellow as he was, he still cherished the hope of entering the navy. Old Bill, when he saw Pedro passing by, would declare to a bystander that the little Italian would be a smart man some day. Unceremoniously, he would give an account of Pedro's life and oftentimes, the bored listener would walk away, leaving the old man staring after him in gaping astonishment, that any one could care so little for what meant so much to him.

On his eighteenth birthday, Pedro startled his mother by declaring he was going to en-

list in the navy. She stood aghast on hearing this declaration, but no amount of entreaties or crying could make him change his mind. At last, seeing that it would be of no avail to withhold her consent, the good lady angrily said, "Yes." Pedro let out a war whoop, danced around like a madman, and in his haste to reach the door, he overturned a wash tub which stood nearby, and fell on the floor, a mass of wet, confused clothes about him. The more he struggled, the more he got entangled, and he presented such a ludicrous picture that his mother laughed until tears came into her eyes. This mishap put a damper on his spirits, and as he sat scowling by the stove, waiting for his clothes to dry, his mother talked to him, until at last she became reconciled to his enlisting, told him that he was like his deceased father in all good ways, and, above all, cautioned him to be a good boy when in the navy.

When his clothes were at last dry, Pedro started from the house for the recruiting office. It was to a dingy little building, not far away from the roar of the Elevated, that he traced his steps. Springing lightly up the stairs, he opened the office door and stated his business to those in charge. Preparations were instantly made for his examination, and when he emerged from the office, he was in the uniform of a tar.

He was given time to say some last goodbys to his friends, after which he was notified to report on board the receiving ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. On board of it, the daily routine seemed too dull for him, but day by day he gained with the drill, until he was ready to be transferred to real service. He was sent to the "Marblehead" and as he strutted along the immaculate decks of the ship, and gazed at the white hull which gleamed in the sunlight, he seemed happier than the officers who paced back and forth on the bridge; indeed, looking every inch a sailor, he appeared as prominent a personage as any of them. While walking about, he unconsciously ran into a sailor who was cleaning a gun, and both fell sprawling on the deck. On arising, Pedro made apologies for his negligence, but the other fellow, upon jumping up, laughingly said, "That's all right, mate, but hereafter, keep your port lamps lit, or else some of the crew will be jumping on you." Mutual apologies followed, and before long they were acquainted. The merry sailor's name was Peter Maguire, and a fast friendship grew up between him and the little Italian; they were always found together, and each was ever on his guard to defend the other.

Peter, or Peté, as he was generally called by the crew, was a jovial little Irish chap. Always full of fun and with a joke at all times on hand, he was the life of the ship. Pedro was his exact opposite; he was at times melancholy, but Maguire with a smile always on his face. When they came along together, linked arm in arm, the cry would spread around, "Here's the two Peters," and as they passed, each was saluted by, "Howdy, Dago," and "Hello, you Irishman."

The dark clouds of war were hovering in a threatening manner, and at last with a sullen roar, they burst. After the blowing up of the "Maine," immediate and hurried preparations for war were made by the government, and all arsenals and navy yards were the scenes of great activity and commotion. Ships were purchased and fitted out to form an auxiliary navy; men were in demand for crews; and in the streets, the newsboys yelled, "Extra! Extra!" These days were notable ones for Pedro. He longed to be beside a gun; his blood tingled through his veins at the thought of a war; couldn't they hurry it on for him?

The "Marblehead," under hurry orders, met Schley at Hampton Roads, and at full speed, the "Flying Squadron" sailed one May morning for the South, destination unknown. In due time it arrived off Cienfuegos, and as the blue lines of the Cuban shore loomed up before the sailors' eyes, they gave a thundering cheer which echoed and re-echoed along the waters. Here and there on the decks, crowds of sailors met and conversed about the prospects of a fight. Pedro and Maguire were in demand to give insinuating remarks about the Spanish and if any one laughed, they prophetically said, "Wait till we meet them and yer'll see fer yourself."

After a long consultation, the officers of the

fleet decided to maintain a strict blockade and to stop the Spanish communication by cutting the three cables leading from Cienfuegos to Santiago, and thence to Jamaica and Hayti. The plan being a hazardous one, it was necessary to pick the bravest men in the fleet to carry it out. At first, all wanted to go, but finally a number of men, including Pedro and Maguire, were chosen to man the boats.

Cienfuegos has a shallow and narrow harbor, which cannot be entered by battleships; so a fleet of cutters, guarded by two steam launches having a battery of a few one pounders, were sent to cut the cables. Silently they drew away from the ships, and creeping stealthly forward entered the winding harbor. The launches stopped two hundred feet away from the shore and covered the cutters, which kept on until their keels grated in the land. Maguire and Pedro were in the same boat and as they felt the harsh grating, they commenced to work like Trojans.

The Spanish forces who had retreated before the shells of the large ships, now returned, and concentrated their fire upon the occupants of the small boats. At first the shooting was at long range, but they came nearer as soon as they realized the determination of the Americans to cut the cables. Now and then splinters were knocked flying from the oars, and those handling them had to keep dodging for fear of being struck. The armament of the launches was inadequate to protect the men on board the cutters and the larger ships lying in the offing were helpless to render aid for fear of hitting their own men with the shells.

Finally, one of the men at the oars was struck; then another, and another, and at last, one ball struck Maguire in the head. Pedro, on turning around, saw him fall, and with a cry of anguish, he ran to the dying sailor and clasped his arms around his neck, saying, "Pete, fer the love of heaven, have dey killed yer? Don't say yer dying, fer yer the best friend I ever had. Oh, please, don't." Maguire looked at his chum with mute appeal in his eyes and murmured, "Pedro, tell my mother that I——" He paused, a flow of blood rushed from his mouth and with a gurgling cry, he fell back dead.

The work was now getting too uncomfortable; the men were falling wounded one by one, and they had succeeded in cutting only two of the cables. "Fire away, you fools," shouted a marine, intending the remark for the Spaniards. Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when a Mauser bullet shattered his lower jaw in a fearful manner. For two and one-half hours, the Americans kept at their work, but were finally obliged to retreat, leaving the third cable uncut.

As the boats drew away, the Spaniards hurled cries of defiance at them, but their joy was shortlived, for immediately, the Revenue cutter "Windom" entered the harbor and shelled the foe, obliging them to beat a hasty retreat and seek protection in a nearby light-house. The guns of the "Windom" soon toppled it over and the Spaniards ran scurrying across the flats.

As the Spanish forces retreated in that cowardly manner, a small detachment of sailors and marines disembarked from the ships and started to take possession of a small block-house which stood a little distance from the beach. Pedro was one of the party, but he was not the same youth as he had formerly been. The death of his friend had aroused the brute forces in him, and in his heart he sought to avenge the death of Maguire.

The Spaniards, at a distance, saw the little party take possession of the block-house, and immediately they held a consultation to see if they could by any means exterminate the hated Americans. One of their number conceived a plan which was met with high approval by his companions. He was to creep through the tall grass, set the little fort on fire, and then retreat. If the ships did not come to the sailors' aid soon, the detachment of jackies would have to run out, and then, it would be easy for the Spanish sharpshooters to pick them off one by one.

Squirming through the grass, he arrived at the small fortification and lighted a small

blaze with a torch. Hardly had he started the fire, when he was discovered by one of the marines on guard, who sent a shot after him. The Spaniard managed to escape and his comrades on seeing his great success, directed a heavy fire at the occupants of the block-house. A strong wind was blowing, and its velocity soon fanned the fire into a great blaze. The detachment of sailors and marines were unable to extinguish it and unless succor soon came from the fleet, they would be burned alive.

"Fellers," said Pedro, "we're going ter die like rats in er trap, 'less we makes a dash fer oursel's. I'm not going ter trow up me life in dis hole, so follow me." Opening the door, the rushing body of men sprang out, but were instantly stopped by the fire of the sharpshooters. A bullet grazed Pedro's forehead and the sight of blood made him furious. "Come on, boys," he shouted, "Come on, just show dese cutt'roats we can fight. Come on." Leaping into the enemy's ranks, he swung the butt of his rifle around with amazing quickness and crushed a Spaniard's head like an eggshell. Again, and again, men fell under the blows, and he was about to strike down a Spanish officer, when a gleam of steel shone in the sunlight and he fell with his head split in halves by a *machete*.

. . . . . .

Slowly marching from behind the palm trees, a detachment of sailors emerged, carrying two human forms wrapped in the American Flag. As they were laid carefully on the ground near the newly made graves, the chaplain prayed over them and in a sonorous voice cried, "Lord, into thy hands I commend their spirits." Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when the bugle played "Taps" and with a volley of shots over their graves, the two Peters, Italian and Irish, were laid to rest.

TO HARVARD 1911.

EARLE F. STAFFORD.

Harvard is soon to become a reality to the fellows of the senior class in the Latin School. With a few more weeks of school, and a quickly passing vacation, they will suddenly realize that their college life is before them. Then, from being dignified seniors, they will have become mere freshmen.

The change, in many ways, is a great one, and a freshman usually feels, at first, rather lost in the novelty and extent of his surroundings. Affairs take place rapidly the opening weeks of college, and many valuable opportunities are lost through ignorance of what to do; consequently a few suggestions may be of value to fellows on the point of entering Harvard.

Above all, remember these two words: *"Come out."* Don't shut yourself up in yourself, or even in your studies, but come out and meet others; cultivate the acquaintance of your instructors and of your classmates, and join in things heartily. If possible, go out for some form of athletics. The freshman football team is a very excellent means of making friends; and the football men are good fellows, too—just the kind you want to know. Then there are track athletics. The fall handicap games come the last of October, and offer generous opportunities for freshmen. If you engage in some such athletic work, whether or not you make the team, you will gain incomparable good from it in every way. Exercise of some sort is an essential item in the program of college life, and if it affords you enjoyment and good fellowship it is ideal.

Harvard offers opportunities to multifarious tastes. A man may exercise the same preferences and energy, and show much the same weaknesses or strengths, that he will show in after-college life. It is all-important that he choose at least one activity, and bend

his energies earnestly toward success in that line. The men who *do* things are the prominent men in college.

There are the various college publications which open a large field for those of literary bent. *The Crimson,* the Harvard daily, demands no especial talent for writing, and it pays—financially and socially—to make it. *Crimson* candidates are called out early in October, and it is a question of hard work and energy alone, whether a man makes good or not. *The Monthly,* and *The Advocate,* the two literary papers, give men who can write well a chance to distinguish themselves. Six contributions, accepted, to the former entitle a man to a place on its staff. *The Lampoon*—the paper for the facetiously inclined—has its office on Holyoke Street, and gladly welcomes anything in the line of wit. Remember that the time to work for these papers is at the start, while others are still making up their minds to come out. There lies the keystone to success in Harvard, as elsewhere: get there ahead of the other fellow.

The freshman debating club, which is organized toward the last of October, affords excellent practice, and gives men a chance, like all such things, to meet their classmates. The freshman musical clubs hold their trials early, and any one who plays any instrument, or sings, should try for a place on one of them. These clubs attain considerable social prominence, and the members enjoy numerous advantages, and are well on their way for the candidacy of the larger musical organizations which represent the University.

Next, as to your college work: By all means consult with some upper classman about your courses. Your official adviser, while he undoubtedly means well, has no way of knowing what you really want, and is too often inclined to recommend his special branch of study. An upper classman will tell you, as an adviser cannot, what courses are more suitable to your particular tastes, and what courses and instructors to avoid.

If you are at all interested in English, take *English 28;* it is open only to freshmen, and is an interesting series of lectures, by four of the ablest men in the English Department. No man should anticipate English A, for it is not so difficult as fellows pretend, and it gives just the training that every man needs. Try to choose a schedule of courses that are inter-related, and that yet cover a broad field. Take Latin B if you care for Latin; it is a good course, and a Latin school man should find it easy. Government I is a popular course, though, in my mind, a bit hard for the first year. As for philosophy, one cannot do better than take some half course under Palmer or Münsterberg, both remarkably fine lecturers and great favorites. One thing: do not take any so-called *"snap"* courses; there is no use in going to college to pick out the easy things, and besides, no course is a snap unless you're interested in it. So choose the courses you *want,* and carry them through successfully.

And lastly, respect the college traditions. Don't smoke a pipe in the Yard, or in the Stadium, not because there is any danger of punishment for so doing, but because it's "fresh." Do what the sophomores tell you, if a crowd of them happen to descend on you; it is only the resentful man that is severely "rough-housed," or that gets ignored, which is worse.

Join the Union without fail, for it is the social headquarters of the University; get in the habit of going there as much as you can. It has excellent pool rooms, a good library, a fine restaurant, and on winter evenings the living room, with its big wood fires, is an ideal place to read.

These, then, are the more important features of college life to attend to. Every fellow should be loyal to his class, and help on that valuable thing known as class spirit. Keep in the tide of affairs, too,—in the "swim,"—for if you get out, you will find yourself left high and dry, with the flood hopelessly past. A man will get what he gives; do not think that "Harvard indifference" is an excuse to hold yourself aloof. You owe it to yourself, to your school, and to your college, to *make good,* to be as much in it and get as much out of it as you can,—to be a Harvard man in the highest and truest sense.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES.

1907.

Good-by, all!

The class of 1907 bequeaths its high position to the class of 1908, and wishes them all prosperity.

We extend our congratulations to Miss Thain and Miss Eayrs.

Let us hope we may all get our "honorable dismissal."

What fine singers we are!

L—e likes to sit on posts, especially iron ones.

Physics papers are such fun (?).

It is unwise to teach a physics class to telegraph.

Rose at seven; set at eight.

We learn that Catiline desired to wipe away each house in Rome.

It is suggested that Cicero failed to read his Bible.

"I might just as well talk to a post."

What inconvenient names the Nereids had, and what a lot of them there were!

"It's rude to whisper."

"How did I translate that yesterday?"

"There's a word somewhere round here that means boss."

"Rolling cattle."

ἔχει δὲ τε κίονας αὐτὸς μακράς—"He himself keeps big dogs."

1908.

Only a few days more!

Un va-nu-pieds qui conduisit les chevaux à l'abreuvoir.
A foot-pad who conducted the horses to the trough.

Mr. W— says that *one book at a time* is enough.

"Sertorius could not be conquered until he was killed by one of his own generals."

"McAuley, Maucalay, Maucaulay, MacAuley, Miccaully"—the essayist would hardly recognize his name.

Good luck to all who take the examinations!

Good-by till September!

1908 won the championship in the meet. Good work, girls.

1909.

"What was the final verb in the lesson?"
Miss M-y-a-an: "Yes'm."
The teacher kindly repeated the question, and Miss M— replied, "The last one."

We understand that Metellus used "force."

Peanut, Pickle, and Petty. What pretty names!

There was a desperate attempt to scan Cæsar in Division III the other day.

Why are all eyes turned towards C-n, when he rises to recite?

When in doubt, give a syncopated form.

We are told that a Roman army was given force.

"Schattenlas lag die Weld:"
1. The world lied shadowless.
2. The world layed shadowless.
The third time did not fail.

What's the difference between B—k and C—h?

D-v-s translating: "She shook her head with a *simple* smile."

Miss W-t-s, what's the only way to make a date? (Heard in French recitation.)

Au milieu de grandes masses de granit que perçaeint le sol de tous côtés:
In the midst of huge masses of granite which perceived the son on all sides.
Quite an inspiring spectacle, was it not, C-h-r?

Horse hair is a delightful souvenir, Miss B—k?

Heard in French: "G-a-s-n, how do you translate, 'my shoes are new'?"

Not every one is bright enough to "put a cat on the front steps to make sure!"

Miss R-u-ds took one S— to the social, and *nearly* took two home with her.

A very enjoyable social was held at the home of Miss Dadmun, Friday, May 17.

"What kind of animal is a gladiator?"

"Animis permulsis"—"Softening of the brain."

ἐπίκειμαι—to lie upon a tack.

Hannibal crossed the Alps in his fleet!

Teacher: "What was Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'?"
A—ee: "A life written by a man named Boswell."
How bright!

The following is a list of "don'ts" for Division II:
"Don't listen to the tempter in your right ear, N—n."
"Don't look so coy, W—te."
"Don't 'well' any more, H—."
"Don't play with your jewelry, K—."

1910.

Oh, how loth we are to leave these classic halls! (?)

Cheer up, the finals! "Not yet, but soon."

Ask Miss C-rt-s if she smells "cats."

What happened to *La Comete?* Miss C-m-r-d knows.

Wouldn't K-mb-ll make a great minister (?).

L—ch, do you know how to boil eggs?

M-rp-y, translating: "Be strong, O spouse!"

Isn't Ovid a cinch (?).

Em-r-e, the Latin shark.

Stop crumpling paper, Miss T-ue.

Isn't Miss Wilson curious as to the leafy changes!

F-rd has discovered that one cubic meter is equal to one cubic kiloliter.

Ask M-rr-tt how many cubic feet of milk there are in a cubic meter of water.

1911.

We beg leave to repeat the oft-repeated repetition, "Next year we'll have someone to look down on!"

Your rendition of, "O Cæsar!" sounded quite like slang, S-ll-v-n.

Teacher: "Which part of Cæsar do you like best, M-rg-n?"
M-rg-n: "The last act."
Teacher: "Why, because you were in at the finish?"

"Et too Broot," inquit V-lk.

Miss N-sh is taking her nap regularly now in Latin.

McN-h-r seems to be absent a great deal lately in Latin.

What is "her hairy tread," McN-h-r?

Keep the bass drum still, H-v-y.

Teacher: "Give the English word derived from *fido.*"
Miss M-l-n-y: "Fido."

German or French? Which will you be most likely to flunk in?

We are well supplied in case of a change of weather, as we have both Wood and (Miss) Cole.

Volk, who is the "Brute"?

Did you know that Ben Jonson was playing at the Castle Square? He must be a second Methuselah.

M-r-cle has at last modified them; we hope Ad-ms will follow his example.

Oh, those finals!

Vacation: so near, and yet so far.

Teacher: "The feminine ablative is *sola*—" (sol—la).
That Witty Child: "Si, do."

Where *did* you get those stockings, M-r-le?

Miss B-k-r seems to think the freshmen are beneath her.

Why is it M-r-tt never studies the third hour?

We wonder why G-e-n doesn't believe in studying while Division IV are reciting English.

Soon we shall be full-fledged sophomores, —if we pass those exams.

TO A LADY.

Lady, whose face through varying years
  Has led and lit my constant way,
  Whose smile, on many a darkened day,
Has stilled the heartache, stayed the tears,
To thee, one flower of all the spring—
  Sweet with new promise, and more sweet
  With long endeavor made complete
In fullness of late time,—I bring

And take it, Lady, though it tell
  My thanks but faintly; for I know
That better blessings round thee dwell;
  And often from thy fingers flow
Such melodies as make appear,
Still-poised, the listening angels near.

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

1907.

It is reported that Tim Barrett, our enterprising lunch-counter proprietor, has engaged J. C. A. DAVIS and his one-piece symphony orchestra, consisting of one harmonica and several other vocal attachments. They will render delightful musical selections at the lunch period.

R. F. Davis, Scranton, Miles, and Henderson are going to "hop bells" and sling ice-water for a living this summer.

In a few more days old R. M. T. S. will be but a memory to us. Here's hoping that the senior classes to follow will do more for her good name than we have done.

It is with a mixture of pleasure and regret that we leave our school; pleasure as we look into the distant future, and regret as we realize that the recent four years will never be repeated.

On April 29 Henry H. Smith spoke in the school hall on the "Open-Hearth Furnace," closing the Senior speeches for the year.

We expect to make as complete a surprise at our graduation as we did at our drama. Electricity is to be our topic.

The five who have been awarded the class honors are very busy on their speeches.

How is it that Charlie Harrington knows that a young wife, just married, is always sensitive concerning her husband's return?

"Mr. Brown prefers the kind without beards."

"Scibby" and Hugleman, as well as being baseball players, are fond of pretty pictures.

Pupil's definition of dust—"mud with the juice squeezed out."

"Boiling water is water crazy with the heat."

Out of consideration, we will not mention the number of Miles in a knot.

"Any one who understands Allen's work must be crooked." Is Schoenfeld crooked?

Who got hit the hardest?

We will put the finishing touches on our class friendships at the reception to be held soon after graduation.

Mr. Morse will never leave our memory. He graduated with our class. We are honored.

Ring out the old Seniors, 1907, and ring in the new Seniors, 1908.

Here's to the school we love so well.

Farewell.

1908.

Let us make next year a gala year for '08.

Farwell, '07.

Mr. Wood: "What is the difference between a chief justice and an associate justice?"

Kemp: "$500."

Christman, painter of posters, might be engaged by Donnelly, bill-poster.

A review of the year is as follows:

In October a class meeting was called by President Carl Banks, which resulted in the election of the following officers for the coming year: Carl Banks, president; William Hunnewell, vice-president; Kenneth Carman,

secretary, and Raymond Skilton, treasurer. Another meeting was called in December, to talk over, and plan for, the dance. On Friday evening, February 1, the class held its Junior Dance. It was a decided success. On March 28 President Banks resigned his office to William Hunnewell.

The class of 1908 wishes to extend to one of its members, Wiseman, its heartfelt sympathy for him in his recent bereavement.

We congratulate 1909 on winning the meet, but it seems as though our class could have made a better showing, if more fellows had gone out.

Tom (in French, every day): "I don't know."
Mr. Conlin: "Yes, now, I want you to prepare these lessons."

Hazelton is seen every afternoon with a group of "feminines" in his auto. Anybody likes to ride in an auto, no matter whose it is.

The fellows always sling their knocks,
When spying Green's "red raven" socks.

Thompson is an author of renown. He has represented 1908 well in story-writing.

The regular exams. come the 18th, 19th and 20th. Prepare!

Mr. Norton: "Where is Manila Bay, where Dewey sunk those ships?"
"Mac" (after a suggestion by another bright lad): "Hongkong."

John Cutting now has a new title, and signs his name "Sweden."

Perry, our rising painter.

Often heard in the drawing-room: "I can't get those feet in."

Corey was the first one to enter our sketch-books. Poor Harold!

Hilly Robinson, our famous ice cream eater, is still at his job.

Poor John! It wasn't his fault he didn't win the mile race.

Herr Edgerton, our noted cartoonist, has been quite busy lately. Keep it up.

Andrew always gets his initial at drawing, but Ells doesn't get his in German.

Next time we look into the REVIEW we'll be *Seniors*. Hurrah!

"Il promena autor de lui des yeux surpris."
Kesh.....etc.: He threw about him surprised eyes.

Tragedy! E-ma-k was sent out of the room!

Monsieur would like to know who threw the bunch of keys during French, sixth hour.

Who said Hunnewell never studies? look into our sketch-books and be undeceived—if you can recognize him.

We all vote a brass medal for Cogswell for his efforts to defend our class honors at the meet.

Look at Kempton's latest works of art in photography.

Wanted: Paper eight feet long and one foot wide, to be used when Steve poses.

"Sic kochter selfer." Ramsey: She cooked herself.

1909.

Now for the finals! !

Heard in French: "They bandaged his eyes in several places."

Our history class is getting very interesting. E. Shepard figuratively and literally went to sleep there, the other day.

"Tchetchenges" seems to stagger some of us. Russian names are all they are reported to be.

"Antonio's ships were all at sea."

According to H-z-l, Washington made his inaugural address when he retired from office.

Teacher: "When you hammer your thumb, put it in your mouth so far that you can't say anything."
Bright pupil: "What are you to do if it's your toe?"

Some people can't open their mouths without putting their foot in it.

Miss E—: "B-ll-ch-, do you know what an aurist is?"
B-ll-ch-: "Yes'm."
Miss E—: "What is it?"
B-ll-ch-: "I don't know."

It is a queer way J-ff-ry has of improving his penmanship; copying the names of his feminine friends.

Mr. B—: "Some of you boys have seen the dawn; not all of you; but perhaps some of you have been awakened too early by mistake."

"Little grains of powder,
Litte drops of paint,
Make a lady's freckles
Look as if they ain't."

It is rumored that Percy Keays, our all-around athlete and weight-thrower, will enter the Olympic games at Jamestown this summer. He may be seen most any afternoon, out on the school track, hurling the discus, hammer and shot, training for the coming events.

Pupil, making the portrait of a bottle: "Is there anything in that bottle?"
Mr. R—: "Yes, do you want it? It will cure that tired feeling—but it isn't milk."

Mr. B—: "Gratiano was a talkative fellow; he has many relatives living to-day."

Heard in French: "If you want to say 'a quarter of an hour' would you say 'an hour and a quarter'?"

B—, reading "Merchant of Venice": "O hell! what have we here?"
Class: "Haw haw, cut it out!"
Mr. B—: "We'll not tell your mother on you, B—."

We hear that Tip's grindstones were not injured when he cut his head.

When Mr. S— was explaining about pi, C-ll-ty's mouth was watering so that he didn't get all the meaning.

Heard in French: *"Nous nous flattons."*
Voice: "We have to, nobody else will."

Heard in English: "Enter, the Prince of Morocco on his special train."

R-b-ns-n always wanders by High School at recess. Singular, isn't it?

Mr. B—: "There is always a lady in the case when there is anything interesting."

A joyous vacation and a happy 4th of July. Au revoir, fellows, hope to see you all next year. Beware of the festive cannon cracker and the summer girl.

Grubber, spare my block!
Steal not a single leaf.
I get one every month (no knock),
But its stay is always brief.

From an ancient theme: "Heroes are cake, not bread."

There is the Gibson girl, the Christy girl, and—oh, I nearly forgot,—the Bates girl. (See *Etoile* covers.)

Teacher, translating: "Swift forgot to give the servant a tip. O'Neil."

Quoth Terence: "What for?"

Wash my face,—*"Arrosez mon figure."*

What the Sphinx says: "Yes, certified."

The management of the *Etoile l'Orient* will soon bid its readers farewell for the term. The final issue, now in preparation, will be of extra size and design. The paper has appeared regularly, has approached the ideal of a division newspaper, and has set a standard for all such periodicals.

1910.

A boy finds his marks are B-A-D. He smiles, but the teachers look firm and say the letters spell his standing.

Ar-st-ng has a reputation. He works with his mouth and only draws his breath according to Mr. Rich.

One of IV G's scholars gives as a proverb: "Don't marry 'til you can support your wife."

T-o-h-y is the first one to come into the hall at 8.31.

Teacher: One—two—three—commence.
Scholar: Shall we use pencils?
Teacher: Use nothing but pen or pencil.

Mr. K—: "You can stay to-night, E—a, if you haven't anything on."
Ka-e: "He's got his clothes on."

To that bright person who pulled the chair from under a young man in the tardy class, causing aforesaid young man to sit down with rapidity: Beware, you are marked for death, by the Black Hand.

Mr. H—: "Has every book a point?"
Corr: "Yes, sir. Even the dictionary."
Mr. H—: "What is the point in that?"
Corr: "P-o-i-n-t."

Armstrong told Mr. K— he considered himself a "good boy." He is living up to his reputation.

Jef—son is heap much tickled when called Indian.

Mr. H—: "Please read that song."
Pupil: "I thought they sang songs."

Algebra is growing more and more interesting (?) to Wh—e as the days go on.

There is one person in IV F, at any rate, who has no doubts as to Mr. H—'s truthfulness.

"Nearer My God to Thee," is Abel's favorite.

Division IV G has a boxer in Wa-l-e-s-n now, as he has his long pants.

Jefferson's fondness for Teddy bears is easily explained by his strenuousness.

Oh! but McCa—rey is a wonderful bookkeeper.

Heard at the meet:
"I wonder if Bon—n broke any records."
"Humph! guess he nearly broke his neck."

Life in IV F the first two hours is very strenuous.

June, and we are still here.

Bornstein must have been very observing when he could see nothing but air.

Andrew has a lot of steam, he says; but where does he get it?

O'C—or, it is dangerous to sneeze hard; beware.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

1907.

At last our work is done,
And through it all we've had lots of fun.

I wonder if they'll miss us when we're gone.

Cook: "How may bacteria be carried from one person to another?"
Ans.: "By kissing."

We hear that Miss H-sb-nd likes to get engaged (just for fun). Who is the *happy* one, Miss H—?

Be sure your dues are all paid up!

Tickets free for the ball game at recess!

Heard in the cooking class: "Don't you know anything?"

Miss C-tl-r exclaimed: "Oh, I think *he* is nice!" (R .M. T. S.)

It is an ordinary thing to see a scholar trying hard to find out how much she will have to get to pass for the year.

"There were we waiting at the door."

Economics: "In the first stage of development, men lived on fish and other wild animals."

B-ss-e must be a descendant of Jackson. Why?

"Why are lovers pale?"
Miss R-l-y: "Because there is something the matter with their livers."

French: Miss B-tes, hold the fort for I am coming.

"Who would not change a *raisin* for a *dove?*"

Miss Broughton wanted to know if a *rolling pin* was used in making cake.

Let us hope that we'll all survive the finals.

French:
Que vient-il lui servir sur ce plat d'argent?"
"*Who* are you serving on this silver plate?"

We wonder why Miss Sh-rk-y preferred to sit in the corner in stenography.

Our luncheon was a success!

Miss G-d, do you wish us to think you have a fondness for Phillips Exeter; or is it Andover?

Civics Class:
"The United States has a protectorate over Cuba; that is, it protects it from invasions from without and resurrections from within."

"Are you going to favor us with a solo at the reception, Miss C-lh-ne?"

We extend our hearty congratulations to Miss Jennie E. Brooks, who is our youngest member. Miss Brooks is but fifteen years of age, and has not yet attended school ten years. We all hope that she will be as successful in the next ten years as she has been in the past.

"Cheer up, Ba-re-tt, there will be one who will weep for you, when you have left."

Capricious, from Latin "caper"=goat, but according to Miss C-lh-ne it means "to caper."

Gladly, yet sadly,
We resign our place
To those who are following
In the race.

Farewell to all!

1908.

We extend a sad farewell to the Seniors. What *shall* we do without them?

Three months more! ! Then what we have worked for will be ours. Let us all come back and enjoy our senior year.

Ask Miss S-aw if she likes (to go to) church?

Heard at recess the other day: "Just think, next year we will be 1907."

The *naughty* seniors were prisoners at recess not long ago. What will become of us if we follow the example set by our elders?

"Go back and take the rest of the stairs, Miss Brown."

A floral collection in shorthand, third hour! Bring up your dandelions!

What has become of our treasurer? We have not heard from him for months!

Did you notice the pensive look on Miss F—y's face? Finals are coming!

One of our girls does not know the verb "to be silent." Who is she?

Miss B-urne, stop making eyes at R-g-n.

The freshmen are very ambitious, especially in the typewriting room.

1907, please be generous with your boys! *We* have only eight!

Finals! ! Again they've come, and of course we are very glad to welcome them.

"Olson, put your desk-cover down and let us see your smiling face."

R-ag-n, how much are strawberries?

How is E-n-, Kane?

Who is "Guess" in '09?

Teacher: "What is the past tense of the verb 'lay'?"

Miss K—, half asleep: "Dead."

"The daughter was married to a *man.*" Wonderful!

"Nobody envied that bouquet. Oh, no!"

"Stop the *Carr,* please!"

There are some very good artists (?) in our English divisions.

Rawley, where did you get those violets? Don't blush!

"Miss D-nov-n, come right back to your seat."

"Boys, take these front seats and see if you can behave."

"Does *she* sit in Miss C—'s room, Fr-nk?"

Honest Chester Rawley!

"Have you learned those equations in chemistry yet?"

"I don't like to answer."

Miss D-niels conducts a private French class, on the first settee, fifth hour.

What clean desks there are in Room 15!

"Don't worry!"

There's no need of telling that to those in Room 15.

Frequently heard in 15: "Where are you going, my pretty boy?"

R—n is an adept at writing love letters, is he not, Miss H—y?

Why don't you study, C-rr?

We have a bright little boy—C-nn-rs.

"Never mind, Fr-nk, the others aren't in it with you?"

Those red marks on the reports make the black ones show off very nicely, don't they?

Ugh! ! It's hot!

"Don't get excited, Gertrude!"

Our social committee has had a long sleep during the last few months.

We wish everyone a pleasant vacation.

Good-by, school!!

1909.

A great many take advantage of the open windows on warm days. They find the air *so* refreshing and— —and— —

Miss S-o-g-e's soul (sole) must be tired from her walks at recess.

Ask Miss Longm— who sat "In the Shade of—" in her French Translation.

"Girls, don't forget your report cards!"

What was the matter with Miss F—d the other day?

Miss H-t-h, how much do you charge for your shines?

"Oh, come up Broadway!"

English:
Question: "What happened to the cynic, Miss McL—lin?"
Answer: "He wandered around the town, a miserable object."

Who said, "Ah, there, Geraldine."

We all join in extending our sympathy to Miss L. J-h-s-n, because of the emigration of "Sammie."

Cheer up, R-ag-n, it may not be true.

Did we understand that Mr. —— said that he was an E. Z. Mark?

Ask Miss M-ers to pronounce "cupboard."

"Shouldn't there be a *cur* in there?"

"What became of Brutus?"
Answer: "He shot himself."

Miss Hen-an, why was your seat changed in French?

1910.

Prepare for the finals!!

In Algebra:
"If you take a piece of pine and put an apple with it, is it a pineapple?"

Great excitement! A mouse visited Room 2. Was he seeking for more knowledge?

French:
"Eels (*ils*) are generally found in fish markets."

"As cold as a clam."

Who picked up the mysterious note, "You're a lemon."

Who is afraid of mice?

Common queries:
Are you going away this summer? Where?
Are you coming back to school next fall?

Miss K-l-i-an, how do you like North Cambridge?

Pupil translating:
"Bexillum proponendum erat."
The signal flag is engaged.

Why does Miss Fr-nc-s Sm-th prefer tulips?

Miss Ca-v-r had better not try to hold hands with her friend in algebra.

Ask Miss N-h-t-e if she knows what "think" means.

Why does Miss Ma-h-n-y stay after school every day?

What is Miss C-n-er's *nom de plume?*

Drafts are not payable without a sum.

Ask Miss F-a-n-es Sm— why she favors polka dot cravats.

What happened to Miss Co-el-d at 4 o'clock, April 29?

It doesn't pay for a girl to study so hard that she needs glasses.

Teacher: What's the square root of $x^2 - \frac{2}{3}x + \frac{1}{9}$?

G. J-n-s: $\frac{1}{3}$.

Who is the kitten in the drawing class?

Why don't Miss D-i-e- and Miss C-a-y like French?

A PARABLE.

Once upon a time there was a wealthy man who had a very beautiful garden of which he was extremely proud. The garden was cared for by a gardener, and every morning the gardener and the master would walk among the flowers and bushes, the master giving directions for the planting and care of the flowers. As each season came, the master thought it the most beautiful. In the winter the pines looked glossy and bright; but of course no flowers had sprung into life. As spring advanced he watched the snowdrops, hyacinths, jonquils, and tulips push up through the ground; he looked for the early hypaticas. But the cultivated flowers, especially those of rarer kinds, pleased him most—for he was a man who liked oddities.

One day he was forced to go on a long trip to the west on business. Much as he hated to go and leave his garden and the pleasant occupations of his home, he saw that it was unavoidable; so after many injunctions to the gardener, he departed.

At first the gardener took as good care of the garden as if his master walked there every morning, and criticised his work. But as the days sped on, he grew lax; and when a letter came stating that his master would be gone for a good half year, he let his work slide, saying to himself, "I can very easily get the garden into shape before my master comes."

So time went on. The plants were not cared for and protected from the winter's cold; in the spring the trees were not trimmed as they should be and the garden assumed an air of neglect. Still the gardener said, "It will take only a short time to trim the beds and to prune the trees; the plants that have died, I can very easily have replaced at the hot-houses, and the master will not know the difference."

One warm, spring morning when the quince blossoms were in bloom and the birds were singing sweetly, the master came home unexpectedly. Instead of going into the house first, he went to the garden, thinking that he would like, first of all, to see the flowers of which he was so fond. As he entered, he noticed that the tulip petals were lying on the beds which lined the walk and that several plants, bitten by the frost during the winter, had had no care at all. Everywhere was neglect and ruin. All the delicate and most of his rarest specimens had died through lack of care. As he went on and saw in what a pitiable condition his entire garden was, he grew sad. His garden was just like a child to him. Each year he watched it spring into life, blossom out to its fullest and then fall into the long winter's sleep; just as a child springs up in the morning, plays hard all day and at night falls into heavy slumber. He could not imagine the cause of all this neglect, for he had always trusted his gardener, and up to this time his trust was not misplaced. The ruin was so great that it would take years to bring the garden back to its former condition, and even then some of his rarer plants could never again be obtained. Was it worth while to struggle so for a few plants—just a few things to please his eye and fancy? No, he would not even try. So with bitterness and sorrow in his heart he turned to the house and left his garden behind him forever.

SEEING BOSTON WITH UNCLE NED.

(With apologies to the author of "Seeing France with Uncle John.")

R. P. S., C. L. S., '07.

"Come now, girls! It's time we started. All here? Well, where is she? Her purse? I declare, she's always leaving something behind. She'd forget her head if it wasn't tied on.

"Where shall we go first? Oh! it makes no difference to me. Let's see the guide-book. I'm sure I don't know where it is. In my room? I beg your pardon, I saw Jane with it at breakfast, this morning. Well then, just to satisfy you, I'll go back and look. Now, where's that confounded key? I'll bet I—no, here—well! I'd like to know how this guide-book got into my pocket. Impossible! Why, I know—. Well, don't fuss about it any more, I'm sure I didn't put it there. Let's see what it says anyway. 'Old State House—historical relics—paintings—open from nine-thirty to four-thirty.' H'm, I guess that will do us.

"Here, boy, can you tell how to get to the Old State House? Go down into the Subway and take the Elevated? Look here, what are you giving us? Ethel, ask that policeman if he knows. You don't say so! Well, that's the funniest idea I ever heard of, but I suppose he knows.

"Here's the Subway entrance. Did that policeman say any car? All right. Take your word for it, but don't blame me if we get lost. All aboard! My! I wonder if it's safe down here. Suppose it caved in. Been in use for ten years, did you say, sir? All the more reason for it's getting shaky, then. I hope we don't have to go very—Boylston Street? Is this where we get out, conductor? Thank you. Nice conductor, very.

"Here's our train, I guess. Step lively, girls! The end door? Well, I'll enter where I please, I'd have you know. Goodness! What a crowd! Aren't there any seats? Thank you, young man. Eh! what's this? Why, bless you, my dear, of course it wasn't your fault. You can stay there if you like. It's much easier than hanging on a strap. Park Street? Look here, don't we get out here? Oh! Scollay Square? Oh, yes, thank you, sir. Not much of a view from this—oh! here we are. Come on, girls. Don't any of you get lost.

"Whew! I'm all out of breath. How you girls can—run—up—those awful—stairs,—I don't see. Easiest way? Not on your life. Besides, it's very bad for the heart. Wait a minute while I rest. There! I must say I'm glad to be in the open air again. You won't catch me underground again, till I'm there for good. Now, which way do we go? Down State Street?

"Oh, yes, here's the building. Looks just like the picture in the guide-book, doesn't it? Well—I don't know any reason why it shouldn't, to be sure. But then, guide-books aren't always reliable.

"Humph! I don't think there's anything particularly interesting in this room, do you? Let's move on. This looks interesting in here. Lots of old relics, aren't there? My! look at the gay clothes those old fellows used to wear. Talk about your farmer Minute-men and staid old Puritans! I'll bet there were just as many dudes in those days as there are now. In fact, I'm inclined to think there were more. Catch any sensible man wearing such duds, nowadays. Look at this silverware, will you! More like lead, to my mind. Ah? oh, pewter. Yes, I haven't a doubt but what it's valuable. Just the same, I don't think it's very handsome. Nor this china, either. Just see all the fancy colors on those plates. Land! I shouldn't know whether I was eating my food or the pattern on the plate. There's only one good thing

about 'em, they're big enough to hold plenty of food. That's the trouble with things, nowadays; just a little of this and a little of that. Too much variety, I think. Take a swell dinner, for instance. You get just about a mouthful of every sort of a mess, but not enough of any one to make a good square meal off of. Now, when I was a boy—eh? What did you say, Lucy? Old guns? H'm—yes—very interesting, very, indeed.

"I say, girls, haven't we had about enough of this place? I move we go somewhere else. Let's see what the—what? Not more relics. Where? Up stairs? No, thanks, I'm not going to climb any more stairs to-day. Oh, certainly, I'm perfectly willing you should go. I'll wait here for you.

"I should think it was time you came back. I've waited here an hour. What? Only ten minutes? Stuff and nonsense! Your watch must have stopped. Well! don't argue the matter any more. I've been looking over the guide-book. It says Faneuil Hall is a good place. Let's go there.

"Here we are—why! this can't be the place. This is no 'Cradle of Liberty.' I should call it a market. What! the guide-book? I'm sure I didn't see any such statement. It said there was a museum. Oh! up stairs. All right, up we go. What did you say, Ethel? Saturday? Why of course to-day is Saturday. What! by—do you mean to say this place is closed on Saturday and we've come way down here for nothing?

"No you don't. No more sight-seeing for your Uncle Ned, this morning. Did you know it was twelve o'clock? I'm going to get something to eat. I don't care what the rest of you do."

ATHLETICS.

TRAINING SCHOOL.

Baseball.

On April 26 Training School played a tie game with Newton High, the final score being 5 to 5. The game went twelve innings, at the end of which it was called on account of darkness. A fine batting rally in the ninth inning, in which Skilton scored a fine home run, enabled Training School to even matters up. From the ninth inning on till the end neither side could score, due in a large measure to the fine pitching of O'Brien and Bradford.

For Training School, Hugelman batted well, while Horgan caught a fine game. Porter and Bradford played well for Newton.

The score:

TRAINING SCHOOL.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, 3 b.	6	0	0	2	2	0
Raymond, c. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
James, 1 b.	5	0	0	6	0	1
Skilton, 2 b.	5	1	2	3	4	0
McDonald, s. s.	2	0	0	2	0	1
Clark, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Hugelman, l. f.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Harrington, r. f.	5	1	1	0	2	0
Horgan, c.	5	1	0	22	2	1
Fitzmaurice, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
	46	5	8	36	12	3

NEWTON HIGH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3 b.	5	2	1	0	3	1
Donahue, 2 b.	6	0	1	3	2	0
O'Neil, c. f.	6	1	2	0	0	0
Ely, s. s.	6	1	0	1	2	0
Ryan, 1 b.	5	0	0	13	0	0
Desmond, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Kelley, l. f.	5	1	2	0	0	0
Porter, c.	5	0	2	18	5	1
Bradford, p.	5	0	0	1	3	0
	48	5	9	36	15	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
R. M. T. S.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	0=5
N. H. S.	1	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=5

Home runs: Skilton, O'Neil. Bases on balls: off Bradford, off Fitzmaurice 2, off O'Brien 6. Struck out, by Bradford 18, by Fitzmaurice 3, by O'Brien 16. Double play, Skilton to MacDonald. Umpire, Curran. Time, 2 hours and 30 minutes.

On April 27 Training School played the strong Harvard Freshman nine and lost by the score of 9 to 2. For Training School, Skilton and Raymond played well, while Hall and Jordan did good work for the Freshmen.

The score:

TRAINING SCHOOL.

	B.H	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, 3 b.	1	3	3	0
Raymond, c. f.	1	1	0	0
James, 1 b.	1	10	0	1
Skilton, 2 b.	2	3	2	0
Hugelman, l. f.	1	1	0	0
O'Brien, s. s. & p.	1	2	2	1
Harrington, r. f.	1	1	0	0
Horgan, c.	1	1	1	0
MacDonald, s. s.	0	2	1	0
	10	24	12	2

HARVARD, 1910.

	B.H	P.O.	A.	E.
Aronson, s. s.	1	2	2	1
Sweeney, l. f.	2	0	0	0
Hall, 1 b.	1	10	0	0
Delano, r. f.	2	0	1	1
Lanigan, c. f.	1	1	1	0
Crocker, 2 b.	1	3	2	0
Marshall, 3 b.	0	3	1	0
Jordan, c.	1	8	3	0
Everts, p.	1	0	3	0
Curtin, p.	0	0	1	0
	10	27	14	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
R. M. T. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	=2
Harvard, '10.	0	0	2	3	0	0	4	0	x	=9

Runs made by: Aronson, Hall, Delano 2, Lanigan 2, Crocker 2, Jordan, Hayes, Raymond. Two base hits: Sweeney, Marshall. Stolen bases: Sweeney, Hall, Delano, Hayes, Raymond 3, Skilton, Hugelman. Base on balls by: Evarts 2, Curtin 4, Weber 1, O'Brien 1. Struck out by: Evarts 5, Curtin 3, Weber 1, O'Brien 1. Sacrifice hits: Horgan. Umpire, Fish. Time, 1 hour and 50 minutes.

On May 2 Training School defeated Arlington High in an easy manner on Rindge Field by the score of 12 to 2. After the fourth inning the game was one-sided. Weber pitched well and was well supported, striking out eight men and giving but one base on balls. Sloan excelled for Arlington.

The score:

TRAINING SCHOOL.

	B.H	P.O.	A.	E.
Hayes, 3 b.	2	0	2	0
Raymond, c. f.	1	1	0	0
James, 1 b.	3	10	0	1
Skilton, 2 b.	2	0	4	0
O'Brien, s. s.	2	3	4	1
Hugelman, l. f.	2	2	0	0
Harrington, r. f.	1	2	0	0
Horgan, c.	2	8	0	1
Weber, p.	1	1	0	0
	16	27	10	3

ARLINGTON.

	B.H	P.O.	A.	E.
Taylor, c.	0	4	1	0
Rolfe, c. f.	2	0	0	0
Sloan, p. & 3 b.	0	2	7	0
Clifford, l. f.	2	2	0	0
Kelley, s. s.	0	2	4	0
Smith, 3 b. & p.	0	0	2	0
Scannell, 2 b.	0	2	2	0
Dineen, 1 b.	1	10	0	2
Murray, r. f.	0	2	0	0
Soderquist, p.	0	0	1	0
	5	24	17	2

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
R. M. T. S.	2	0	2	0	3	5	0	0	0	=12
Arlington	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	= 2

Runs made by: Hayes 2, Raymond 2, James 3, Skilton 1, O'Brien 2, Weber 2,

Sloan, Rolfe. Two base hits: Clifford, James. Three base hits: Clifford. Stolen bases: Harrington, Raymond 2, James, Taylor. Base on balls by: Weber 1, Sloan 4, Smith 2, Soderquist 1. Struck out by: Weber 8, Soderquist 3. Double plays: Kelley to Dineen; Hayes to James. Umpire, Rourke. Time, 1 hour and 45 minutes.

Boston English High 5. Training School 1.

On May 15 Training School played English High in its first league game, and was defeated by the score of 5 to 1. Poor fielding and bad judgment at critical times were in a large measure responsible for the defeat and at the same time the team made only four hits.

As Weber, the first strong pitcher, was ill, Fitzmaurice did the pitching, and he deserves much credit for his work, as he allowed but five scattered hits, struck out twelve men, and gave but three passes.

Skilton and Horgan did well for Training School, while Parle and Brophy excelled for English High.

The score:

TRAINING SCHOOL.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Raymond, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0
James, 1 b.	4	2	4	0	1
Skilton, 3 b.	3	1	2	1	0
Hugelman, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0
O'Brien, s. s.	4	0	0	2	1
Harrington, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Green, 2 b.	3	1	2	1	1
Fitzmaurice, p.	3	0	0	1	0
Horgan, c.	3	0	14	1	0
Clarke,*	1	0	0	0	0
	32	4	24	6	3

B. E. H. S.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelley, 3 b.	4	2	0	2	0
Craig, 2 b.	3	0	2	0	1
Kendrick, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0
Shreve, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Parle, s. s.	4	1	2	5	0
Coville, 1 b.	3	0	8	0	0
Brophy, c.	4	1	10	2	0
Kiley, l. f.	4	0	2	1	0
McKenna, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0
McLean, p.	3	1	1	2	0
	33	5	27	12	1

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
R. M. T. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	=1
B. E. H. S.	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	x	=5

*Batted for Green in ninth.

Two base hits: Kelley and James. Base on balls: off McLean 3, Fitzmaurice 3. Struck out by: Fitzmaurice 11, by McLean 8. Double play: Kelley to Parle to Coville. Umpire, Sliney. Time, 1 hour and 50 minutes.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

On Friday, May 3, a class track meet was held on the track near the school. The meet was won by the sophomore class with the seniors second, but a few points behind. The juniors were third, while the freshmen failed to score a point.

Miles, '07, was the star of the meet, winning first place in the high and broad jumps and the 220-yard run. Gozzaldi, '09, was next in point, winning, while Andrews, '09, and Hayes, '07, performed well.

The first event on the list was a relay race which was won by 1907.

The mile run was interesting until the last quarter mile, when Gaw, '09, took the lead and finished first in an easy manner. There was a great fight for second place, however, Fuller, '09, getting second and Rose of the same class making third place after a hard run.

The 220-yard run was the best event of the day. The heats were not very interesting, but the final was exciting, Miles winning by a small margin after a fine burst of speed. Gozzaldi was second and Andrews third.

The games were, on the whole, a success, and it is hoped that this class spirit will be carried out in years to come.

The summary:

Fifty-yard dash—Won by Gozzaldi, '09; Andrews, '09, second; Hayes, '07, third. Time, 6 1-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Won by Miles, '07; Grant, '09, second; Gozzaldi, '09, third. Distance, 17 feet, 10 inches.

Mile run—Won by Gaw, '09; Fuller, '09, second; Rose, '09, third. Time, 5 minutes, 28 seconds.

Two-twenty-yard dash—Won by Miles, '07; Gozzaldi, '09, second; Andrews, '09, third. Time, 29 seconds.

High jump—Won by Miles, '07; Keays, '09, second. Height, 5 feet, 3 inches.

Four-forty-yard run—Won by Stone, '09; Hayes, '07, second; Allen, '07, third. Time, 63 seconds.

Shot Put—Won by Keays, '09; Wilson, '07, second; Allen, '07, third. Distance, 33 feet, 5 inches.

Half mile run—Won by Burrage, '09; Watkins, '07, second; Fuller, '09, third. Time, 2 minutes, 31 seconds.

Relay race—Won by 1907. (Miles, Hayes, Watkins, Allen.)

Clerk of course, Mr. Edwards; timer and judge of finish, Mr. Richert; starter, R. G. Huling, C. L. S.; measurer and field judge, Kronenberg, '09.

The meet which was to have been held with the Somerville schools has been called off, owing to the withdrawal of the Somerville schools.

Football.

R. M. T. S. 1907 Football Schedule.

The management of the football team announces the following football schedule, for Training School next fall:

Sept. 28, St. Mark's at Southboro.
Oct. 1, Everett High at Everett.
Oct. 5, Pomfret at Pomfret, Conn.
Oct. 8, Malden High at Malden.
Oct. 12, Waltham High at Waltham.
Oct. 15, Newton High at Newton.
Oct. 19, Worcester High at Worcester.
Oct. 26, B. E. H. S. at Boston.*
Nov. 1, Camb'dge Latin, place undecided.
Nov. 9, Brockton High at Brockton.
Nov. 16, Dorchester High at Dorchester.*
Nov. 28, Somerville at Somerville.*

LATIN SCHOOL.

Tennis.

The Latin School Tennis Tournament was finished on May 14, when Chase won the championship.

Baseball.

On April 27 we went to Southboro, where we played St. Mark's and won by the score of 1 to 0. As in every game so far this year, the pitching was the feature, and St. Mark's hit safely off Babson only four times.

On April 30 we lined up against Roxbury Latin School on the Cambridge Common. Our fellows used one pitcher up before he was taken out. Coon was given a chance to show what he was worth as a pitcher. He gave nine bases and hit one man, but, owing to Reeves' good throwing, most of these were put out on the bases. We won 12 to 6.

Our next game was at Wakefield on May 8. It was a cold day, and our opponents landed on Babson pretty hard, connecting safely thirteen times, while we got nine hits. Coon got four hits out of five times at bat. We lost the game 6 to 12.

We did not play again until May 18 at Gloucester. Coon and Babson did the pitching, and did well. Gloucester got four hits, while the best we could do was to get one, which went to Lynch. Nevertheless, by a combination of errors by the other team and by the generosity of their pitcher in giving bases on balls, we won 6 to 3.

We played our first league game at Newton, on May 21, with Newton High School. Babson for Latin School and Bradford for Newton were in top form, but the infield for both teams was very poor. Newton made one

*Interscholastic Athletic League Games.

run early in the game by a combination of errors. We scored in the eighth inning in the same way. Then nobody scored until the twelfth inning, when two errors in our infield gave the game to Newton. It was hard on Babson, who had been pitching wonderfully good ball. In every one of the extra innings he was steady and struck out some of Newton's best men, but this was the only way that he could be sure of them. Our outfield accepted all their chances in good style, Blackall doing exceptionally well. Perhaps this word is out of place here, but to my mind the captaincy for next year should go to the man who could keep his head, while his infield were making eight errors behind him. He certainly pitched better ball than we have seen in school for some time. Reeves caught a good game and allowed but few stolen bases, while Volk played his usual steady game at first. The score:

NEWTON.

	A.B	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eaton, 3 b.	6	0	1	0	3	2	3
Ely, s. s.	3	0	2	1	3	4	2
O'Neil, c. f.	5	1	0	1	1	0	0
Porter, c.	4	0	1	0	11	1	0
Desmond, r. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Donahue, 2 b.	2	0	0	0	5	0	1
Kelly, l. f.	4	0	1	0	4	0	0
Ryan, 1 b.	3	1	1	0	6	2	0
Bradford, p.	5	0	0	0	1	2	0
	36	2	7	2	*35	11	6

C. L. S.

	A.B	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2 b.	6	0	1	0	5	1	2
Babson, p.	5	1	0	0	1	7	0
Reeves, c.	4	0	2	0	10	5	1
Coon, 3 b.	5	0	3	0	3	0	1
Duvey, s. s.	4	0	0	0	3	2	3
Volk, 1 b.	5	0	0	0	7	0	0
Hands, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Blackall, l. f.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Lynch, r. f.	5	0	1	0	1	0	0
	43	1	7	0	†33	15	7

*Blackall out for not touching first.
†Kelly out; hit by batted ball. One out when winning run was made.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Newton	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		1=2
C. L. S.	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0		0=1

Two base hits: Blackall; Porter. Sacrifice hits: Reeves, Ely, Porter, Donahue. First base on balls: off Babson 3, off Bradford 2. Struck out by: Babson 8; by Bradford 12. Left on bases: C. L. S. 9, Newton 13. Passed balls: Porter. First base on errors: C. L. S. 5, Newton 3. Hit by pitcher: Desmond, Kelly, Ryan. Time of game, 3 hours and 10 minutes. Umpires, Curran and McCarthy.

At the American League Grounds, on Saturday, May 25, we played Brookline High School. The work of the infield was certainly a great improvement and not an error was made there. Only one ball was hit to the outfield and Duvey fumbled that, scoring the only error for Latin School. Babson was out on account of studies and Coon did the pitching. His support was wonderful, Kimball alone accepting ten chances. Chase was back with the team after a month's absence and helped out considerably.

In the first inning, Kimball started off with a single. Then Coon got a base on balls. After that errors by the Brookline fielders, a couple hits, and another base on balls helped out so much that we scored four runs. Brookline could not do anything with Coon's delivery and did not score until the seventh, when Donahue brought in their only run. Brown, Brookline's pitcher, was the only man on their team who played good ball. He struck out eleven men, made one out, and six assists.

The score:

C. L. S.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kimball, 2 b.	4	1	7	3	0
Coon, p.	3	1	0	7	0
Chase, s. s.	3	1	1	3	0
Reeves, c.	4	1	5	0	0
Volk, 1 b.	3	0	13	1	0
Duvey, c. f.	2	1	0	0	1
Blackall, l. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Hands, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0
Lynch, 3 b.	3	0	1	0	0
	27	6	27	14	1

B. H. S.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Phelan, c.	2	0	12	1	1
Eliot, 2 b.	4	0	0	1	0
Clune, c. f.	4	0	1	0	1
Hann, 1 b.	4	1	9	0	1
McPhee, s. s.	3	2	0	1	2
Gallert, r. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Brown, p.	3	0	1	6	1
Dooley, 3.	3	0	0	1	0
Donohue, l. f.	3	1	1	0	0
	28	5	24	10	6

Score: C. L. S. 4, B. H. S. 1. Runs: Kimball, Coon, Chase, Reeves, Donohue. Two base hit: Hands. First base on balls: off Coon 1, off Brown 4. Struck out by: Coon 4, by Brown 11. Left on bases: C. L. S. 5, B. H. S. 3. First base on errors: C. L. S. 2, B. H. S. 1. Double play: Coon, Volk, Kimball. Passed balls: Reeves 1, Phelan 1. Time, 1 hour and 40 minutes. Umpire, Kelly.

Latin School Crew.

On Tuesday, May 28, the preliminary heats for the first crews were rowed. The first heat looked to be between Boston Latin and Roxbury Latin until after Harvard Bridge was passed. Then Cambridge spurted, and in as close a finish as is often seen, passed Roxbury and crossed the line three feet behind Boston, with Roxbury about the same distance behind Cambridge. The crews to qualify for the finals were Boston Latin and Cambridge Latin from the first heat, and Noble's and Volkmann's from the second.

In the finals, on Friday, May 31, Volkmann won by more than a length. As before, Cambridge spurted below the bridge, and took third place by a narrow margin. In the second crew race, which was also rowed Friday, Noble won by about a length, with Cambridge second and Boston English third.

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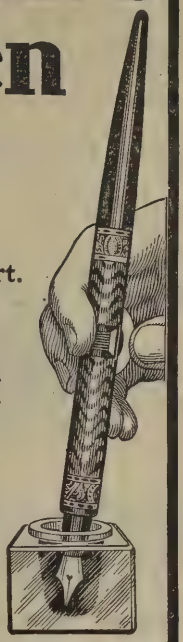

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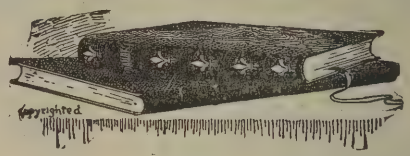

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